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MEMOIRS

OF

PRINCE RUPERT

AND THE CAVALIERS.

VOL. II.

MEMOIRS

OF

PRINCE RUPERT,

AND THE CAVALIERS.

Including their Private Correspondence,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

BY

ELIOT WARBURTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

PRINCE RUPERT

AND

THE CAVALIERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DRAWN BATTLE.

MANŒUVRES OF THE HOSTILE ARMIES. — BATTLE OF EDGEHILL. — COURT AT OXFORD.—SKIRMISHES.—ADVANCE ON LONDON.—BATTLE OF BRENTFORD.—AFFAIRS AT COLNBROOK, WINDSOR, AND BRENTFORD.—CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"Fame, if not doubled-faced, is double-mouthed;
And with contrary blast proclaims great deeds
On both his wings; one black the other white."
Samson Agonistes.—MILTON.

"And so—the Lord prosper the work of their hands who stand for God and King Charles!"
"*His Declaration;*" PRINCE RUPERT.

WE now bid adieu to politics: for good or ill, like Sir Edmund Varney, we are enlisted with the Cavaliers and must take the consequences. The sword is drawn, the scabbard, not thrown away, but lost or hidden under a mountain of angry controversies. Henceforward, like the combatants, we shall be too much occupied in the field to think of ab-

stractions. The King's banner is displayed; the trumpets are sounding to the Standard, and we have only to march forward with our Cavaliers.

The Royal army is in high spirits: the excitement of change, the prospect of adventure, vague dreams of glory conjured up by the magic music of the trumpet and the drum; all kindle up and stimulate the courage of the young recruits. The more experienced soldiers exult in the exercise of their well-trained faculties, and feel the pride of their profession, as they see its armed human instruments displayed in new-born and unexpected strength. A battle was eagerly desired by all; every veteran had the errors or the glories of some well-remembered field to correct or to improve upon; every young trooper longed to prove himself a hero. "For God and King Charles!" sounded like a noble war-cry: England resumed her old martial nature, and the chivalry of her earlier days revived. Those only who have witnessed it, can judge of the excitement of an army's first march; before disaster has withered one of its high hopes, or death has severed one link of the soldiers' genial brotherhood. There is something mysterious in the stirring and irresistible appeal that trumpets and banners make to the heart through ear and eye. The very war-horse feels the spell of that fierce music; myriads of gallant hearts have shed their blood to save that silken rag: whole troops have flung away their lives, that the symbol of their honour might still

float in triumph over the bloody remnant of their regiments.[1]

We can easily picture to ourselves the aspect of that doomed army as it was marshalled before it marched away. No similar number of troops ever counted so many men of gentle blood and noble bearing as were here. The whole of the front rank, and there were but two, had probably a claim to such distinction, and were furnished with armour from their own or their kinsmen's ancestral halls. Their chiefs, assembled in front of the gleaming line, were men whose names, after 200 years, are better known to us than many of those in our peerage books or present army-lists; some few of them, such as Falkland and Sunderland, whose minds were foreboding and oppressed, might seem grave and thoughtful; but the gay and reckless temper of the Cavalier, the courtier's wit, the soldier's jest, doubtless gave as cheerful an air to those plumed and glittering groups as to our own gatherings at the covert-side. They were about to separate: on account of forage and other commissariat, as well as politic, considerations, the army was to advance on London in three divisions. Prince Rupert, with the flower of the cavalry, formed the advanced guard. The King, with the main body of his forces, com-

[1] By the law of arms in this romantic time, if a troop had lost its cornet, it could never bear one again until it was rescued from the enemy, or won another in its place. The Cavalier troops were seldom long bannerless.

manded by Lord Lindsey, marched as the centre. Lord Digby was entrusted with a brigade of infantry, and a few troop of horse brought up the rear.[1]

The King began his march with about 2000 cavalry, 6000 infantry, and perhaps 1500 dragoons; the number of his artillery, it is impossible to ascertain. Besides these, there were many non-combatants; most of his council, his secretaries and clerks, a numerous train of heralds, under Sir William Dugdale, with pursuivants and other men of show: all these and the attendants are said to have amounted to 1200 men. The number of fighting men upon the King's side at Edgehill, including horse, foot, dragoons, and artillery, could not have exceeded 11,000, but these supernumeraries bring the entire number to an approximation of the 12,000, as given by the Roundheads.[2]

---

[1] There is no formal account of this march, that I know of, but I find Prince Rupert one day in advance, summoning Coventry, and sending back intelligence to the King; and I find Digby, with three regiments of foot and some horse, skirmishing at Wolverhampton with Holles, the day after the King had left.

The Parliament was well informed of the movements as soon as they were decided on, and the arch-traitor to the King at this time occupied a most eligible post for his atrocious vocation. I have before mentioned a Mr. Blake as being attached to Prince Rupert's suite; he was now his secretary and "privy chamberlain;" in that capacity he was acquainted with every movement of the Royal army, and immediately transferred intelligence thereof to Parliament: for this service he received the large sum (for that time) of *50l.* a-week: his communications were found by Prince Rupert amongst Essex's papers, which he captured at Keinton, a short time afterwards.—*Benett MSS.* He was immediately arrested, and hanged at Oxford.

[2] May, Hist. Long Parl. ii. 66.

A stranger might have supposed that these troops were now on home service and merely changing their quarters; "there was not one tent and very few waggons belonging to the whole train."[1] The line of march was at first laid out by Worcester, but the advice of Prince Rupert prevailed in favour of the more direct road to London, through Birmingham, or Bromicham, as it was then called. Even then, the neighbourhood of Worcester was much enclosed, for orchards and other cultivation; while on the other route there were many wide "campanias," where the horse could act with more effect.

Essex, meanwhile, lay inactive, uncertain as to the King's intentions. If he followed him too late, he must fall into his rear, and leave London unprotected: if he marched at once to intercept his advance on the metropolis, he might not fall in with him, and the lower Severn would remain exposed, from Worcester to Bristol. The King increased his perplexity by first moving southwards, and occupying Bridgenorth for three whole days. His next march was upon Wolverhampton[2] where

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 267.

[2] The subjoined letter proves that Rupert was in advance of the King's division, and that the Chief-Justice held an assize at Wolverhampton, and was probably in attendance on his Majesty. It also seems to imply that Lord Northampton's forces were now with the King: it is scarcely legible:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YO[UR HIGHNESS],

"His [Majesty having] cause[d] legal proceed[ings to be taken] against the persons named in the paper inclosed (which cannot well be done unless some information and proof may be

he rested over Sunday, until the 17th.[1] On that day his Majesty advanced to Aston Hall, Sir Thomas Holt's, near Birmingham, where his division quartered that night.[2]

The Parliament now took the alarm. Between their Royal enemy and London there was scarcely sufficient force to preserve their communication with Essex: their danger appeared imminent. Their insulted King, whom they had represented and believed to be so weak[3] and so detested that he could never make resistance, was now advancing with a powerful army; leaving half the kingdom still arming for his cause behind him. But the Parliamentary leaders were not men to hesitate; especially when they had to struggle for their very existence. They at once exerted an authority that would have been spurned under less momentous

---

given against them, or some of them), hath commanded me to send this paper to your Highness, and in his Majesty's name to desire you to be pleased to cause some of your Highness' forces who can testify any particular in the paper, expressed against any of the persons therein named, to be with the Lord Chief-Justice Huntly in this town to-morrow morning. I am told that many of the Earl of Northampton's troop can testify against the said persons. Thus much I was commanded in haste, which I beseech your Highness to excuse in him who is

"Your Highness' most humble servant,

"EDW. NICHOLAS."*

"Wolverhampton, 16° 8br. 1642."

[1] Iter Carolinum.

[2] Where two troopers were shot on the following morning for plundering a rebel's house.—*Clarendon's Rebellion.*

[3] Ludlow, 42; May; Vane.

* Rupert Papers.

circumstances. All "disaffected" persons were imprisoned;[1] all the suspected were heavily taxed; all the stables were examined, and their horses pressed into the public service. Fortifications were raised with incredible rapidity round the west of the city.[2] Crowds of men, women, and children employed themselves, with enthusiasm, in this work of defence. Men of all ranks laboured hard, and their wives carried earth in basketfuls, to supply the rising ramparts.[3] Barricades were erected in the principal streets; chains were extended across the narrower ones: the trainbands were held ready for immediate service. Finally, Essex received imperious orders to march at once, and at all risks to check the progress of the Cavaliers.[4] At length, on the 19th, the Roundhead trumpets sounded through Worcester for the march, and the Lord General moved to Stratford-on-Avon, which Hampden and Lord Brook had already occupied with their own brave regiments. Thence he proceeded, by forced marches, to Keinton, where he rested on the night of the 22nd,[5] the eve of the battle of Edgehill.

[1] Especially those who had not voluntarily contributed; by which means a double object was gained, contributions being made the standard of rectitude of political principle.

[2] There was a hornwork at Lincoln's-Inn-fields (*Lilly*), and a strong fort in the meadows, where now stands Grosvenor-square.

[3] Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 63. Then was invented by the Cavaliers the celebrated song of "Cuckolds come dig," which more embittered the party-feeling of the time than a dozen battles.

[4] May, Hist. Long Parl. ii. 70; Whitelocke's Memoirs, 60; Clarendon's Rebellion, iii.

[5] Bulstrode's Memoirs, 76.

The King, on his part, continued to advance steadily and without haste, in the same direction. On the 18th he was Sir Robert Fisher's guest at Packington, and on the 19th he slept in "his own house" at Killingworth.[1] On the 21st he reached Southam, and on the eve of the battle he rested at Edgeworth, Sir William Chancie's house, six miles from Keinton:[2] he was unconscious of his enemy's neighbourhood, but was prepared to give him the meeting; and indeed more willing to do so than his circumstances appeared to justify.

Meanwhile, the march had been fertile in incident. The troops had been well-paid, and paid well in return, so that there was not the slightest complaint upon the march, except at Birmingham, where two troopers took some food from a Roundhead's house, and were forthwith executed. But amongst the higher ranks the jealousies and enmities, inseparable from such volunteer and independent corps as the Royal army was composed of, began to exhibit themselves. Prince Rupert himself, I fear, had not sufficient tact to accommodate himself to his peculiar position; he was impatient of the military neglects, and courtier conventionalities of his noble associates. He was somewhat jealous, too, of his own authority, and had rashly required what the King more rashly assented to—that he should receive orders from no one but his Majesty. It is to be observed that his

[1] Iter Carolinum; Clarendon's Rebellion.
[2] Sanderson's Charles I.; Clarendon's Rebellion, Appendix, iii.

temper had been already chafed by discovering that all those highest in authority were desirous of peace, on almost *any* terms, and that he was impatient of such counsels. Doubtless he loved war for its own sake; "*il étoit toujours soldat*," as Sir Philip Warwick said of him; but he also believed that it was essential to the honour and the safety of the King, to receive no communication, to listen to no proposals from men who were in open rebellion. In receiving orders only from the King, he knew that he possessed almost entire independence, and flushed as he was with the success of Worcester fight, he hoped to strike some decisive blow with his own brilliant corps of cavalry, whose officers were entirely devoted to his will.[1] On the 17th, the Prince summoned Coventry in the name of the King; but the citizens, reinforced by Essex, and proud of their last successful resistance, closed their gates once more against his forces.[2] The Prince remained before the town until the 19th, expecting to receive orders or the means to force an entrance: but he was then called off to resume his post in the front of the march. About the same time Lord Digby had a severe brush with the Roundheads under Holles, at Wolverhampton, in which he seems to have been worsted.[3]

On the 22nd October, Prince Rupert advanced to Lord Spencer's, at Wormleighton; the Prince of

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 270–1. [2] May, Hist. Parl.
[3] Lord Nugent's Hampden, ii. 282.

Wales's regiment being quartered in some villages under Wormington Hills. At this time, such was the scarcity of information, or the want of skill in collecting it, that the two great armies were in total ignorance of each other's movements. Lord Digby was sent forward in the afternoon with four hundred horse, to reconnoitre, but he returned with information that all was quiet. The Prince's quarter-master, however, as he entered Wormleighton to arrange quarters for the troops, encountered the quarter-master of Essex, just arrived there on a similar business with a party of the enemy. The Cavaliers fell suddenly upon this party, took twelve prisoners, and returned in all haste to Rupert. From them he learned that the main body of the enemy occupied the town of Keinton, only four miles distant.[1] Thereupon the Royal regiment cheerfully turned out from its quarters and took the field, though the weather was keenly cold, and they had nothing but the excitement of approaching conflict to sustain them throughout the night.[2]

In the course of that evening a council had been held, in which it was determined to rest the troops during the following Sunday, except the brigade under Sir Nicholas Byron, which was to push on, and if possible seize Banbury for the Royal quarters on Monday. The council had dispersed to their widely-scattered billets for the

[1] Prince Rupert's Diary; Benett MS.
[2] Bulstrode (who was in this regiment), p. 76.

night, and the King retired to rest, when the Prince arrived with his important intelligence.[1] His Majesty, roused from his sleep, desired Lord Falkland "to direct Prince Rupert what he should do," instead of receiving and answering him in person. The Prince was probably irritated at this characteristic coolness of the King[2] at such a crisis, and he replied hastily to the State-secretary. Lord Falkland, as proud as his Highness, retorted somewhat angrily, that—"It was his office to signify what the King bid him, which he should always do, and that his Highness, in neglecting [such orders], neglected the King, who did neither the Prince nor the service any good by complying, in the beginning, with his rough nature." I have given this little incident as characteristic of these two remarkable men, and because Lord Clarendon relates it; but I have some doubts of its having taken place, at least at this time; for I find the following letter among the Prince's papers, dated, at the utmost, four hours

[1] I think I am justified in saying that the Prince himself brought this intelligence, by Lord Clarendon's account of the dispute between him and Falkland, which I have endeavoured to account for as above. I have no other authority for saying so than such as Clarendon's account affords.

[2] I say characteristic, for he never appears to have been excited except by domestic squabbles. He was at prayers when news of Buckingham's death was brought to him, and he appeared perfectly unmoved until he had finished his devotions, and this made a ground of bitter calumny against him.—(*Harris.*) He was playing chess when the Irish massacre was announced and yet he finished his game.—(*Baillie.*) In both cases, probably his reserved nature took refuge in apparent abstraction, in order to escape the scrutiny ever glaring on a King.

later, in which the King acknowledges a recent communication, and affectionately replies to it. I give it in its original spelling, it is so brief:—

THE KING TO PRINCE RUPERT.

NEPHEU,

I HAVE given order as you have desyred; so I dout not but all the foot and canon will bee at Eggehill betymes this morning, where you will also find Your loving oncle &

Faithful frend, CHARLES R.

"4 o'clock this Sonday morning.

Having dispatched orders accordingly to his scattered forces, the King soon afterwards took horse, and proceeded to Edgehill, accompanied by the young Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Prince Rupert was already there. Far below them the Vale of Red-Horse extended in an unbroken plain to the town of Keinton, narrowing as it receded, between some rows of hedges and patches of thick brushwood. "A faire meadowe land" afforded a fine scope for cavalry operations, up to the very base of the hill that rises steeply to the commanding brow, then occupied by King Charles. The Sabbath morning dawned brightly over that green and quiet field on the 23rd of October. The King gazed long and earnestly[1] on the masses of

[1] "The King ascending the top of Edgehill with his prospective glass, took view of Essex's army in the vale, about a mile distant." *Sanderson's History of Charles I.*

the enemy that now began to darken over the field, and form line in front of the village. At length one of his lords inquired what he was considering of. "I never saw the rebels *in a body* before," he replied; "I shall give them battle: God and the prayers of good men to him, assist the justice of my cause!" The sun now shone out cheerily, and his first light fell upon the bright armour of Stapleton's Roundhead cuirassiers, as they moved to take up their position on the right wing.[1] Gradually the confused masses that continued to pour forth from the town, resolved themselves into three lines. Most of the regiments were easily recognized from their uniform. Denzil Holles' gallant soldiers had usurped the Royal colour —red,[2] and formed the reserve, together with Fielding's and Sir William Fairfax's corps: they did good service for their cause that day. Lord Brook's regiment appeared in purple, occupying the centre, with Colonel Ballard's "grey coats" in its rear, and Essex's own regiment in front. Lord Robarts, supported by Sir William Constable's, and another regiment, occupied the right centre. Lord Mandeville's "blue coats" supported by Cholmeley's and Charles Essex's regiments, formed the left centre. Sir John Meldrum's and Stapleton's cavalry, with Sir

[1] Ludlow (p. 50), who was in this regiment then: it was called Essex's "Life-guard," and answered to Lord Bernard Stuart's Cavalier troop.

[2] It is said that this colour was first assumed, and ever afterwards continued in our armies, under the impression that wounds were less visible and discouraging on that sanguine colour.

William Balfour in reserve, were on the right wing, flanked by the greater part of the artillery, two regiments of foot and some dragoons scattered among the hedges.

On the left wing were seen Sir John Ramsay's brigade of cavalry,[1] flanked by the few remaining guns, and some dragoons. In a word, the Roundheads were drawn up in three lines: three divisions of infantry in the centre, a brigade of cavalry on either wing, and on the extreme right and left was the artillery, supported by some infantry; while dragoons lined the hedges and low brushwood on either side. Three strong regiments of infantry formed the reserve. They numbered in all about sixteen thousand men.

The King and Prince Rupert had ample leisure to observe this formation before even the chief officers could assemble. The artillery did not arrive until eleven o'clock, and the infantry were not on the hill until one o'clock.

A council of war was now held, and, as usual, was divided into two parties: this time the question lay, not between peace and war, but between the veterans headed by Lord Lindsey, and the younger soldiers represented by Prince Rupert; the Fabius and Marcellus of the Royal army. The former General had served with Essex in continental campaigns, where

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[1] In twenty-four troops. Sir John was commissary-general.—*Letter to Pym from the six Officers, King's Coll.*

he had learned to respect his skill, and to imitate the cautious and steady tactics of the Low Country school. Rupert, on the other hand, was all for the bold and rapid tactics of the glorious Swede: he scorned the Roundhead forces and their leader too. He insisted on the expediency of the most simple and dashing movements with such an unpractised, but high-mettled army as the King's. He urged that the Royal horse, by far the most efficient arm of their force, should take the battle on themselves and leave to the infantry to only follow up the victory: no Cavalier who wore a sword and spur that day doubted that the Roundhead horse could be swept from the face of the earth at the first charge; "Charge them then, in God's name and the King's!—drive them from the field; wheel round upon the infantry's unguarded flank: let the Royal foot advance and the day is ours." To counsel such as this, so confidently urged and apparently so simple, the King gave way. The Fabians were silenced, but the veteran Lindsey declined to draw up a battle over which he was to have no control. He displayed a proud resignation however, to his Sovereign's will and declared that he would fight for him as a simple colonel, commanding his own brave Lincoln regiment; he did so, and so fell. Lord Ruthven[1] at length consented

[1] Patrick, Lord Ruthven, afterwards Earl of Brentford, had been made field-marshal by the King at Coventry, and succeeded to Lord Lindsey as general-in-chief, after the battle of Edgehill: he was "A Scot, an experienced commander, and a man of a

to take upon himself the responsibility that Lord Lindsey had declined: this officer had served under Gustavus Adolphus, and in this daring school had learned great confidence in such men as Prince Rupert, whose opinion in council he had supported.[1] Lord Ruthven's dispositions were soon made, and were sufficiently simple; being a strict imitation of his adversary's line, except that his foot ranks were six deep, while the enemy's were only three. Three divisions of infantry commanded by himself, Lord Lindsey, and Sir Jacob Astley, were to be flanked by a strong division of cavalry under Prince Rupert, on the right, with Sir John Byron's horse as a reserve;[2] Wilmot's horse formed on the left, supported by Lord Carnarvon and Lord Digby, with six hundred troopers. Aston's dragoons, under Lisle and Ennis,[3] skirmished also on the left; Washington's on the right: the Royal artillery were to answer in position that of the Roundheads. Colonel Salisbury, with his wild Welshmen, almost unarmed but eager for the fray, formed the only infantry reserve. Lord Bernard Stuart's aristocratic troop, together with one hundred gentlemen pensioners, were to attend upon the King, and the young Princes were

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natural courage; purely a soldier, and of a most loyal heart (which his countrymen remembered, for they used both him and his widow with all extremity afterwards): he was adjutant in command of the horse."—*Sir P. Warwick*, 229.

[1] Bulstrode, p. 79.

[2] Clarendon; Sir P. Warwick says Digby's was also in reserve.

[3] Bulstrode, p. 81.

placed under the protection of Lord Clarendon, then Mr. Hyde.[1]

The general plan of battle was thus adopted without controversy, but there were many minor arrangements rendered necessary by the private feelings of the undisciplined and powerful volunteers. Lord Falkland insisted on abandoning office for that day, and charging in the thickest of the fight; but his previous quarrel with Prince Rupert prevented him from seeking danger where it ever was most rife, under the banner of the Palatine; he was obliged therefore to content himself with Wilmot's division: for the same reason Lord Grandison attached himself to Lord Carnarvon's cavalry. Lord Willoughby, who commanded a troop in the Prince of Wales's regiment, refused to fight under Rupert, conceiving that he had prevailed against his venerable father; accordingly, he dismounted and fought by that father's side. The most important difficulty raised, however, was by Lord Bernard Stuart's aristocratic Life Guards; who, it seems, had been taunted as being only "a show troop."[2] They besought permission to

[1] One of the most remarkable men on that memorable field attended in the young Prince's suite, probably as Court physician —Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Whether he was absorbed in contemplation of his favourite subject under such favourable circumstances or not, is uncertain, but he lay upon the hill-side, apparently unconscious of the roar of battle from beneath, and of the bullets plunging into the turf all round him, until he was fairly carried off the field by some one who cared more for him than he did for himself.

[2] Sir P. Warwick (who was one of them), p. 47.

leave their Life-guarding for that day, and to charge with Prince Rupert in the front rank of his devoted cavalry. They obtained their desire, and the King was left to the protection of his pensioners.

By the time all these personal arrangements were completed, the Royal troops had all arrived, and were descending down the steep hill-side. Essex forbore, or disdained, to take advantage of their disorder, and gave them time to form on the plain: perhaps he did not feel safe in manœuvring his raw levies in the face of such a force. Comparatively few men, indeed, on either side, had yet seen a shot fired in anger, and there were other causes than those of fear that caused many a distracted heart to beat within buff and steel that day. Fathers frowned upon their apostate sons from opposing ranks, brother fought against brother, and prayers learned at the same mother's knee, were offered up for hostile causes. Familiar faces were already visible in each approaching rank: the accustomed tones of the church-bell had scarcely died away among the old English woods, when it was succeeded by the strange and angry roar of artillery. But for a while a Sabbath silence still prevailed, and the kindred armies paused, although their swords were out, and spurs ready for a bloody plunge. Then there were stirring words and fiery eloquence on either side to steel men's hearts: "ministers of the Word" rode hastily from rank to rank among the Puritans, dark robed minis-

ters of peace, hoarsely preaching damnatory vengeance to their half-maddened flocks;[1] and bluff old soldiers proving their veteran hardihood with grim jests, or easing their fierce natures with dark curses upon Amalek and Ahab.

The King addressed his soldiers in the name of their country and their faith. His royal nature ever rose with the occasion, and now he spoke and looked as became a chivalrous monarch: and his devoted troops regarded him with an enthusiasm unknown to tamer times.

"The King has come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye:
He looked upon the traitors and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'For God and for the King!"[2]

Even thus Charles I. looked and was received by his Cavaliers. He was clad in armour, with the brightest star of chivalry upon his breast; and his voice was firm and cheerful, as he addressed his soldiers in these brave words:—

"If this day shine prosperous unto us," said he,

[1] I may have taken some liberty with the subject-matter of discourse of these self-consecrated divines: I only find that they were there, preaching on horseback. It is, however, scarcely probable that their exhortations in the ranks of war were more pacific than those uttered from the pulpit to men, women, and children, and these pulpit exhortations were as fierce as fire and sword could furnish.

[2] I do not know whether Mr. Macaulay will pardon my application of these noble lines of his, but most of my readers will.—EDITOR.

"we shall all be happy in a glorious victory. Your King is both your cause, your quarrel, and your captain. The foe is in sight. You shew yourselves no "malignant party," but with your swords declare what courage and fidelity is within you. I have written and declared, that I intended always to maintain and defend the Protestant religion, the rights and privileges of Parliament, and the liberty of the subject, and now I must prove my words by the convincing argument of the sword. Let Heaven shew his power by this day's victory, to declare me just; and, as a lawful, so a loving King to my subjects. The best encouragement I can give you is this; that come life or death, your King will bear you company, and ever keep this field, this place, and this day's service in his grateful remembrance."[1]

There is no sound that ever rent the air so terrible

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[1] Forster's Statesmen, vol. ii. p. 352. I subjoin an extract from a printed address said to have been circulated among the troopers: it does not sound, however, like the composition of King Charles: "Friends and soldiers! You are called Cavaliers and Royalists in a disgraceful sense. If I suffer in my fame, needs must you do likewise. Now shew yourselves no Malignants, but declare what courage and fidelity is within you. Fight for the peace of the kingdom and the Protestant religion. The valour of Cavaliers hath honoured that name both in France and other countries, and now let it be known in England, as well as horseman or trooper. The name of Cavalier, which our enemies have striven to make odious, signifies no more than a gentleman serving his King on horseback. Shew yourselves, therefore, now courageous Cavaliers, and beat back all opprobrious aspersions cast upon you."—*Colonel Weston's Letter, published by Richard Johnson*, 1642. The reader will observe a great difference in the style of this extract and that of the speech transcribed above. The latter is characteristic, high-spirited, eloquent, and

as the deep silence of suspense before the battle-word is given; it is the moment when the soul sinks under the awe of something that thrills deeper than any fear. During that dread pause many a fervent prayer was offered up by the true hearts that abounded in both armies, but none was more simple and sincere than Sir Jacob Astley's, uttered manfully aloud: "Oh, Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me!"[1] then rising, he exclaimed, "March on boys!"

The Parliamentary army began the fight by three shots from their guns upon the right; the King's artillery instantly replied. Then the whole line advanced: as the Cavaliers approached, a horse-

firm, yet breathing sadness rather than hope, and resignation rather than a conqueror's pride: it was better adapted for the closet than the field: it lacks something of the trumpet.

[1] Sir Philip Warwick records this prayer: it comes so home to every heart, that it is known wherever our language is spoken. Yet it is related in such involved grammar, that it has been assigned to Lord Lindsey, even by Lord Nugent and Mr. Forster. Sir Philip's relation is thus worded: "And Sir Jacob Ashly (who in everything deserves Ruthven's character) was major-general of the army, under the Earl of Lindsey, *who*, before the charge at the battle of Edgehill, made a most excellent, pious, short, and soldierly prayer," &c.; "and with that rose up and said, 'March on, boys!'" The whole sentence evidently relates to Sir Jacob (to whom tradition has assigned it), and Lord Lindsey's name is merely introduced in explanation of Sir Jacob's office. I am tempted to quote here another characteristic soldier's prayer, that of poor La Hire, before rushing into action. La Hire was the most devout and devoted follower of the heroic Maid of Orleans, and was only elevated from the lowest station by his gallantry and enthusiasm: his prayer runs thus: "*Mon Dieu, je voudrois que tu fasses pour moi ce que je voudrois faire pour toi: si tu etiez La Hire et La Hire etoit toi.*"

man darted from the enemy's column and rode up to Prince Rupert, flinging from him the orange badge he bore. It was a lieutenant in Sir Faithful Fortescue's troop, to announce the defection of his commander with all his men, and that the signal would be the firing a pistol in the ground. The Prince, already on the move, observed the signal and forebore to assail the deserters, but Killigrew and Byron slew several of them before they discovered their purpose.[1] Rupert now led on the Royal horse, commanding them to use their swords alone, and "charge!"[2] Before the word was fairly uttered, that brilliant cavalry was on the spur; away in one wild sweep of magnificent confusion the proud chivalry of England dashed; in generous rivalry each seeking to strike the first home-stroke "for God and for the King!" What could abide that thundering charge, all spur, no rein, every heart within that flashing armour was on fire, every voice a shout of triumph, every plume bent forward to the charger's mane! The Roundheads seemed swept away by the very wind of that wild charge. No sword was crossed, no saddle emptied, no trooper waited to abide the shock; they fled with frantic fear but fell fast under the sabres of their pursuers. The cavalry galloped furiously until they reached

[1] Prince Rupert's Diary; Benett MS.

[2] Bulstrode, 81. It was the absurd fashion of the time for cavalry to ride up within musket or pistol shot of their enemy, to halt and fire until some impression was produced on either rank, and then to charge among the disordered rout.

such shelter as the town could give them; nor did their infantry fare better. No sooner were the Royal horse upon them than they broke and fled; Mandeville and Cholmondeley vainly strove to rally their terror-stricken followers; they were swept away by the fiery Cavaliers.[1] "But," adds the canting and profligate Lord Wharton, who, it was said, hid himself in a saw-pit on the occasion, "it pleased God to begin then to shew himself, for their cavalry took bait upon our baggage and so lost their advantage . . . only three hundred of ours were slain!!" The more shame for them if it had been true.

On, away for London, spreading their terror round them, still they fled; their colonel, Ramsay, first in flight and loudest in despairing news.[2] But the one troop, commanded by Sir Faithful Fortescue, had stood; they fired their carbines in the ground and joined the Prince, but a score of them were slain before their object was discovered.

The Cavaliers, meanwhile, seemed as if carried away by the torrent of the fugitives; they had encountered no opposition, and they thought the battle won; its prizes were before them: Roundhead waggons, laden with spoil, and magazines full of the arms so sought for and desired, choked up the narrow streets and were soon plundered by the

[1] Lord Wharton's speech, or rather confession, to the "Mayor, Council and Commons of the City," in the King's Collection Brit. Mus.

[2] Clarendon says that the battle was not fought until three o'clock, yet these fugitives reached St. Albans before dark.

troopers,[1] whilst others pursued the flying enemy as madly as they fled, until Hampden's brigade, coming up from Stratford, checked and turned backward the pursuit.

Meanwhile, the Royal left wing was equally broken and routed by success. Sir Arthur Aston's stout dragoons had cleared the way for Wilmot, who found scarcely an enemy to oppose him, so rapidly had Rupert's impetuous charge broken the spirits of the Roundhead horse.[2] As the right wing of the Cavaliers had run riot, so also the left lost all control over itself, and spread over the field in pursuit of Meldrum's flying troopers. Nor did the contagion stop here, Sir John Byron and Lord Digby, who commanded the reserve, led forward their eager horse to share in the pursuit, and the King's infantry was left exposed and unprotected.[3] Then the Parliamentary reserves of cavalry, under Balfour, charged in upon the Royal artillery,[4] and vainly tried to spike the guns while they cut down the gunners. Then wheeling round, they charged the Royal foot in rear, as the latter were advancing upon Stapleton's rallied horse, and forcing them back at push of pike. Finding their rear attacked, however, the Guards gave way and fled. The Roundhead horse rode through and through them with

[1] The common soldiers. *See* the "Iter Carolinum."
[2] Sir P. Warwick, 230.
[3] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 279.
[4] The "Iter Carolinum" accuses the "chief gunner" of treachery.

terrible execution, and at last cut their way to the Royal Standard, where Sir Ralph Varney died as he had foreboded, in its defence.[1] At the same time the brave Lord Lindsey fell, his thigh broken by a musket ball, and Lord Willoughby, refusing to leave his father, was taken prisoner by his side.[2]

And now the fortune of the day seemed wholly changed; the Royal cavalry was all scattered as if defeated, and for the most part wandering beyond the enemy; the artillery harness was cut away and rendered useless; the Royal Guards in total rout, and only a few battalions under Ruthven and Astley still shewing an unbroken front. The whole field of fight was so bewilderingly confused that none knew where to seek his officer or troop, and many were slain or made prisoners by those whom they mistook for their own men. A few of the leading Cavaliers, amongst whom were the Duke of Richmond and Sir John Culpepper, had rallied round the King, and some of them now counselled him to fly; for the Roundheads were again resuming courage, and advancing towards the hill. "But the King knew that his fate depended on this day, and as that army had been raised by his person and presence only, so it could by no other means be kept together, and he thought it unprincely to forsake those who had forsaken all they had to serve him."[3] In a few minutes, the smoke clearing away,

[1] Clarendon; Bulstrode, p. 83.
[2] Clarendon's Reb., iii. 279. [3] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 281.

revealed more clearly the posture of affairs. Ruthven and Astley still held their ground, and kept the division under Essex in full employment; Balfour's horse had met with some rude encounters, and returned to rally and form under shelter of their infantry; but the Royal foot-guards were scattered, and the Royal Standard flaunted over the heads of the exulting Roundheads. Then Captain Smith, an officer in Lord Bernard Stuart's "Show Troop," resolved to rescue it or die; there were none to second him but Robert Walsh, an Irishman,[1] and one or two more; and the stoutest brigade of cavalry could scarcely penetrate that serried line of pikes, through which the musketeers still kept up a continuous fire. Smith and his comrades snatched some orange scarves, the hated badge of Essex, from the dead, and easily mingled in the confusion, among the enemy: so they approached the Lord-General, whose "secretary, Mr. Chambers,"[2] was waving the standard in triumph above his head: Smith rode up, and unceremoniously told him that a penman had no business to carry such a standard in a field like that; so saying, he snatched it from him, and moved quietly away until he had a clear course before him to the hill: then galloping off with his precious prize, he restored it in triumph to the King,[3] and was knighted on the spot.

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[1] Bulstrode, 83. [2] Ludlow, i. 49.

[3] That evening he was knighted under its shadow, the first knight banneret made in England for one hundred years. He

"When Prince Rupert returned with such troops as he could rally from the chase,[1] he found a great alteration in the field; his Majesty, with only a few noblemen about him, and the hope of so glorious a day quite vanished."[2] The Prince vainly attempted to gather his broken troops again, for one last charge, which would probably have been final for that war. But it was impossible to get together effective men enough even to attempt it. Evening was setting in; the few horses that could be mustered were exhausted by want of food, and their long and furious chase. Wilmot's, indeed, on the far left were comparatively fresh, and Lord Falkland, whose blood was now up,

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afterwards received a golden medal with the King's portrait on one side, and the banner on the reverse, "he wore it by a green watered ribbon across his shoulders until his dying day." That was not far off, poor fellow, he fell at "Cheriton fight" in 1646. Robert Walsh was also knighted, and wore a medal, but Sir Richard Bulstrode expresses a doubt whether it was given by the King.—*Bulstrode's Memoirs*, 83.

[1] It is only fair to give this friendless Prince the benefit of a doubt in his favour on this day. In a fine old copy of Heath's "Chronicle," published in 1676, I find numerous marginal notes in MS., evidently written by a cotemporary and advocate of Rupert, for he writes of him thus, in speaking of the King's letter obliging him to fight at Marston Moor. "The Prince *wears* this letter about his person to this day." In another marginal note to this wild pursuit of the Prince's the old hand-writing gives this contradiction to its neighbouring print: "Prince Rupert did not accompany the pursuit, but returned to the King." It is always to be borne in mind that the Royal historians require some scape-goat for their numerous disasters, and that the Parliamentary writers are always glad to accuse the terrible Prince of every error. This copy of Heath is in the London Library.

[2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 280.

and whose oft repeated cry of "Peace, peace, peace," was forgotten, conjured the Commissary to charge Sir William Balfour's dragoons, who alone remained unbroken, and protected their exhausted infantry: Wilmot made a most unsoldierlike reply,—"My Lord, we have got the day, let us live to enjoy the fruit thereof."[1] The King thought, and with better reason, that he had lost it; and what is stranger still, Lord Essex also thought himself defeated; so much so, that in one of the last attacks made by Ruthven and Astley's brigade, he took his stand in the front of his pikemen, resolved to take no quarter, and to die. For him, indeed, there would have been no alternative, if defeated.

"In this doubt of all sides," says Lord Clarendon, who was an anxious spectator of the battle, "Night, the common friend to wearied and dismayed armies, parted them;" and in dismal anxiety and doubt the Cavaliers and their King prepared to bivouac on the fiercely-contested and undecided field. The leaders of both armies knew that if they retreated, their forces would rapidly dissolve, and that their sole chance of maintaining, or rallying their troops, was to hold their ground. Essex drew off his forces about three quarters of a mile;[2] and the King

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. Appendix, p. 634. Sir Philip Warwick remarks of this nobleman: "It had been well if he had quitted the King's army and gone into his council. . . . . Though the gentleman," Sir Philip adds sarcastically, "wanted no courage, nor, I hope, loyalty."—*Warwick's Memoirs*, 230.

[2] Lord Wharton's Speech.

resumed his position on the hill; some pickets only of his horse and foot remaining to occupy the plain below. Fires were lighted of wood and bushes, and by them the King and Prince Rupert watched throughout that dismal, anxious night. A freezing wind swept over the wearied armies, and the frost alone closed up the uncounted wounds, or staunched the welling blood of thousands.[1] Both armies stood aloof in mutual fear, and none but the fiendish spoilers of the dead ventured on the field.

The reports from the commanders to their generals, on either side, were equally disastrous. The Cavaliers had to announce the loss of eleven stand of colours; the number of dead unknown; one-third of the infantry missing, and a great part of the horse. Many gallant officers were slain: Lord Aubigny,[2] the Duke of Richmond's brother, had fallen in the first charge, Lord Lindsey was mortally wounded and a prisoner, and the fatal Standard was dyed with the blood of its bearer, Sir Ralph Varney.[3] Lord Willoughby was a volunteer prisoner for his father's sake, Sir Thomas Lunsford, Sir Edward Stradling, and Sir William Vavasour, were

[1] Bulstrode, 85.

[2] "Lord Aubigny was a gentleman of great hopes, of a gentle and winning disposition, and of a very clear courage." Two more of this chivalrous brotherhood, Lord Bernard and Lord John, were slain in the same war: Lord Aubigny's son became Duke of Richmond.

[3] Lord Lindsey and Sir Ralph Varney are among the numerous instances of that presentiment which so often realizes itself by unnerving the arm that should fend off the fatal blow. In Ward's "Diary," 1668, I find an anecdote concerning Lord

also prisoners: no other cavalry officer was hurt, but among the infantry, Astley, Baden, Gerrard, and Strode, were wounded. Nor had the Lord-General of the Parliament a less melancholy report; Charles Essex had fallen, bravely endeavouring to rally his flying soldiers against Rupert's charge: Lord St. John, also, was mortally wounded. The clergymen of the adjoining parishes, who came piously to bury the dead, alone could number the slain; they amounted to nearly 6000, but of these, how many fell on either side it is impossible to calculate. In both armies the soldiers were half-frozen, provisions were unattainable, some of the men and horses had eaten no food since Saturday:[1] many soldiers deserted their respective standards before the following morning, and returned no more. The Royalists were in yet greater difficulties; for the country was hostile, following the opinions of their landlords, Lords Say and Brook; even the blacksmiths had hidden themselves that they might not be compelled to shoe the horses of the Cavaliers; and the country-people watched for the stragglers "and knocked them on the head."[2]

Lindsey, "That if it should please God he survived, he never would fight in the same field with boys again;" whether he said so, or whether he alluded to the young Princes on the hill, or to Prince Rupert, is hard to say.

[1] Ludlow, p. 50.

[2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 389. This battle is a very debatable subject of description. We have the testimony of Lord Clarendon, Warwick, and Bulstrode, on the King's side, the first a passive spectator, the two last combatants. We have likewise the

Thus dismally the night was passed, with a still gloomier prospect for the morrow. Towards day-break, the King took a little rest in his coach: he took horse as soon as it was light and proceeded to view the field. It was strewn with his dead or dying subjects, but still was unapproachable by either army without another battle, and for that there seemed to be no inclination, except on Prince Rupert's part: a few troopers, however, followed him, and did so with good effect. The muster on the Royal side was very thin, but as the morning advanced, numbers came forth from the places where they had sought shelter, and once more the height swarmed with armed men. But all order had been lost, and it required many

report of Ludlow on the other side, also a combatant; Lord Wharton's "Speech to the Mayor and Council of London," and a report to Pym, signed by Holles, Balfour, Meldrum, and other leaders. Besides these we have many inflated and passionate reports in the publications of the day. Nevertheless, it is impossible to make any two accounts agree on the whole. I have only given what appears to me to be the most uncontroverted, I will not say incontrovertible, facts. Among recent authorities, we have a picturesque description (according to his wont) by Lord Nugent, in his "Hampden;" but if the reader endeavours to reduce his lordship's battle to *a plan*, he will find himself bewildered, as the combatants seem to have been. We have also a very picturesque description by the Rev. Mr. Cattermole, whose pen is almost as graphic as his brother's pencil; but neither will it stand critical examination. Indeed, the armies themselves appear to have so entirely lost all form, that it is less surprising their historians are at fault. Take for instance, Lord Nugent's statement (in which he follows Bulstrode, who was nearly shot by them), that Hampden and the artillery-guard beat back Prince Rupert's regiment when scattered in the chase: now we have the assertion of Ludlow, who was on the spot, that Hampden's brigade did not arrive until four o'clock on the following morning. There are many other equally incompatible accounts.

hours to reassemble each soldier under his own officer. Half-starved and frozen as these forces were, their leaders did not care to offer them for battle, and it was agreed that the King should content himself with holding his position, and exhibiting as formidable a front to the enemy as could be arranged. Essex, though he had been joined by Hampden's division during the night, mustering three thousand horse, foot and artillery, was equally indisposed to engage. And so the two armies remained for hours confronting each other; neither wishing to abandon the hard foughten field to his enemy, and neither venturing to enter and claim it as his own. At length the King remembered himself of a proclamation he had intended should have been made before any fight took place; a proclamation reclaiming "the rebels" to their allegiance, and offering free pardon to them all. Sir William Le Neve, Clarencieux King-at-Arms, was now ordered to proceed to the Parliament's army, on the dangerous errand of making this proclamation, dated "from our Court, at Edgehill," in the enemy's line. He proceeded thither in his robes of office, and in all heraldic state. Before he was within hearing of the enemy, however, he was met by a troop of horse, who, with levelled pistols, forbade him on his life to utter a word until brought into the presence of the General. Thus silenced and blindfolded he was led before Lord Essex, who made many inquiries of him concerning the King; could not, or

would not believe that his Majesty had been in the battle, and at length dismissed the herald, as closely guarded as he came.[1] The only other movement that took place was an unordered dash of some Cavaliers at four guns of the Parliamentary force, which they carried off in triumph. During the greater part of the day, the armies stood gazing on each other, Hampden urging the Lord-General to advance, and Dalbier interfering with Low Country military axioms to prevent him. Essex, always glad to have an excuse for forbearing from his Sovereign, retired upon Warwick towards evening, and the field of battle was abandoned to the King. A mournful possession! "There, brother sought out brother, and sons their fathers, to snatch the remains of those they loved from an undistinguished grave; or, it might be, to cherish and rekindle the yet lingering spark of life. The name of more than one son of knightly race is preserved, who, after a search of days, found his parent naked, covered with wounds, and well nigh frozen in his blood, and had his pious cares repaid by the sufferer's recovery."[2] "One Roundhead soldier was found dying of his wounds, who

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, Appendix, vol. iii.

[2] Rev. R. Cattermole. One interesting instance of this nature is recorded by Sir Richard Bulstrode. Among the followers of the King was one Sir Gervase Scroop, a gentleman of fortune in Lincolnshire, who had raised a regiment there for the King. His son had been very extravagant on his travels, and his old father refused even to see him again. Young Scroop, however, had made a friend of the Duke of Richmond, who now promised to

declared that his deepest grief was having received his death from the hand of his brother, whom he had recognized among the Royal troops, and turned aside; but the carbine was impetuously discharged by the hand which had never before been raised but in affection."

The Clarencieux Herald had brought back news of the old Lord Lindsey's death; he had been taken to a poor cottage, and placed upon some straw. No surgeon was at hand, and his devoted son saw him bleeding helplessly to death. Essex at length sent Sir William Balfour and other officers to visit his

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soften his father. The son came to the camp on the eve of battle, anxious to be reconciled before, as it might have been, too late: the duke prayed the King to send for Sir Gervase, who found his graceless son in the royal presence. The King's word was law to the old Cavalier; the son fell upon his knees, and the father gave his blessing with old-fashioned fervour; then, changing suddenly his tone, he said, "I am now going down the hill to serve the King, and, if I be killed, you, my son, will have enough to spend;" to which the young scapegrace answered, "And if I be killed, I shall leave you enough to pay." They fought against the Roundheads, side by side; in the *mêlée* they were separated, and when the evening roll was called, the worthy old Cavalier's name was called in vain: the son sped away to the field to seek for him, and the next morning discovered his father among the bloody dead. The human vultures who spoil the slain had stript him naked, and left him among his gallant Lincoln men, sixty of whom lay "with their backs to the field and their feet to the foe," on the same ground that they had occupied while living.* Scroop found that his father still breathed, though mangled with sixteen wounds in defending the Standard, but the frost had prevented him from bleeding to death; "So his son, with great piety, carried him to a warm lodging, and thence, in one of the King's coaches, to Oxford, where he at length recovered."

* Ludlow, p. 51.

brother General, and to say that he himself was coming; but he came too late: the brave old gentleman was dead, having with his dying breath upbraided the disloyalty of those who stood around him. His son was detained a close prisoner for above a year by the Parliament.

No sooner was Essex known to be in retreat than Rupert asked and obtained leave to pursue. With a party of cavalry and some dragoons he pushed as far as Keinton, where he found sufficient to detain him.[1] Waggons were there, loaded with muskets, pikes, and all sorts of ammunition; the town was crowded with sick and wounded men, and many officers; a fact which confesses the haste in which the Lord-General retired from what the Parliament called afterwards his field of victory.[2] Here Rupert captured the rear-guard, consisting principally of dragoons, and with them their convoy, the plate, money, and cabinet of letters belonging to Lord Essex: in the latter, he found Mr. Blake's circumstantial report of his own and the King's intentions and affairs; the unhappy traitor was hanged soon afterwards, at Oxford, upon this, his own evidence. A thick fog prevented the Prince from advancing further than Keinton.[3]

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[1] Bulstrode, 85; Ludlow, i. 50.

[2] Ludlow says, that Prince Rupert's troopers cruelly murdered many of the wounded men at Keinton, a falsehood which refutes itself. The worst probability is that many of them stood to their arms and were cut down.

[3] Prince Rupert's Diary.

The brave Welshmen, who had fought chiefly with cudgels, were now better armed, and did good service afterwards under the Bulkeleys, the Mostyns, the Trevors, the Thelwalls, and other officers, whose descendants still dwell in the homes their fathers left, yet fought for, while they served their King.

So ended the first great battle of the war. It was just the confused and unintelligible, yet stubborn and fatal affair, that might have been expected; the troops on both sides, raw and ill-disciplined, but with English hearts, and those animated by the highest enthusiasm: the officers, almost all young or youthfully inexperienced; each bent on making or sustaining an individual reputation, while recklessly ready to perish for his cause. It is one of the bloodiest fights on record: scarcely thirty thousand men were engaged, and of that number nearly six thousand were buried on the field. Of these, the greatest number were slain by hand; the artillery was contemptible, and the musketry was but little more effective. Ludlow says, he saw three score corpses of the Royal Guards clustered on the spot whence the Royal Standard had been torn. The proud and mournful result of English valour, put forth against itself, was this most deadly and most evenly-balanced battle; neither side was beaten. On the one hand, the Royalist withdrew farther from the field, but only to the position they had occupied in the morning: they remained there until

the enemy had retired:[1] they had entirely routed both wings of the enemy by their own confession:[2] they had captured forty stand of colours in the fight, and, on the following day, four guns,[3] with magazines of arms and ammunition. Above all, the road to London, the King's first object, was left open. On the other side, the Parliamentarians had slept on the very field of fight; they had taken prisoner the King's General-in-Chief and many officers of note; they had captured, though it was afterwards won back by a daring stratagem, the Royal Standard and eleven regimental colours. The only clear, indisputable result of victory, was the King's obtaining the London road, and Essex being foiled in preventing him from doing so. "*Victor uterque fuit, victus uterque fuit*," is the truthful and candid verdict of Sir Richard Bulstrode, who bravely fought the battle he describes.

The King had now apparently no obstacle before him. If he had pushed on straight for London he might, probably, have slept in his own chamber at Whitehall on the following night. Prince Rupert, was eager to fulfil the original intention of pressing forward to London at once: "he offered to push on with the horse and three thousand foot; to seize Westminster and the rebel part of the Parlia-

[1] Bulstrode; Warwick; Clarendon.

[2] See Lord Wharton's speech to the Mayor, Council, and Commoners of London, printed for Richd. Jones, 1642.

[3] Prince Rupert's Diary says seventy colours and eight guns.

ment, and occupy the Palace of Whitehall until the King should come up with the remainder of the army."[1] But most of the King's elder, and, perhaps, wiser counsellors were "as much afraid of victory as of defeat;" they dreaded nothing so much as his Majesty returning a conqueror to London. It may be that the heart of Charles himself misgave him, as he beautifully confesses in the following passage in his "Icon Basilicon:"[2]—"I was afraid of the temptation of an absolute conquest, and never prayed more for victory over others, than over myself. When the first was denied, the second was granted me, which God saw was the best for me."[3]

[1] Prince Rupert's MSS. Diary.

[2] It is assumed as an ascertained fact by popular writers, that Dr. Gauden wrote this admirable work; the same party motive prejudices now against its authenticity that prevailed in the seventeenth century. However, *Milton* believed it was written by Charles, as is evident from his iconoclastes; and all internal evidence is strongly in its favour. The principal objections to its genuineness are the claim to having written it by a scheming, disreputable Dr. Gauden and his talkative wife, and the flippant rejection of it as a *paternal* authority by one of the most worthless men that ever lived—the King's own son. It is confessed, at all events, by the impugners of its truth, as having been accepted by Charles the First as his own composition; he accepted all the sentiments that were attributed to him therein; a forger of such a work must have been a most daring subject, a most consummate judge of the human heart, and a most admirable writer who could have so arranged such sentiments for such a King; Gauden was none of those, though he was made Bishop of Exeter for his imposture; it was easier for the easy Charles II. to make him so, than to disprove his pertinacious assertions. To most inquirers Dr. Wordsworth's dissertation will prove convincing on this matter.

[3] Icon Basilicon, p. 167. I quote from a rare and valuable copy in the excellent collection of Mr. Halliday, of Glenthorne: it was published immediately after the King's death, in 1649.

The moderate men of the Council asserted, that it was expedient to delay until the true position of Essex was ascertained;[1] and Lord Bristol openly objected, because "Rupert would set the town on fire."[2] The King consented to delay, and the army sat down before the little town of Banbury, when it ought to have been straining for the metropolis. Essex was meanwhile using his utmost exertions to reorganize his forces at Warwick, and looked on passively while the King captured this neighbouring town and made prisoners of one thousand men.[3]

Meanwhile the Parliamentary leaders were waiting for news from the army in the most painful and intense suspense. On Sunday night the City was filled with the fears of the terrified fugitives who had already spread their fame far and wide. On the Monday a despatch was received from Lord Essex, which failed to set the public mind at ease; and it was not until Tuesday that Lord Wharton and Mr. Strode, who had both fled from the field,[4] and therefore, perhaps, proceeded afterwards more slowly, arrived at Westminster. The Houses were then

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[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, 306.

[2] Prince Rupert's "Diary," Benett MSS.

[3] Whitelocke's Memorial (p. 64) says, that the King here captured two regiments of foot and a troop of horse, all of whom took service under him.

[4] "Farewell, my Lord Wharton, with hey,
Farewell, my Lord Wharton, with ho,
While the sawpit did hide him,
Hastings did outride him,
With my trolly, lolly, ho!

sitting, and received the Lord and Commoner's report, which was immediately distorted into news of victory. Close upon these fugitives, for such they were, followed an official statement, signed by Holles, Stapleton, Ballard, Balfour, Meldrum, and Charles Pym, "laying claim to a victory as untruly as their forerunners had announced an utter defeat."[1]

No victorious announcement, however, could disguise the fact that the King was on his march to London, and that Essex was left behind. Fear prevailed over triumph; but it was such fear as Englishmen might feel without dishonour, and roused them to exertion, not despair. The shops were closed, and their owners mustered in armed force to defend the barricades, strengthen the fortifications, and prepare for action. Finsbury "fields," the "village" of Pancras, redoubts in Grosvenor Square and Hyde Park, became advanced posts for the London forces, where the trainbands were mustered in strong force. "The works, forts, barricadoes, and ambuscadoes"[2] were all strengthened and reviewed. Urgent orders were sent to Lord Essex to

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"Farewell, Will. Strode, with hey,
Farewell, Will. Strode, with ho,
He swore all Wharton's lies were true,
And it concerned him so to do,
For he was in the sawpit too, [at Edgehill]
With a hey, trolly, lolly, lo!"
The Parliament's Farewell, 1642.

[1] Lord Nugent'sLife of Hampden, ii. 314. I have quoted this report of the six colonels in my account of the action.—EDITOR.

[2] Prince Rupert's Disguises, 1642. The following sonnet, affixed by Milton to the door of his house at this emergency,

press upon the King, at all hazards; and, if unable to force him to battle, or arrest his progress, to throw himself and his army into London.[1]

During these preparations to receive their King, his Majesty was wasting away his momentous opportunity before Banbury, and when that little town was at length taken, another day was consumed in besieging Broughton Castle, the residence of Lord Say, and yet another in arranging terms for its surrender. Meanwhile, the restless Rupert, chafing at delay, made a reconnoissance towards Warwick, in order to employ himself, unattended by a single trooper: it was an adventure in which his heart rejoiced. He was overtaken, when near the town, by a heavy shower, and took refuge in an alehouse. He there found a country-fellow, who was on his way to Warwick to sell cabbage-nets. The Prince could easily ingratiate himself when he pleased with those

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may vary these dull details. The young poet, who writes so proudly, was then only thirty-four years of age:

ON THE THREATENED INVASION OF THE CITY BY ASSAULT.

"Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them; and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these;
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bow'r:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare."

[1] Special Passages; Lord Nugent's Hampden; Bulstrode's Memoirs.

about him, and was soon in high favour with all the topers at the inn; he, of course, passing as a Puritan. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him: "Hold, my good fellow!" said he to the net-seller, "*I* want to go to Warwick, and I'll sell your nets for you; here 's a crown for you and these good fellows to drink till I come back, for I must have your horse; ay, and your coat too, my friend. I want to put 'a touch' on a friend of mine." The countryman thought that this was at the same time 'a good bargain and a good joke,' so he doffed his long coat and slouched old hat, and the disguised Prince having assumed them, rode forward to the stronghold of his enemies. He soon sold his nets, as the purchasers might have them at their own price; he heard at the same time all sorts of accounts of the battle, and no small share of execration on himself, which he bore with great philosophy, and apparently with relish. He ascertained the state of the Roundheads' army, and all the approaches of the town, and then returned to his expectant friend at the alehouse. Having resumed his own attire, and mounted his own horse, he told the countryman he might inform his customers in Warwick "that Prince Rupert had been their salesman; that he was obliged to them for their custom, and would soon be among them, to supply them with something else."[1]

[1] I have taken this episode from the pamphlet I have before

On the 26th of October, the King moved on from Banbury, leaving Lord Northampton there as Governor, and on the 28th, he slept at Woodstock, one of his own palaces. From the following somewhat remarkable document it appears that Charles was by no means confident of immediate results to his arms, and that he was taking measures in all directions to increase his force. It will be observed that he no longer stands upon the scruples of appropriating the arms of the anti-loyal that at first restrained him:

CHARLES R.

Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Whereas Colonel John Owen by our command is forthwith to bring unto us a regiment of foot-soldiers, raised in our county of Carnarvon, and the counties adjacent, who cannot in so speedy a time as is requisite for our service sufficiently arm themselves. Our will and pleasure is, that you use all means, out of the public magazine of the county of Anglesea, or otherwise "out of the store of private men, to furnish the soldiers of the said regiment with arms," which we shall take as a great service unto us, and shall, when God shall enable us, be ready to remember to the advantage of every one whom we shall find hearty and zealous in the pro-

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quoted, called, "Prince Rupert: his Disguises," printed by some indignant Roundhead, on November 16, 1642.

moting of this our service: and for so doing, this shall be your warrant.

Given at our Court at Woodstock, the 29th day of October, 1642.

To our truly and well-beloved our Commissioners of Array, and High Sheriff of our county of Anglesey.[1]

On the 29th, the King reached Oxford, where the Royal Court was for the future to be held. That loyal city "was the only one in England at that time wholly devoted to his Majesty,"[2] and although it remained faithful to the last, it suffered but little from its loyalty. The Parliamentary forces under Lord Say[3] had respected the seat of learning after a fashion, and there are fewer marks of Puritan iconoclasm to be found in this majestic City than in any other of similar beauty and similar visitation.

Hither the great ladies of the Court soon repaired to join their lords: and the beauty, wit, and flirtations of Whitehall began to enliven the sedate precincts of the Muses. The King and Prince Rupert "had rooms" at Christ Church, and other royalties and noblenesses inhabited that and other colleges. Other gowns too, than those of students and professors began to rustle along the moonlit cloisters

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[1] For this letter I am indebted to Mr. Ormsby Gore's MS. collection.

[2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii.

[3] Whitelocke, who was to have been governor.—*Memoirs*, 63.

(Christ Church was cloistral then), and Minerva, not to say Diana, gave place too much to Venus. The lovely Duchess of Richmond was there, with eyes that conquered the indomitable Rupert; Lady Isabella Thynne, who is whispered to have made no small impression even on the ascetic King; the merry Mrs. Kirke is said to have fascinated the grave Prince Maurice, and the witty and brave Kate, Lady D'Aubigny, who was now mourning for her chivalrous young Lord, was soon the arbiter of Lord Hawley's destiny; even the puritanical Elector Palatine is said to have relaxed his hypocritical demureness in favour of "fair Mistress Watt."[1] For several years, the fashion of London, with all its virtues and its vices, was concentrated on the banks of Isis, and may have contributed not a little to the grace and dignity that still distinguish its classic regions, and still continue to add love to the reverence which that fair City claims.[2]

In those days, when Oxford formed the rallying-point for all the most chivalrous and loyal men of England, and constituted the great centre of operations on which the fate of empires depended, the stately old colleges must have had some stirring

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[1] Somers' Tracts, p. 475; "Collection of Loyal Songs;" "The Rattle-headed Parliament of Ladies," &c.

[2] Here, too, many of the persecuted clergy of the Church of England found shelter from the Puritans; Jeremy Taylor pursued his divine abstractions in beautiful All Souls, and Prideaux and Chillingworth varied their military exercises with studies of the most profound divinity.

experiences. When the streets rang to the sound of the trumpet summoning the young Cavaliers to mount instantly, as some daring Roundheads hovered near the City, or some foam-covered trooper brought tidings of a stolen march, or to be stolen convoy within their reach. Or, when the students were mustered by Dean and Warden "in buff and bandolier" under Lord Dover, to guard the walls and prove their manhood under their Sovereign's and the Ladies' eyes. It was only when assault was threatened, that these young volunteers were allowed to act as Cavaliers: eagerly then they saw the "toga yield to arms" and earnestly they wished every success to the Roundheads that might bring them within reach of University discipline.[1] Musically, in those romantic times, the old cloisters of All Souls or of Magdalen gave echo to the armed tread of the Cavalier, or the faint rustle of the silken robe that floated by his side, and shared in his unweary watch.

I am anticipating. At present the King is bound for London, and only waits at Oxford for intelligence of the enemy's movements. It is said, that the Lord-General has suddenly advanced from War-

[1] The said scholars and men did sometimes train in New College Quadrangle, in the eye of Dr. Pink, the Dep. Vice-Chancellor, then warden of the said college. And it being a novel matter, there was no holding the boys of the school in the cloisters from seeing, and following them. Mr. Wood remembered well that some of them were so besotted with the training and gaiety therein of some young scholars, that they could never be brought to their books again.—*Anthony à Wood* (Bliss).

wick on Northampton, or is manœuvring about Brackley, and about to cut off all communication with the London road. Rupert is gone on to Abingdon to reconnoitre; we shall soon have news of *him*. Meanwhile, the subjoined letter[1] gives us a glimpse at Oxford and the doings there: and now reports arrive from Rupert, which influence the King to draw towards London.

The Prince, with the "five hundred and ten men," mentioned by Mr. Evans, had rapidly overrun the adjacent country, and swept into the Royal

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[1] TO THE MOST WORSHIPFUL RICHARD GRENVIL, ESQ., HIGH-SHERIFF OF BUCKS, THESE PRESENTS,—

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,

Upon the motion of your man Cherry, I give you to understand that I, being at Oxford, October 2, warned by a warrant from his Majesty amongst all ministers, freeholders, tradesmen, and men of estate in Oxfordshire, save his Majesty sitting in Christ-church Hall; Prince Robert was gone before to Abingdon with five hundred and ten men. The King intends for London with all speed. Redinge must be inhumanly plundered. One Blake, or Blakewell, I know not whether, was this day hanged, drawn, and quartered, in Oxon, for receiving 50*l.* a week from the Parliament for intelligence, he being privy chamberlain to Prince Robert. We were in Oxon streets under pole axes, the Cavaliers so out-braved it. The King's horse there, with seven thousand dragoons. The foot I know not, save that Colonel Salisbury (my countryman) hath twelve hundred poor Welsh vermin, the offscouring of the nation. Dr. Hood remembers his best respects to you, but groans for rent. He is much afraid of your safety. He prays for you. Oxonshire was sent for to contribute to his Majesty's necessity. Little help (God knows). They pillage extremely about Oxon. Whole teams taken away even of the Earl of . . . 's man, Bigge of Staunton. So much happiness to your worship, as to your obliged servant,

ROB. EVANS.*

* Lord Nugent's Hampden.

quarters all the forage and stores that he could find, before the Roundhead forces should have time to anticipate him. Taking the rich vale of Aylesbury into the sphere of his operations, he possessed himself of the town also: issuing thence he intercepted all communications of Essex with the metropolis, and made such harvests for the King, as the most accomplished of partizan leaders could secure. A brigade of the Parliamentary forces were sent forward to dislodge their active antagonist from Aylesbury and restore communication with London. Rupert hastened to draw out his handful of cavalry, eager to give the Roundheads battle in the open field; within stone walls he never felt himself at ease. He found Balfour's brigade drawn up in force, just beyond a brook well known to modern steeple-chasers. The waters were swollen by recent rains, and only passable with difficulty, at a narrow ford. This was commanded by Balfour's infantry, flanked by Charles Pym's troop of horse, and supported by Blanchard's cavalry. Rupert gave time but for one volley as he charged across the ford, plunging through the Roundhead infantry, and falling on their cavalry reserve. The infantry rallied stoutly and closed in on the Prince's bloody track, but were charged in their turn by Sir Lewis Dives, who followed close with Rupert's eager reserve. Pym charged the fresh troopers as they poured in upon his infantry, and then all became confused in tumultuous struggles for life and death rather than for victory; "the

musketry of the foot, the carbines and petronels of the cavalry, swords and pole-axes, all doing the work of death, and the soldiers of all arms mixed, and fighting in one close and furious throng."[1] The Cavaliers were at length forced back across the ford; and being joined by their little garrison from Aylesbury retired upon Thame, pursued by the rallied Roundheads and the townspeople for a short distance. Thence the Cavaliers proceeded to Maidenhead, whence Rupert made an attack upon Windsor. I give the Parliamentary journal's account of his assault in its own language, as a specimen of the style and spirit of the period:—

"Prince Rupert, with the most bloody and mischievous of all his Cavaliers, now drew towards Windsor, aspiring to the taking of that Royal Castle" [not, surely, a very extraordinary aspiration to restore the King to the residence of his ancestors]. "So, with about six thousand, mostly horse, passing through and plundering the fruitful county of Buckingham, he passed over the Thames and came upon the town. Having possessed himself of this without resistance, he summoned the castle at 'faire quarter,' he and his malignants considering it a place of much importance, to cut off the traffic

[1] Life of Hampden (ii. 324), by Lord Nugent, from whom I have taken the details of this skirmish. Lord Nugent states, that a few years ago some labourers, digging for gravel, came upon the burial place of the slain, and upwards of two hundred skeletons were found massed together: many seemed to have been officers, having been more carefully laid out.

out of the West to London by stopping their barges there." The summons was refused, the assault commanded, but the defenders fought so well, "cutting the Cavaliers off by scores and pouring their dreadful bullets into their bosoms, so that they (glad to shelter their coxcombs) retired into the houses, telling Prince Rupert that they would willingly attend him to fight against men, but not against stone walls. They desired him, also, to rise thence and depart elsewhere, where he might do the cause better service. Prince Rupert, telling them he could not stir thence to dishonour the glory of his former actions, cheered them on to a new assault. Ours, however, beat those devils back at handy-blows, tumbling some twelve score dead upon the place; whereupon the Prince hearkened to the former advice (of them that fought here but faintly), and with his company of Rake-shames he struck up to Stainsward,[1] and so to Kingston."

Here the Prince purposed to erect a fort and plant a garrison, in order to command the river; but he found the Trainbands of Berkshire and Surrey "in number about 3500 men drawn up to receive him, and in order to protect the town." "About two o'clock, on the 7th of November," says the Roundhead writer, "the Cavaliers came on with undaunted courage, their forces in the form of a

[1] The above extracts are taken from a Pamphlet in the King's Collection, No. 116, British Museum.

crescent, Prince Rupert to the right wing, coming on with great fury. In they went, pell-mell into the heart of our soldiers, but were there surrounded, and with much difficulty cut their way through those who had unexpectedly hemmed them in, and made their way across to Maidenhead where they held their quarters." Here they rested on that and the following night, impatient for orders to advance on London. Sir John Byron's regiment was then quartered at Fawsley Court, which, contrary to orders, they plundered; making a present of his deer and hounds to the Prince.[1]

Rupert could not repress his desire to feel his way a little farther, and led a small volunteer party of horse as far as Colebrook. To his surprise, he found but little opposition there, the Roundheads having concentrated their strength as near as possible to London: he accordingly entered, and possessed himself of the town, where he left a strong picket, and returned to his quarters at Maidenhead. The City journals thus described this morning's work in their usual exaggerated style; the object was to make an effective paragraph whether of triumph or of terror: this was headed, "Horrible news from Colebrooke. London, 11th Nov., 1642." "Prince Rupert, coming to the town of Colebrooke on Saturday last (*i. e.* the fifth of November), the townspeople having no arms to

[1] Whitelocke's Memoirs, 64.

help themselves, or to defend the town withal, he plundered it, rifling their houses, and imprisoning all those that were well affected to the *King and Parliament.* Having done his pleasure to the inhabitants, he repaired to the "Catherine Wheel" for that night, and the next day he intended to advance towards Windsor; but, hearing that the castle was too strongly fortified for his invasion, by the Parliament, under command of Col. Venne, he sent out spies to observe the strength of the place. The prince hath deeply vowed that he will come to London, swearing he cares not a pin for all the Roundheads, nor their infant works, and saying he will lay their city and inhabitants on the ground."[1]

On the 4th, Lord Essex was at Woburn, summoning the county trainbands of Buckinghamshire to muster at St. Albans; probably only in order to obstruct the King should he march that way, as the Lord-General himself advanced to London, where he was received with politic honour, and voted five thousand pounds by the two Houses of Parliament "for his victory at Edgehill." He had left Hampden, who ever sought the post of danger, in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge; whilst Holles occupied

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[1] King's Collection of Pamphlets, British Museum. We have here another paragraph of "authentic news:" "Since Keinton fight Prince Robert hath menaced that, when once he can get into London, 'he will sell smocks as cheap as herrings are now sold in the city;' he meant the smocks of such as have carried their plate into Guildhall."—*Last news from the King's army, Nov.* 11, 1642.

Brentford,[1] and Windsor was strengthened by twelve companies of foot. Kingston also, and Acton[2] were well garrisoned, and thus the King was not only shut out from London, but almost surrounded.

For the Royal army had now left Oxford, and continued steadily to advance. On the 3rd of November the King lay at Benson: on the 4th, he occupied Reading, which Henry Martin,[3] as its governor, had timorously abandoned upon Prince Rupert's approach.[4] Thus far Charles had been led on by Rupert, his advanced-guard having found no resistance to its progress. His approach to London might have proved the King's best means of restoration, if even now he hearkened to wise counsel, or to his own better genius. The war seemed about to close: to all appearance, before Christmas the great question must be decided, and the people at peace, *quicquid delirant reges*. But I fear that neither the King nor the Parliamentary leaders had sufficient magnanimity for nobly unselfish views in their decision: peace was now in the power of both; perhaps, of either. But the King was advancing as a conqueror; he had been sorely punished for his early errors by those who now

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[1] Life of Hampden, ii. 326. [2] Bulstrode.

[3] The future Regicide: cowardliness and bloodthirstiness are not unfrequently combined; but this was not a cruel man by nature: a deist, a lover of "merry company" and good cheer, and a share of power, was much what a "Red Republican" is now in Paris.

[4] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 318.

offered to treat with him: he had been bitterly insulted, in many instances cruelly wronged: the basest calumnies had been circulated against him in order to justify those wrongs, and the foulest vituperation had been used, in order to degrade his Majesty in the people's eyes. Moreover, all these outrages against his throne, his prerogative, and his royal person, appeared to him to be the work of a faction, who domineered over the true sense of his misled metropolis, as his own "evil advisers" were asserted by the Parliament to have tyrannized over himself. It was not the nature of Charles to feel exasperation: but his sensitive and proud nature was keenly alive to indignity, and would probably have inclined him to use his power sternly, under the conviction of state necessity and of justice. On the other hand, Pym and his associates felt not only the strength but the charm of their power: they easily persuaded themselves they were conscientiously using it for the good of the people, when they refused all negotiation not having for its basis the continuance of their own pre-eminence. The peace and happiness of England were staked on the conflict between the nobleness or selfishness of these two great parties, and the stake was lost! Cabinet councils, still less popular assemblies, have seldom proved self-sacrificing or magnanimous. Arnold von Winkelried and Quintus Curtius were not casuists or debaters.

The Parliament now sent a messenger to meet

the King at Reading, to desire a safe-conduct for a committee of the Lords and Commons to attend his Majesty: the King replied, that they should be "welcome," and that he was always ready to receive any communications from the Parliament, if it consisted not of those who had been declared traitors by his Majesty. The next day a request was received for a safe-conduct for the Earls of Northumberland and Pembroke, and four of the Commons, amongst whom was Sir John Evelyn. Lord Falkland immediately, by the King's order, sent the required passport, objecting only to Sir John, who had been by name excepted in the King's proclamation of pardon; but any other person not so excepted was to be considered as secured by the passport if substituted for Sir John. Thereupon the Parliament declared that all offers of peace were useless, and that "to except any one of their House was the highest breach of privilege." It is to be remembered that upwards of twenty-four of the King's best and faithfullest adherents were at this moment lying under their own unpardoning ban: in fact that their spirits had recently been revived by the arrival of Essex and his army. The Parliamentary Lord Mayor summoned, on the 8th, a general assembly of the citizens, at which Lord Brook and Sir Harry Vane attended, in order to address the people and exhort them to the most desperate resistance. In doing so, Lord Brook made a speech so false in every fact, and so unworthy in spirit, that we might

suppose it to have been a fabrication of some unscrupulous Cavalier, but that it remains authenticated in their own writer's Parliamentary history.[1] "Lord Essex," said this young nobleman, "has obtained the greatest victory that was ever known. He has slain two thousand of the enemy, and we have not lost one hundred of our own men; unless you include the *women and children, and dogs*, that the Cavaliers have slain, in that number."[2] The people shouted, as they are alway glad to have an excuse to do; they were very much pleased to hear such tidings, but they did not believe them; and Lord Brook returned to his home with the stain of a falsehood, and a bootless one, upon his otherwise fair fame.[3]

The King now advanced to Colebrooke, and the

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[1] May, lib. iii. 6—9.

[2] The following lines, which seem to be appropriate, are taken from a ballad of the times, called, "A Farewell to Parliament:"

"Farewell, my Lord Brook, with a hey,
Farewell, my Lord Brook, with a ho,
He said (but first he had got him a rattle)
That but a hundred fell in battle,
Besides dogs, women, and such *Parliament* cattle,
With a hey trolly, lolly, ho!

"Farewell, Say and Seale, with hey,
Farewell, Say and Seale, with ho,
And those valiant sons of Aymon,
May they hang as high as Haman,
With the old Anabaptist they came on.
With a hey trolly, lolly, ho!"

Lord Say and Sele was not orthodox even in the Puritan's eyes; his sons Nathaniel and Fiennes were diligent but not very valorous servants of the Parliament.

[3] The justification of means in order to an end, was by no means confined to the Jesuits: Cromwell asserted that "it was

clamour of the Londoners for peace became so importunate, that the triumph of Essex and the breach of privilege were alike passed over; and on the 16th of November the Parliamentary deputation met the King with their "petition," which, with those who presented it, was very graciously received. The petition deplored the late battle, and the miseries of the kingdom, and deprecated those that were yet to come, if peace were not re-established: they then entreated the King to appoint some convenient place near London, where committees from Parliament might attend his Majesty with propositions for a happy settlement of the kingdom. The King desired some time to consider of his answer, which was delivered within two or three hours afterwards to the commissioners, who returned with it that evening to London. This answer deplored with equal earnestness the miseries of war, and proposed to move to Windsor Castle, *or, if that were refused,* to *some other* place, and there to receive the propositions of the Houses. He would be ready to do so *even at the gates* of London.[1] At this conjuncture, Lord Clarendon observes, if the King had retired to Reading to await a further communication, it is possible that the people might have forced

lawful to play the knave with a knave;" Pym was at least equally unscrupulous, and the deaths of Laud and Strafford involve the whole of their associates in this same reproach that renders the Jesuits' popularity so dangerous.

[1] Rushworth, ii. 58; Parl. History, iii. 9.

the Parliament to a peace; but the historian does not say that even he himself was then of that opinion.[1] Indeed, the general feeling of the hour seems to have been that it was necessary to strengthen the peace-party within the City by assuming a formidable position before an armistice was accepted.

An important question here arises, which gravely involves the honour of the King. It was loudly asserted at the time by the war-party of the Parliament and by its journals, that Charles took advantage of his enemy's confidence in an approaching peace, to advance upon London and take it by assault. As a matter of policy the King would doubtless have been in a better position if passive at Reading, or even at Colebrook; but, as a matter of humanity, he is not blamable for any bold step that promised to terminate the war. It was well known that the Parliamentary leaders were well nigh desperate, and a proof had been given in Evelyn's case that they only sought how to avoid a peace.[2] Every day's delay was of use to them in strengthening their forces, and was proportionately ruinous to the King, whose army was in a hostile country, and well nigh surrounded by the enemy.

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[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 226–7.

[2] Henry James, first Earl of Sunderland, left the Parliamentary party with these words: "We had been satisfied long ere this, if we did not ask things that deny themselves; and if some men had not shuffled demands into our propositions, on purpose that we may have no satisfaction."—*Lloyd's Loyalists.*

Essex had taken every measure to prevent an assault, and only awaited orders to become an attacking party.[1] Those orders were so long suspended that at length Lord Essex rose in his place in the House to desire a decided answer, *whether he was to suspend or to pursue hostilities.*[2] He was *then* ordered to suspend them, "the King having so far acceded to all that was required of him." Then, and not until then, Sir Peter Killegrew was dispatched to treat with the King concerning an armistice, and he found the *armies already engaged* at Brentford. In the King's council, meanwhile, it had also been debated *whether hostilities should be suspended*, "the Parliament having refused to grant" the only stipulation made by his Majesty, the assignment of Windsor Castle to him as a residence during the proposed treaty.[3] Lord Essex had made every preparation for attack upon the King: his army lay at Turnham Green, covering the only approach to London; a circuit of posts was drawn round him at Kingston and Acton;[4] a strong division, comprising

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[1] Bulstrode, p. 87.

[2] May's History of the Long Parliament, ii. 102; M. Guizot's Revolution d'Angleterre, i. 264.

[3] This proposition of the King's to be admitted into his own castle, whilst awaiting the pleasure of the Parliament, the deputation had even refused to take charge of to the Parliament; so the King had sent his own messenger, Mr. White, to deliver the message. The King had received the Parliamentary Commissioners with all courtesy, yet this royal messenger was blindfolded and conducted through the streets under the strictest surveillance, as if he had been a common trumpet.—*Clar.*

[4] "Quelques uns disent que le Roi avoit été averti que pendant

his two best regiments, under Hampden and Holles, his two best officers, lay at Brentford, which they had barricadoed and entrenched; and a strong house belonging to Sir Richard Gwynn was occupied as an advanced post.[1] It was only the unexpected rapidity of Prince Rupert's attack, favoured by a thick mist,[2] that prevented the whole Parliamentary army from having timely notice to support their advanced division at Brentford. For this, and other reasons,[3] I think that the King acted only unwisely, not wickedly, in pressing on towards London.[4] And that,

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que les Parlementaires lui faisaient des propositions, pour l'amuser, ils prenoient des mesures pour l'envelopper."—*Revolutions d'Angleterre par le pere d'Orleans*, p. 85.

[1] Sir P. Warwick, 233.

[2] Ludlow, 53; Mrs. Hutchinson,

[3] "The same night (Nov. 11, 1642), after the messengers who brought the petition from Parliament were gone, news came to the King that General Essex had drawn his forces with his ordinance out of London towards him, and so, he being almost surrounded, some at Windsor, Kingston, and Acton, if Brentford were possessed likewise, the King would be hemmed in, and his army deprived either of moving or subsisting; and so, a council of war concluded to advance towards Brentford, and either to possess it, or repossess them, which he did, and many slain.

"The King on that considered, that it could not reasonably be considered an aversion to peace, or an intention to interrupt the treaty then in expectation, since he had reason to believe that if he would not preserve himself out of their power, the very possibility of a treaty would vanish. Willingness to receive a treaty was never held to amount to a suspension of arms, else, why did Essex encompass him on all parts?"—*Sanderson's History of King Charles*. London, 1650.

[4] It is very worthy of note, that the *first Parliamentary* report of the action at Brentford had not discovered that there was any "perfidy" in Rupert's forward movement. "The True Relation," of the 14th of November, may be examined in the King's Collection of Pamphlets in the British Museum (No. 83, art. 8). The

if he had been successful, his move upon London would have secured a peace, and would have been considered not only irreprehensible, but skilful and courageous. How much reproach and glory would have been wanting to our annals—how much of our national character and institutions been left unennobled by trial and suffering, I do not here stop to inquire.

We now return to the King's camp before Colebrook: while this fatal advance was in suspense, Rupert was as usual, in advance, at Egham; he had lain down to rest for the night; two merchants, as they called themselves, were brought in prisoners by some picket. The Prince ordered them to be detained lest they might convey information to London, or perchance be spies; and they accompanied his advance on the following day to Brentford, where they escaped in the confusion of the fight. They were examined before Parliament, and gave the following account of what they had witnessed: Premising that they had found Prince

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"Relation" opens thus: "On Saturday" [the journal was published on Monday, and probably in type on Saturday night, for printers worked slowly then, and Sunday was rigidly observed], "Prince Robert, taking advantage of the mist, brought up his forces to Brentford, where he was valiantly opposed by Lord Robert's regiment [under command of Holles] and Hampden. The next day, Sunday, *the Cavaliers being still in possession of the town*, two small ships came up the river and fired at them."

Even the furious Vicars, in his "Jehovah Jireh," though writing long after the Parliamentary calumny had assumed the consistency of truth, says, though it was in a time of peace, yet it was *only the mist* that enabled Prince Rupert to take the town.

Rupert in bed with his clothes on, which they presumed was because he vowed never to "undress or shift himself until he had reseated King Charles at Whitehall," they proceeded to state that on the following morning, the 12th of November, they saw the King and the Prince together on Hounslow Heath; they said that they were marching towards Brentford, and [as if prisoners were admitted to the Royal Council] they asserted, to use their own words, that "the Cavaliers made full account—whatsoever may be suggested to the contrary—to have surprised the City of London." "Prince Rupert took off his scarlet coat, which was very rich, and gave it to his man, and buckled on his arms, and put a gray coate over it, that he might not be discovered. He talked long with the King, and often in his communication with his Majesty, he scratched his head and tore his hair, as if he had been in some grave discontent."[1] This discontent, surely, did not arise from the King's determination "to surprise the City," even if it had been possible to do so through Brentford's defences and the whole army of Essex.

Whatever was the cause of his "discontent," Rupert soon indulged himself and his favourite regiment, the Prince of Wales's,[2] by making a bold dash at Brentford, capturing on his way the advanced post

[1] A true Relation of two Merchants of London who were taken prisoners by the Cavaliers. 1642.
[2] Bulstrode, 83.

at Sir Richard Gwynn's, and charging on into the streets of Brentford. Here, however, were such preparations to receive him, that even his fiery squadrons were forced to halt, and finally to retire. Redoubts raised high and built of loose stones, first broke his columns, and when they had struggled through this and the heavy fire of a masked battery of guns, they found themselves in front of barricades impregnable to cavalry. Carts, waggons, tables, and beds were piled up across the street, and from every interstice came pouring a steady and well-directed fire from Holles's now veteran red-coats. Rupert at length sounded a retreat, but it was only into momentary shelter from the fiery storm. The next moment he was cheering on a column of infantry to the same attack. They happened to belong to Salisbury's Welsh regiment, and these gallant mountaineers, burning to redeem themselves from an imputation cast on them at Edgehill,[1] rushed upon the barricades, tore them in pieces, and pushed through. The next moment, Rupert and his Horse were amongst the enemy, making fearful havoc. Hampden and Brook pressed forward to Holles's relief, but in vain. They were beaten into the river, or out of the town, which the Cavaliers occupied that night. The fruit of their victory consisted of fifteen guns, five hundred prisoners, eleven stand of colours, and a quantity of ammunition.

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 327.

Before the assault, Rupert had despatched Colonel Blake to take possession of Sion House, to check any reinforcement that might be sent by water from London. This detachment sunk two boats.[1]

Meanwhile, as soon as the unwonted and solemn sounds of battle had reached the distant City, the excitement became intense. Essex hastened on to the scene of action, but proceeded no further than his army at Turnham Green, which he prepared to receive the expected advance of the whole Royal forces. The trainbands of London had been already mustered outside the City, in "Chelsea Fields."[2] It has been asserted that Holles and Hampden resisted the Royal attack for six hours; what was the Parliamentary army doing all that time? The only reason I have seen assigned for the inactivity of Essex in relieving Brentford is, that he was waiting for Lord Warwick.[3] But his troops and trainbands already amounted to twenty-four thousand men, well fed by their friends in the City, and made bold by the presence of numbers of the City dames, who accompanied their husbands, and fathers, and lovers, and

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[1] Prince Rupert's Diary (in the Benett papers) says that the King had withdrawn to Hounslow with the main body of the army, but that Lord Ruthven arrived to take command of the advance just as the town was won. I have followed in this account the Prince's Diary, and the relations of Sir Richard Bulstrode and Sir P. Warwick, who were both of them in the action, and are both honourable and candid men. Ludlow, who was on the other side, does not contradict their account, and Clarendon confirms it.

[2] Ludlow, 53. [3] Sir P. Warwick, 234; Ludlow, 54.

brothers to the warlike but bloodless campaign of Turnham Green.[1] Doubtless, had the King's army advanced, these trainbands and their comrades would have given them a rough meeting, and made desperate resistance: even those who were favourable to the King's cause had no desire to see his hungry and uncontrollable army let loose upon their wealthy capital. "Bands and regiments of armed men therefore, seemed to spring up out of the earth;" the great City put forth its strength, and it was enormous: the army of Essex seemed a mere advanced-guard, though doubtless all the Parliament's real strength lay there. Every measure had been taken to increase and animate this army. All the fugitives from Edgehill had been collected, and sent back to their ranks; all the apprentices were invited to enlist, and their masters were commanded to allow in their indentures the time passed in the public service; this ordinance alone supplied an inexhaustible source of recruits, and the apprentices of that period were hardy, well-exercised youths, whose recreations were of a manly and somewhat martial character. The blunt and brave old Major-General Skippon was well calculated to inspire and lead troops like these. He harangued them in no set terms, but moving from

[1] While the patriots were thus agreeably occupied, Prince Rupert is said, by a Roundhead pamphlet, to have again disguised himself and proceeded to London, "Viewed the works, forts, barricadoes, ambuscadoes, and in the same shape [disguise] returned to his inn."—*Prince Rupert's Disguises, Nov.* 16, 1642.

rank to rank he addressed them in familiar dialect and phrases, "with which," says Whitelocke, "the soldiers were more taken than with a formal set oration." But when it came to fighting, the honest old Presbyterian did make a set speech to the simple citizens, which contrasts curiously, but not unfavourably with that of Charles to his chivalrous Cavaliers:—"Come on, my boys, my brave boys!" quoth the Major-General, "let us pray heartily and fight heartily. I will run the same hazards with you. Remember the cause is for God and for the defence of yourselves, your wives, and children, Come, my honest brave boys, pray heartily, and fight heartily, and God will bless us." [1]

But there was to be no fighting after all; at least, not then. The King discovered he had been too forward, and that his approach had produced an effect upon the City very different from that which he had calculated on: he perceived that the Parliamentary army was content to stay still and guard it, though they were more than double the number of his own forces and "briskly appointed," whilst his Majesty's were almost naked: he determined, therefore, to fall back upon Reading, having first dismissed all his prisoners with a promise not to serve the Parliament.[2] Hampden besought Essex to send him forward with his own brigade to Kingston, to

[1] Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 65.

[2] Bulstrode, 88. The following incident must not be omitted as an additional proof, if such be wanted, of the polluting conse-

cut off the retreat, but in vain. Essex was still reluctant to drive matters to an extremity,[1] and lent a willing ear to Dalbier, and the other veterans whose trade was war. He felt it necessary, however, to recover Brentford, and advanced upon it in such force that Rupert was forced to retire. The Prince entrusted the conduct of the retreat to Sir Jacob Astley; he himself removed off the bridge to leave it free for the troops, and stood, with his horse in the river, as they passed by, "cheering and encouraging the retiring ranks to keep order, and fire steadily on the advancing foe:" seldom had the charmed life he seemed to bear been so exposed; yet he escaped unhurt.[2] The Roundheads advanced no further than this bridge, and the Cavaliers retired unmolested to Hounslow. That night the King slept at Lord Cottington's, near Hounslow, and the following day he proceeded to Hampton Court, and

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quence of mixing up politics with religion, and of allowing the appointed ministers of peace to become the agents of civil war: these prisoners, whom the King then dismissed under oath not to serve against him, were told by the Puritan divines, Marshall and Downing, that their oath was not binding, and that *they would absolve them from it*, and so they were again induced to enlist.—*Clarendon's Rebellion*, iii. 339.

[1] Wherefore Hudibras Part ii. Canto ii. line 145:

> "Was there an oath 'the godly' took,
> But in due time and place they broke?
> Did we not bring our oaths in first,
> Before our plate, to have them burst
> And cast in fitter models for
> The present use of church and war."

[2] Prince Rupert's Diary.

thence to Oatlands. Here the King remained tranquilly for four days, almost within sight of the Parliamentary army so portentous in its appearance.[1] On the 19th, the King retired to Reading, where he left Sir Arthur Aston, now Commissary-General of Horse, as Governor; with three thousand men as garrison, under Sir John Byron and Kirke. The following "paper of advice" I find at this time amongst Prince Rupert's papers, without any address or signature:—

"SIR,

"From Oatlands, the next day after your servant departed thence, the King came away, and at his departure returned back Sir P. Killegrew, and with him Will. Murray, with a reply to the Parliament, which you have herewith in print; they stayed till Thursday last and then returned back with a letter from the Speaker of the Lords' House, directed to my Lord Falkland, acknowledging the receipt of the King's to both Houses, which should be answered by a messenger of their own. Thursday, after dinner, the Prince of Wales fell sick at Reading, and next day the measles broke out upon him thick, of which he is reasonably well recovered; this stays the King there, who had else come thence on Wednesday, and hither on Thursday. Thursday night he dismissed his own troop to go to Oxford before him, to make room in Reading for the garrison that is to winter there. News coming to Court, that the Earl of Essex, with his army, were marching from Kingston to follow the King, some were sent to break down the bridges at Maidenheath [head], Egham, and Chertsey; but they came too late, for Essex's soldiers *had done this already*, upon the refusal of

[1] Iter Carolinum; Warwick; Clarendon.

his (Essex's) foot, as they say, to march any farther after the King. Two hundred Scots out of Ireland have landed in Devonshire, and put themselves into a town there for their safety, the Scots at Court say, it is part of four thousand who are going into France to serve that King, and that contrary winds and ill weather forced them in there. Sir Robert Tracey sent the King 200*l.* this week, and his third son to serve in the Lord Chandos troop. Many commissions are given out, but no money, to raise regiments of horse. Sir Arthur Aston, the governor of Reading, has one; Sir W. Pye has a commission to be his lieutenant-colonel for raising a troop upon his own charge. Sir Thomas Aston raiseth a regiment, and some others also to ten or twelve new regiments; my Lord Capel raiseth a regiment, and Sir B. Throgmorton to be his lieutenant-colonel upon the like terms. My Lord Chandos also raiseth a regiment.

"Two remarkable newses I heard Will. Murray tell the King: the one that there was much talk amongst some Parliament men of an act of oblivion; the other, that they had news of a great fleet upon our seas, which is supposed to come with the Queen, and they have sent to sea the Earl of Holland about that affair. Others say it is the Earl of Warwick. The King's party prevails in Yorkshire; they, having gotten between Sir John Hotham and Hull, have worsted him, and beaten him away towards Lancashire. Reading fortifications are in hand, and winter garrisons appointed for the whole army; but the Court story of this exceeds the printed relation. Yesterday morning, as I was coming away with the troops from Reading, came to the Court Sir Peter Killegrew from Parliament, but what news he brings is not yet come to my knowledge because the troop was marching.

"Just now, since the writing of the other side, the Duke of York is come to Christchurch, and his followers tell me the substance of Sir P. Killegrew's letter from

Parliament, is the very same they sent the King to Nottingham: desiring that his Majesty will come to London with his ordinary retinue, and they will make him a glorious King, &c., and if they should not agree he shall have *publica fides* for his safe return.

"It is said, my Lord Herbert, of Ragland, is gone through this town, this day, towards the King.

"This county, the city, and university, do contribute to the King 2700*l.* a-month.

"Sir John Byron's quarter-master, with some horse, were yesterday beaten out of Burford, where they were making quarters, by forces from Cirencester.

Oxford, 26th November, 1642.
Saturday night.

"Two regiments are to be raised in Worcestershire; one of horse by Sir J. Hamilton, and Sir William Russel to be his lieutenant-colonel; the other of foot, by Captain Sandes, but the gentry differ hereabouts. My Lord Digby hath been at Marlborough, with some forces to take that town; but, under colour of a treaty, they gained time to get in some dragoons who have beaten him away. It is said the Earl of Essex, with his army, are refused to be let into London for winter quarters, and are ordered to quarter in the country, so the King's quarters may hear of them by alarms this winter."

Indorsed—"A Paper of Advice,
Oxford, November 26, 1642."

The following day Prince Rupert received the following order from the King:—

"CHARLES R,

"Right dear and entirely beloved nephew, we greet you well, and do hereby will and authorize you to give order to all the colonels of the horse and dragoons of our army, to quarter and billet their respective regiments in such places as we have assigned, and there to take up such

necessary provision of diet, lodging, hay, oats, and straw, as shall be necessary for them. And if there shall not be sufficient for such their supply in their quarters, then they are to send forth their warrants to the several hundreds and parishes adjacent, requiring the inhabitants to bring in all fitting provisions for their daily supply. For all which, as for that taken up in their quarters, they to give their respective tickets, and not to presume, upon pain of our high displeasure, to send for greater quantities than will suffice for their numbers of men and horses, and such as may be proportionable to half of each officer's pay by the day, for all manner of diet, lodging, and horse-meat, and half of every ordinary horseman's pay by day for diet only, their horse-meat being to be daily supplied by the counties adjacent to each quarter. In this manner we will that you proceed and continue until such time as the counties wherein they are quartered shall agree of, and settle some other course for their constant and daily supply. To this, our pleasure, we require full obedience to be rendered as they and every of them whom it may concern will answer the contrary. Given at our Court, at Reading, this 27th of November, 1642."

The King remained ten days at Reading, whence he garrisoned Wallingford and Brill, and appointed Abingdon as winter-quarters for the cavalry. He then proceeded to Oxford where he took up his quarters for the winter, rather for the sake of its central position and of its comfort, than of its security. The town was "not tolerably" fortified, nor the garrison well provided for, and the Court and multitude of nobility, and ladies and gentry, with which it was inhabited, bore any kind of alarm very ill. These are the words of Lord Clarendon, who

writes the following letter on the day of the King's arrival at Oxford. It was, probably, intended for Reading, and was forwarded to Prince Rupert:—

SIR,—This enclosed I received late the last night; it being dated but yesterday, I caused it to be copied out of the original, which was necessary to be returned. Their lordships, whom I acquainted with it, thought it very necessary to be forwarded to his Majesty by an express, though we have some information that his Majesty will be here this day. My intelligence added, that Mr. Hampden and Mr. Goodwyn are at their houses, and our cavalry here think it a very easy matter to take them. His Majesty will give such directions either to these forces which are near those parts, or to their lordships here what shall be done. It is a pity the gentlemen should not be visited.

"Sir, your most humble servant,

"EDWARD HYDE."

"I have sent a bundle of proclamations and petitions."

Oxford, this 29th of 9ber, 1642.
To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Falkland,
in his absence to Mr. Secretary Nicholas,
or Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.
At Court.

But Hampden was not so easily caught. He was as energetic and rapid in his movements as Rupert himself; having, besides his military duties, his place in the Close Committee to attend to. That secret council now ruled all Roundhead England with a vigour and sternness that its great eloquence, consummate knowledge of English character, and the passions of the time alone induced even Puritans to submit to. This Close Committee now sought to

erect a stronghold in Wiltshire, at Marlborough, which they hoped to make a rallying-point for their numerous friends in that county. Sir John Ramsey, now intrusted with the government of this important post, had fled disgracefully from Edgehill, but defeat seldom proved a disqualification in the Parliament service: witness the cases of Lord Stamford, Henry Martyn, and others. Marlborough lay too close to Oxford to be tolerated as a hostile hold, and Rupert ordered Wilmot to hold himself in readiness to advance upon it, having effected a junction with Penniman's regiment at Wantage. To this task Wilmot shewed no inclination, but he soon received peremptory orders to march, Rupert being otherwise engaged, and the Parliamentary forces having obtained some trifling successes that were magnified into victories.

A few days previously, Farnham Castle was taken by Sir William Waller, after an indifferent defence by Sir John Denham; Colonel Fane, a son of the Earl of Westmoreland, being almost the only person slain. Denham was a poet and a wit, but to confess the truth, the poets did not appear to advantage in this war, even in a Tyrtæan point of view. Edmund Waller proved both a trimmer and a coward, Sir John Suckling a poltroon, Denham no better; Will. Davenant was dissipated and negligent, and the great Milton condescended to write the most rancorous and unworthy lampoons.

Rupert was, all this while, hovering about the

Parliamentary forces, and carrying on a warlike sort of flirtation with their more warlike leaders, who were ever repressed by the coy prudery of their General. Amongst his own Royalist officers were many who displayed a similar reluctance to serious conflict, and chief amongst these was Wilmot, now Lieutenant-General of Horse. From Wilmot's first display of irresolution before Coventry to his lukewarmness, or worse, at Edgehill, Rupert had shewn him little favour.[1]

Unfortunately, I have not Prince Rupert's answer to this and similar epistles; probably the Prince was a man of few letters as of words.[2] On the following

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[1] On the 1st of December, Wilmot writes the subjoined rather mutinous letter to his chief:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

Even now I received a command from your Highness to be to-morrow night at Wantage, where I shall not fail to obey any commands laid upon me, according to my power. But give me leave to tell your Highness, that I think myself very unhappy to be employed upon this occasion, being a witness that at other times, in the like occasions, troops are sent out without any manner of forecast, or design, or care to preserve or quarter them when they are abroad: if I had any place to set up my horses, I should wait on your Highness this night at Oxford. To-morrow it will be too late, so that I shall obey your Highness in being at Wantage, and there expect instructions how to behave myself, which I shall not fail punctually to see done. So most humbly kissing your Highness's hands, I rest your Highness's

Most humble and most faithful servant,

H. WILMOT.

1st of Dec. 1642, Abingdon.

[2] I have sought diligently amongst many collections of manuscript in England relating to this period, and I have not been able to collect above seventy of his autograph letters; for the greater part of which I am indebted to the kindness of the Earl

day, Wilmot reports himself as arrived at Wantage, on his way to Marlborough. On Saturday, the 3rd of November, he took the town, almost in spite of himself, after a sharp action, followed by pillage, which was then considered as the price of an assault. The Lieutenant-General had declared to the inhabitants that if they compelled him "to enter the town by force, it would not be in his power to keep his soldiers from taking that which they should win with their blood." Ramsey and about one thousand prisoners were taken, together with four guns, large stores of arms, and a good quantity of ammunition, which had been prepared for the expected levies in Wiltshire.[1]

The forces collected for this attack weakened the garrison at Basingstoke; a letter of remonstrance ensues from Lord Winchester. Thereupon, Lord Grandison was detached with his own regiment of three hundred horse and two hundred dragoons to relieve Basing House, where he was encountered by five thousand Roundhead horse, his men slain and dispersed, and himself carried away captive. He soon, however, escaped with two of his officers, and returned to Oxford "where they were welcomed with great joy." [2]

The garrison left in Reading now began to grow restless for want of occupation, always a trying want

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of Dartmouth. Of course in the Prince's own collection of letters, few traces of his handwriting are to be found.

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 363. [2] *Ibid.*

for young troops. Sir John Byron commanded the cavalry there, and became impatient of inactivity, when Rupert, and even Wilmot, were actively engaged. From the tone in which his subjoined letter is written[1] we may judge how difficult the Prince found it to maintain the little temper that Providence had bestowed upon him: he had upwards of fifty such free-spoken commanders as Sir John to deal with. It appears that Byron was relieved, according to his wish, for, in the capture of the town soon afterwards by Hampden and Urrie his conspicuous name does not occur.

The King was now settled at Oxford, in tolerable security. His cavalry lay at Abingdon, well supplied with necessaries, through Prince Rupert's

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[1] SIR JOHN BYRON TO PRINCE RUPERT.

SIR,

The time prefixed for the stay of my regiment in this town will be expired on Friday next, at which time, I humbly desire, according to your Highness's promise, to be relieved; not for any impatience in myself, or unwillingness to undergo anything that may be for his Majesty's service, but to avoid the certain ruin of my regiment, which, for want of accommodation here, and all things necessary for the subsistence of men, hath been very hardly kept from breaking forth into a mutiny, and doth daily diminish, notwithstanding the best care I can take for the preservation of it. . . . Neither will it be requisite that above two or three troops at the most be sent hither, the number we have now being greater than can be fed or lodged with any convenience in this town. I humbly beseech your Highness to pardon this boldness, which (were I not by necessity urged) I should not urge, and be pleased to let me know your Highness's commands, which shall ever be punctually obeyed by, Sir, your Highness's

Most humble and most faithful servant,

JOHN BYRON.

Reading, Dec. 10, 1642.

care, the most zealous of foragers, although he appropriated the best of all his collections to his own cherished troopers. The foot were still very indifferently equipped, but paid with more punctuality than could have been expected. This pay, too, was considerable for that period,—eightpence a day for the infantry, and sixteenpence for the cavalry:[1] the officers were paid poorly in proportion, but many of them were not only independent of the King's pay, but contributors to his necessities. The value, too, of money was at least three times greater than at present, and the "perquisites" after a storm, or even a foray, were considerable; especially when Prince Rupert led. The weekly disbursements, Lord Clarendon says, to the troops alone, at this time, amounted to three thousand pounds every week. It is difficult to ascertain how this and other necessary sums were collected. The King did not receive a farthing of his revenue; that went to the Parliament: nor did he venture to levy taxes; that, too, was a monopoly of the Parliament. All the sources that Lord Clarendon mentions would appear unequal to a month's expenditure, yet pay was never wanting throughout this winter.[2] Oxford lent ten thousand pounds,[3] and

[1] May Parl. Hist. [2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 350.

[3] "This year (1643), the plate which was given to Anthony Wood by his godfathers and godmothers, was carried, with all other plate in Oxford, to the mint at New Inn, and there turned into money to pay the King's armies.—*Life of A. Wood*, i. 104; *edited by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.*

private persons imitated the generous example. Even London sent supplies, not only at the imminent risk of loss, but of life on the part of the lenders. The impoverished King freely offered his lands, his personal property,—all that he had for security or sale. In point of fact, however, the chief supplies were obtained from the surrounding towns and districts, by the military commanders, according to rates specified and allowed by the Council at Oxford.

About this time the Parliament tried to win the Scotch through their anti-ecclesiastical sympathies,[1] and endeavoured to induce them to invade England, with a view of checking Lord Newcastle's progress in the north. That gallant Cavalier, though he had Will Davenant, one of "the good-for-nothing poets," as lieutenant-general of his ordnance, had done good service for the Royal cause.[2] He had beaten the

[1] The Parliament bribed Scotland against its King with the most singular sacrifice: that of the last vestige of observance of their ancient Church. Presbytery was welcome, provided it brought claymores in its train, and "the Covenant was imposed on all the people of England over the age of eighteen years. All recusants were denounced as malignant, and seven thousand clergymen were upon this ground ejected from their livings."—*Southey's Book of the Church*, 473.

[2] Sir P. Warwick (p. 235), who says amusingly: "He (Lord Newcastle) was a gentleman of grandeur, generosity, and of steady and forward courage, but his edge had too much of the razor in it; for he had a tincture of a romantic spirit, and *had the misfortune to be somewhat of a poet*, so he chose Sir William Davenant, an eminent good poet and loyal gentleman, to be his lieutenant-general. This inclination, and such sort of witty society (to be modest in the expression of it), diverted many counsels, and lost many fair opportunities."

Fairfaxes, Sir Hugh Cholmondeley and the Hothams. The Earl of Cumberland had resigned his command, and was dead, so that Lord Newcastle now ruled over the north supreme. He commanded about eight thousand good horse and foot, with which he had almost cleared his own county from Parliamentary influence, and had prepared the northern coast for the expected landing of the Queen.[1]

These successes induced the Parliament to form "an association of counties," in imitation of Lord Newcastle's plan: Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, the Isle of Ely, and Norwich, were placed under Lord Grey of Wark, with Cromwell to be his inspiration and virtual director.

The interest of the combatants in their great struggle was now so thoroughly roused, that winter did not bring its usual suspension of hostilities. The King's efforts were confined to securing his position at Oxford by maintaining the advanced posts of

[1] I find in Sir Henry Ellis's Letters, one from the King to this nobleman, dated November 2, 1642, from Oxford, thanking him for his good service, and the sending 6000*l.*; another, dated December 15, of the same year, with orders for the Queen when she should land. Also he directs Lord Newcastle to ask from the Yorkshire train-bands their arms by divisions; to *solicit* them beside from all well affected subjects, and to *take them* from the ill affected, especially at Leeds and Halifax: he continues, "I have no greater want than that of arms: next arms, I want dragoons, which is the rebels' strength, *their foot not liking winter marches.* Can you send me five hundred horses, and arms to match?" On the 29th of December the King writes again, expressing his surprise that there should be now no arms in Yorkshire, when twelve thousand stand had lately been served out to the trainbands of that county.

the Brill, Wallingford House, Abingdon, and Banbury. In order to effect this object, the garrisons were strengthened with infantry, while large bodies of cavalry patrolled the county, as it were in search of adventure; sometimes these experienced foragers lay in wait for the Roundhead detachments; attacking them when they were strong enough to do so, and at least harassing their retreat by sharp and vigilant skirmishing: at other times, they still more effectually annoyed their enemy by anticipating his marches, and devouring all provisions or sweeping them into the Royal stores.

The gallant young Lord Wentworth, Lord Strafford's son, commanded one of the most active of these flying parties in Buckinghamshire; to him I find a letter addressed by Lord Northampton, proposing a combined attack on the enemy from Banbury.[1] Lord Essex was now manœuvring to invest Oxford, with the apparent intention of gradually contracting his lines as soon as the more dangerous Royal garrisons should be suppressed, and his communications made perfect. With this view, he took up his own quarters at Tedstock, ten miles from Oxford; while his pickets, and those of the Abingdon Royal horse, rode within sight of each other's post. Sir John Meldrum and Langham had succeeded in passing by Oxford with thirteen pieces of

[1] In the Index to the Third Volume, an abstract of all these letters and their dates will be found.

artillery, and a strong force of infantry: they were now intrenched beyond Woodstock, and menaced Lord Northampton's garrison at Banbury, which was thus cut off from Oxford.[1]

In this critical state of affairs the first year of the war closed over the King. Many of his council proposed that he should retire towards the north, where his affairs were more prosperous, and there await the Queen: but Charles was firm against open temptation, and he determined to remain amongst his fighting-men until the last. This must have been an exciting period for Oxford and the Court; when every hour brought in tidings of defeat or triumph: every detachment had its own adventures to encounter, its troubles to deplore, and its little successes to magnify. Every garrison, especially, was a keystone to the circle of safety, and the ordinary interest of war-tidings was multiplied tenfold. Such notifications now occurred in abundance; but it is sufficient to say, that their writers' names, and the dates of their despatches, will be found in the Index. It would be useless and uninteresting to trace the minute ramifications of events at this time, as the Prince's now voluminous correspondence might have enabled me to do: the military historian may at some future time supply the void which is here charitably left to be filled up by the reader's imagination. The following letter from Captain O'Neile

[1] Lord Nugent's Life of Hampden, 551.

(or Neile) conveys a vivid picture of the difficulties incident to the command of such troops as our Cavaliers composed.[1] Nor were the Parliamentarians more tractable, as I shall have occasion to prove hereafter: the instruments of civil war carry their own curse within them; and insubordination attends irregular force as its inevitable consequence. Yet these very troopers, so insubordinate, insolent, and luxurious in garrison, were patient and enduring, as well as reckless and dar-

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[1] CAPTAIN O'NEILL TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

By Will. Legg I received your commands to send a party into Buckinghamshire of at least one hundred strong, but what I should do, I do not yet understand, nor if I did [do I] know that your regiment, which I command, could furnish so many, either armed or sufficiently [disciplined, probably; word erased]. The officers of your own troop will obey in no kind of thing, and by their example never a soldier in that company; for my own part, unless your Highness declare whether they be in the regiment or not, I had rather be your groom at Oxford, than with a company that shall assume such a freedom as yours does here: they say that you have given them a power to take what they want, where they can find it. This is so exorbitant and so extravagant, that I am confident you never gave any such. That the rest of the troop (not only of your own regiment, but of the lieutenant-general's) may be satisfied, declare in what condition you will have your company, and how commanded: and let me, I beseech you, have in writing the orders I shall give to that party which you would have sent into Buckinghamshire, and send us the warrant that none may enter or issue any warrants for any provisions into any of those places which are assigned for this garrison. I am, your Highness's

Most obedient servant,

DANIEL NEILE.

Abingdon, this 19th of Dec. 1642.

ing on the march or in action. A dissolute French coxcomb Cavalier, speaking of his own similar sort of service a few years later, thus describes the vicissitudes of camp-life in his days:— "Quand l'armée marche, nous travaillons comme des chiens, quand on séjourne il n'y a pas de fainéantisme égale à la notre: nous poussons toujours les affaires à l'extrémité; on ne ferme pas l'œil trois ou quatre jours durant; ou bien on est trois ou quatre jours sans sortir du lit. On fait fort bonne chère ou l'on meurt de faim."[1] Prince Rupert served also in the campaign that M. de Rabutin speaks of; but, though he also worked "like a dog," *he* never wallowed in intemperance like a swine.

Banbury all this time not only defended itself, but made several sallies on the enemy; the infantry volunteering to defend themselves, in order to enable the horse to act with freedom. But the garrison at Abingdon is still very dissatisfied: although Prince Rupert has endeavoured to correct the extravagancies of his Horse, they still give themselves very disagreeable airs.[2] The Prince has set out for Banbury, whence the enemy retired at his approach; but, no sooner was he gone, on the 26th of December, than they threaten again, and Lord Northampton writes word "that they will not be quiet until they are fought with." I have suppressed several long letters from his lordship; but

[1] Memoires du Comte Bussy de Rabutin, ii. 110.
[2] Appendix, Wilmot's letters of 21st December.

the subjoined [1] gives so lively a picture of the state of the country, of the sturdily-loyal nature of some of the country-people, and of the plunderings by the Parliamentary forces, that it may not be omitted.

With one more military report, detailing the miserable state of the Royal army, I shall conclude this year's somewhat-dry correspondence. In future I shall quote still more sparingly, or only allude to facts contained in these voluminous papers. Sir Lewis Dives makes such a report of his Majesty's troops, as, perhaps, is without a parallel in military records:—

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[1] THE EARL OF NORTHAMPTON TO PRINCE RUPERT.

SIR,

The rebel forces are gone from Daventry into the further quarters of Northamptonshire, where they have received some opposition, at a place called Wellingborough, by the rising of the country there on his Majesty's behalf. On Monday last, at night, they seized upon one Mr. Grey, the clerk of the peace for that county, living in Wellingborough, and carried him prisoner to Northampton. At which, the town ringing their bells, the country people thereabouts came in, and on Tuesday there was a great skirmish, most part of yesterday, in which old Sawyer, one of the committee, and their captain, with another captain of theirs, was slain, and their men dispersed. But about four that day, in the afternoon, came the rebel forces from Northampton, and overcame the country, and have plundered all Wellingborough town, and are carrying the goods to Northampton. The rebels are not yet returned, but lie scattered in the town and thereabouts by forties and fifties in a company; so that if there could be but three hundred dragoons, with a regiment of horse, sent, it would not only disperse them, but encourage the country to rise on his Majesty's behalf against them, and, I am confident, to a considerable number. Otherwise those parts will be much ruined, to his Majesty's great prejudice. This being all I can send your Highness, I am, Sir, your Highness's

Most humble servant,

Dec. 27. NORTHAMPTON.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS, ...

Our troops are in extreme necessity, many of them having neither clothes to cover their nakedness, nor boots to put on their feet; and not money amongst them to pay for the shoeing of their horses; the sight whereof hath made me so sensible of their misery, as I have taken the boldness to become an humble suitor to your highness, that you will be pleased to take it so far into your consideration, as to move his Majesty that some speedy course may be thought upon whereby to relieve their wants, otherwise it will be a hard matter, if not impossible, to hold them long together in that condition they are now in. It is a business of that importance to his Majesty's service, as I hold it my duty to acquaint your Highness with it, hoping by your princely care and mediation with his Majesty those inconveniencies may be prevented, which ordinarily happens in an army upon the like occasions, so, with my hearty prayers to the Almighty, to bless your highness with happy success in all your actions, I humbly take my leave and remain,

Your highness's most humble servant,

LEWIS DIVES.

December the 31st, 1642.

The King's position at the time Prince Rupert received this despatch was a very anxious one. The Queen was almost daily expected in the north; Warwick's fleet was on the watch for her on the seas; the Parliament were making energetic efforts to oppose her progress on the land. The central and northern associated counties were mustering to prevent, or cut off all communication between Yorkshire and Oxford. Lord Digby was moving towards the Welsh borders, only in hope of making a diversion to Sir William Waller. Essex continued his invest-

ment of the Royal quarters, and was daily assuming a more dangerous attitude. Money always scarce, was still more so now, and the sources of capricious revenue narrowed with the state of the King's affairs.[1]

Abroad there was still less cause for hope. Foreign diplomacy at that time was founded on the simple and suicidal principle of embarrassing and injuring every other country as much as possible; of considering every foreign nation as a rival; trampling upon them while weak, and intriguing against them when powerful. Spain bore an ancient enmity to England, interrupted, only to be increased, by Charles's proposed and broken treaty of marriage with her daughter. The friendly relations of the British Crown with Portugal also now provoked the

[1] The two following resolutions will at a glance shew some of the sources of revenue employed against the King:

"Die Sabbati, 15 Octobris, 1642.

"*Resolved upon the question by both Houses of Parliament*—

"That the fines, rents, and profits of archbishops, bishops, deans, and chapters, and of such delinquents as have taken up arms against the Parliament, or have been active in the Commission of Array, shall be sequestered." This sentence of confiscation has seldom been paralleled in Eastern countries, and the next resolution, considering the King was not deposed, is perhaps equally unprecedented in any country pretending to a constitution.

"*Resolved upon the question by both Houses of Parliament*—

"That the King's revenue, arising out of rents, &c., and *all other his Majesty's revenues*, shall be brought into the several courts, and not issued forth or paid out until further order shall be taken by both Houses of Parliament."

It will be observed that these resolutions were passed before even the battle of Edgehill was fought.

anger of Spain, without affording a pretext for war; she therefore contented herself with inflaming the distempers of Ireland. France intrigued with Scotland for the same purpose, and Richelieu had never lost sight of the Covenanting chiefs as an avenue through which deadly evil might be communicated to England. The Parliament had sent Strickland as their Commissioner to the High Mightinesses of Holland, to complain of the assistance which the Prince of Orange gave their King. The Continental Powers, with suicidal policy, transferred their consideration from the King to his more powerful Parliament; and even appealed from the former to the latter, in Sir Thomas Rowe's case, as to a higher tribunal.

Towards the conclusion of this year there was, in political events, a temporary lull. Grenvil, Hopton, and Slanning, in the west, held their own and that was all. The Earl of Newcastle, in Yorkshire, suspended operations until the Queen's arrival. Essex lay still at Windsor, slowly advancing his views of besetting Oxford. The King continued to hold his Court at Christchurch,[1] "walking daily in the gardens." Hyde continued to compose long and eloquent declarations; Falkland to strive and pray for peace; and the majority of the courtiers to laugh and

[1] And, what is not to be forgotten, "Daily at service and sermon, hearing and practising the same Protestant religion that hath ever been in our Church; and we think not likely to bring in Popery."—*From an Honest Letter to a Doubtful Friend*, 1642.

fight, and make love or war as it happened, according to their ancient fashion at Whitehall. The death of the Queen-Mother of France had thrown a temporary gloom over Oxford; "the King and Prince Rupert mourned for her in purple, which is the mourning of princes."[1] The town-walls were put in a better state of defence, and an immense number of commissions were issued to various persons, enabling them to raise regiments.[2] Prince Rupert prepared for a decisive movement to break through the encompassing toils of Essex; and so the old year closed in upon the drooping fortune of the King.

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[1] Ward's Diary, 1666.

[2] *See* Appendix A.

CHAPTER II.

THE QUEEN ARRIVES.—THE WAR GROWS HOT.

RUPERT TAKES CIRENCESTER. — ESSEX OUTMANŒUVRED. — THE QUEEN LANDS IN ENGLAND.—BATTLES IN THE WEST.—SIEGE OF LITCHFIELD. — WALLER'S PLOT.—THE COVENANT.—CHALGROVE FIGHT, AND DEATH OF HAMPDEN.

"All justice, then, as well as affection commands me to studie her [the Queen's] security, who is onely in danger for my sake: I am content to be tossed, weather-beaten and ship-wrackt, so she may be in safe harbour." *Icon Basilicon*, CHARLES I.

"So, even our enemies, in their hackney railing pamphlets, were forced to say,—'The Cavaliers (to give the devil his due) fought very valiantly.'" RUPERT.

THE new year opened with activity within and without the walls of Oxford. Within, the Royal Mint printing-presses were set to work; and the first number of the Royalist journal, "the Mercurius Aulicus, or Court Mercury," was published on the 1st of January, by Dr. Heylin. This journal remains almost entire; and does more credit to the wit and eloquence than to the truthfulness or Christian feeling of the reverend editor: it abounds in the keenest sarcasm and most bitter diatribes against the Parliamentary party, whose journals vainly attempted to reply. They were, indeed, quite

as unscrupulous as to truth, and as rancorous in expression, but they never equalled their Court opponent in spirit or ingenuity.[1] The King's mint and printing-press arrived from Shrewsbury on the 3rd, with no less than twelve waggon-loads of Prince Rupert's property.[2] I fear his highness could lay little better claim to it than the Roundhead section of the Parliament could do to the Church and Royal revenues. On the 1st of January Sir John Byron, who was escorting ammunition to Lord Hertford, in Somersetshire, had a brisk affair at Burford, with a wandering detachment of Roundheads who sought quarters in the same place. The night was so dark that the approach of the enemy was only perceived by the glimmering of their matches: the Royal trumpets sounded quickly "to the Standard," but the enemy had formed in force in the market-place before Cavaliers enough were mustered for a

[1] The Journals of the seventeenth century were as different from the powerful and eloquent papers of our day, as a jest or sarcasm from a stately oration. The following witty description of them is by a cotemporary of their own:—"A *Diurnal* is a puny Chronicle, scarce *pen-feathered* with the wings of Time. It is a history in sippets. The English Iliad in a nutshell; the true apocryphal Parliament book of Macabees in single sheets. It would tire a Welch pedigree to reckon how many aps it is removed from an Annal; for 'tis of that extract, only of the younger house, like a shrimp to a lobster. The original sinner of this kind was Dutch *Gallo-Belgicus*, the Protoplast; and the modern Mercuries but *Hans en Kelder*. Such is a Diurnal—the day of the month, with the weather—in the Commonwealth. It differs from an Aulicus, as the Devil and his Exorcist; as a black Witch does from a white one, whose business is to unravel his enchantments."—*Cleveland's Character of a London Journal*, 1644.

[2] Wood's Ath. Oxford.

charge. Sir John posted his foot in the houses adjoining, and opening fire upon the Roundheads unexpectedly, charged them with his Horse before they could recover from their confusion, beat them out of the town and pursued them for some miles.[1] Information now arrived that Essex was advancing in force upon Banbury, which produced this stern order from the King:—

THE KING TO THE EARL OF NORTHAMPTON.

CHARLES R.,

Right trusty and well-beloved cousin, we greet you well: our express will and command is, that you forthwith, take and seize upon all the provision of victuals, of what kind soever now remaining in the town of Banbury, and dispose the same into the castle for the supply of such soldiers as you shall leave there: and when you shall receive certain information that the rebels intend to march again to that town, we command you speedily to set it on fire and to burn it down, and to retire with your Horse to some place of safety thereabouts. Hereof you may not fail, and for your so doing these shall be your warrant. From our Court, at Oxford, this 2nd of January, 1643.

About this time, Colonel Wagstaff, an able soldier of fortune, on the Parliament side, was said to have been captured, and then to have taken arms under the King.[2]

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[1] Mercurius Aulicus.

[2] A letter in the Index from Lord Northampton to Prince Rupert, will shew that his conversion was premeditated, and that the Prince had for some time expected him. He rendered good service afterwards against his former comrades, having had sufficient military skill to observe their weak points, and knowing their country well, he was a useful guide.

On the 5th of January, the King writes the following graceful letter:—

TO THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

CHARLES R.,

Right trusty and right entirely-beloved cousin, we greet you well. Your son, the Lord Herbert, hath excused your not writing unto us; but where we find so much reality, there needs no ceremony, and your last performance of our desires hath crowned the rest. And we would have you confident that the mentioning of leaving few forces at Ragland was not out of any diminution of our care of you, or meant to lessen any provision fitting thereunto: for we well understand that there were never any of the forces raised in the county, applied to that purpose, except a private company under a servant of your own. But the Ward of Ragland was given as a general word attributive to the county, as at that time we understood it. The large expressions which you and your said son have made unto us of your forwardness to our service, shall never be forgotten. He now commands in chief, in the absence of the Lord Marquis Hertford, and besides his dutifulness unto you, our command is, that his power and yours shall be the same as your hearts are to our service. The acceptance whereof we shall not fail to make appear in all occasions. Whereof you may rest assured.

Given under our signet, at our Court, at Oxford, the 5th day of January, in the eighteenth year of our reign, 1643.

To our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin Henry Marquis of Worcester.[1]

Brill Hill is the highest of a small steep range on

[1] Created Marquis Nov. 2, 1642 [Baker's Chronicle]. For this letter I am indebted to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort's collection.

the borders of Oxford and Buckinghamshire, backed by a deep mass of woodland on the side towards Aylesbury.[1] This important post had been garrisoned by the King, and well fortified by the governor, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, of whom we shall soon hear further. Hampden and Mr. Grenvil (brother to the gallant Sir Bevill, who was fighting for the King in Cornwall), attacked the Brill, and were beaten back with loss. About the same time, Rupert was reconnoitring Cirencester in conjunction with Lord Hertford, but finding it too strong, he possessed himself of the supplies for the garrison which he found in the adjacent villages, and returned to Oxford. On his way, he received the subjoined letter,[2] which I quote as one of the many instances, in which fathers sent their sons to perform for the King that service they were no longer able, though still most willing, to yield. During this period, Judge Heath held his court of justice in Oxford, taking cognizance of all

[1] Lord Nugent, "Hampden," ii. 364.

[2] SIR THOMAS SACKVILLE TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I should with all due observance and alacrity at this present have waited upon you, according to your letter in this *business of so high concernment*, if the infirmity of my body and want of health would permit; my weakness being such, that for these twelve months past I have not been able to travel three miles from my house, and therefore humbly pray I may at this time be excused, having sent my son to receive your Highness's commands. And myself, being his Majesty's most humble servant and loyal subject, will be ready to observe the same. So, humbly craving pardon for this presuming, do take leave, ever resting

Your Highness's humble servant to command,

Bybury, the 7th January, 1643. THO. SACKVILLE.

ordinary offences: but it appears that his office was comparatively light, as the chief officers, or at least Prince Rupert, claimed exclusive jurisdiction over their soldiers.[1]

It appears that the Parliament had quickly exhausted the eager subscriptions of the citizens into Guildhall; and indeed their late expenses must have been considerable, if there were many such Acts as that by which they paid themselves 4*l.* a week each for their labour at St. Stephen's; a remuneration which seems peculiar to revolutionary Parliaments. The following amusing letter describes a want of funds and a tendency to mutiny, which may account for the slowness of the Lord-General's movements, and is confirmed by their own historian May.[2]

SIR,

The sad condition of this age and state, like Proteus, transforms itself into preposterous smiles, acting with one face, Hercules, the King, and the beggar: first clubbing down all opposition to their pretended zeal; secondly, upholding the King's crown and dignity, which they say would be let fall upon the pope's head by the hands of the bishops if not prevented; and thirdly, exhausting the kingdom's wealth, which does now live upon the "public faith" in reversion, which is to be repaid after the demolishing of the [illegible, probably "Cavaliers."] This empty-

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[1] I have a letter from the Justice to the Prince, referring to him a Mr. Curzon, who was brought before him for taking a horse: the Judge requests that the accused may be dealt with by his Highness, or else sent back to him, to be dealt with according to law.

[2] Parl. Hist. vol. iii. p. 35.

ing the exchequer of the kingdom of monies, has driven them to a great exigence: my Lord-General had like to have disbanded his army, and it is said he will disband, if they get him not money to stop a mutiny amongst his soldiers, which he is afraid will be, for they will have their mouths stopped no longer with "the liberty of the subject" and "privilege of Parliament," but stand resolved to fight *under the golden banner* which will hardly be displayed. For the City is already sick of these civil wars, and promises nothing towards the maintenance of his Excellency and his army. So, with my hearty prayers to God to preserve you from dangers, and to keep you in peace and safety, I rest your most obedient son to command, THOMAS ROBINSON.

I humbly desire you to present my duty to my dear mother, with my dearest love to my brothers and sisters.

Savoy, the 13th Jan. 1643.

To his dear Father, Mr. Robinson, at Waltham, Leicestershire, this deliver.

I do not know how this letter came into Prince Rupert's possession, but the subjoined[1] might well have been preserved, if the Prince could have foreseen the imputations of jealousy and dislike towards himself that were afterwards attributed to its gallant writer.

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[1] THE EARL OF NEWCASTLE TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

It is a joy beyond my expression to hear that I have the honour to live in your memory: I cannot wish you, sir, anything but what you are, for you are above it: but that treachery may never come near you, and victory still wait upon you, is the hearty prayer of your Highness's

Most faithful obliged servant, W. NEWCASTLE.

Pomfret, the 16th January, 1642-3.

There was some local, but no general suspension of hostilities on account of the winter season. Newcastle in the north with Fairfax, and Hopton in the west with Chudleigh, were perpetually on the eve of battle, when Hastings wrote the subjoined tempting letter to the "Robber Prince;" as the Roundheads loved to call the "Prince Robert" of the Cavaliers.[1] He did not suffer in the Cavaliers' estimation by the term, no more than "Moor" in Schiller's alluring drama of the "Robbers" did in the sight of German students. It appeared in their eyes a righteous retribution to spoil the spoiler; and if the English Cavalier took without scruple what he considered as the spoils of war, it is to be remembered that he himself was branded as a delinquent by Parliament, and his estates delivered over to their insatiable exchequer. We cannot, indeed, imagine a Falkland, a Hopton, or a Grenvil, spoiling waggons or plundering towns.

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS

To give me leave to trouble you with the relation of things here. The Lord Gray hath been this week at Leicester with four hundred horse and foot, or thereabout, and the forces belonging to Derby are about twelve hundred (that is a town of no considerable strength, *and full of wealth*). All their forces are now joined together in a body, within three miles of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where I now am, and will this day fall upon me. God willing, I will do my utmost endeavour to keep this place, in hopes of your Highness's gracious favour to relieve me: and I shall have five hundred horse and foot to join with such forces as your Highness shall please to send me.

Your Highness's most humble servant,

H. HASTINGS.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch,
Tuesday, 9 of the clock, 17th Jan. 1642-3.

Many a poor gentleman, however, who had given his all for the Royal cause, probably thought his own ruined fortunes justified him in retaliation; the soldier of fortune looked upon the wealth of the enemy simply as the Indian does upon the beaver's skin, the only thing worth troubling him about. Hastings was neither poor nor personally injured, it is true. He entered on the war with all the energy of a man who finds himself unexpectedly called upon to exert his peculiar talent; he was the model of a partizan leader; he kept the whole country round his father's strong-hold, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in awe. He professed no scruples; he bore a blue banner blazoned with a furnace, and the candid motto, "*Quasi ignis conflatoris*," well suited to his fiery and destructive career: the Parliamentary journals call him "that notable thief and robber." He beat off the threatened attack he speaks of, but he did not attempt, or at least did not succeed at Derby or Leicester until long afterwards.[1] About this time also, the important acquisition of Belvoir Castle[2] was made, as stated below, for the King. Its

[1] He rendered such service, however, by keeping open the communication with Newark and the north, through the most trying times, that he was created Lord Loughborough by patent, in the October of the same year.—*History of Leicester.*

[2] Belvoir Castle. "The castle of Bellevoire standeth in the utter park that way of Leicestershire, on the very knape of a high hill, steep up each way, partly by nature, partly by men's hands, as it may evidently be perceived."—*Leland*, vol. i. p. 114. "Newark appears in the centre of the valley; Nottingham is easily discerned; Lincoln and Southwell Minster is also visible from this castle. But the grand prospect of all is,

then owner was John Manners, eighth Earl of Rutland, the single exception to loyalty in his illustrious line. This nobleman adhered to the Parliamentary side on principle throughout this quarrel, but was by no means docile to the democratic leaders: he declined to act as Commissioner of the Parliamentary Great Seal, and excused himself from an em-

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that which the Duke of Rutland sees from hence, viz. twenty-two manors of his own paternal inheritance."—*Nichols's History of Leicestershire.* It was founded by Robert de Todeni, called afterwards Robert de Belvedere, standard-bearer to William the Conqueror. The purpose of the foundation was to bridle the Saxons. In 1641, John, eighth Earl of Rutland, took part with the Parliament: he was among the twenty-two peers who remained at Westminster in June 1642, when Charles summoned the Houses to attend him at Oxford. Sir Gervase Lucas, sheriff of Lincoln (with Baptist Noel, Lord Campden, and Rev. W. Mason,* rector of Ashwell), took it for the King, January 31, 1642–3. Their force consisted only of a troop of horse and a company of foot; the standard was blue and gold, motto, "*Ut rex, sit rex.*" February 12.—The Earl of Rutland was nominated by the House of Commons to the King, as fit to be entrusted with the militia of the kingdom. In July, 1643, the earl was nominated, with Lord Gray of Warke, to go to Scotland, to fraternise with them for the sake of aid, but he feigned sickness; Lord Gray also refused the mission.—*Clarendon's Rebellion*, ii. 300; *Journal of the House of Commons*, iii. 155. "About one thousand Cavaliers from Newark and Bever Castle hovered around in July, about Stamford and Wothrop House, a great and strong seat in those parts, but were bravely molested and chased from them by that brave and most worthily renowned commander, Colonel Cromwell, and at last forced to take refuge in a very strong and stately stone-built house, not far from Stamford, called Burleigh House:" the Cavaliers, after long fight, surrender on their lives only: "There were two colonels, six or seven captains, three or four hundred foot, one hundred and fifty horse."—*Vicars*, p. 7.

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* He is called in a Parliament newspaper, "Captain Mason, commander of the Fen robbers."—See also *Walker's Suffering of the Clergy*, 310.

bassy to Scotland: his Lordship even presumed so far on his independence as to have his child signed with the cross at its baptism; but "the House" committed him to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms for that offence.

On the 19th, a brave battle was fought in Cornwall, on Bradock Downs, near Bodmin, by Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenvil, "after solemn prayers at the head of every division, they charged, and carried all before them."[1] The conquerors took 1250 prisoners, eight stands of colours, and four guns: the same night they obtained possession of Liskeard.

Thence Hopton advanced towards Plymouth, sat down for a short time before its walls, where Berkeley "flew with a party volant" up and down the county. He received a temporary check at Chagford, only noticeable for the death of the young and gallant Sidney Godolphin, who was slain there:[2] but, soon afterwards rejoining Hopton,

[1] Dugdale. There is a very interesting letter from Lord Carteret's collection concerning this battle, from Sir Bevil to his wife; it is given in Lord Nugent's "Life of Hampden," ii. 369.

[2] The following sketch of character is full of romance and interest:—"Sidney Godolphin, a young gentleman of incomparable parts, who, being of a constitution and education more delicate, and unacquainted with contentions, upon his observation of the wickedness of those men in the House of Commons, of which he was a member, out of the pure indignation of his soul against them, and conscience to his country, had, with the first, engaged himself with that party in the west; and though he thought not fit to take command in a profession he had not willingly chosen, yet, as his advice was of great authority with all the commanders, being always one in the council of war, and whose notable abi-

they took Saltash, with many prisoners, guns, and a frigate.[1] Some time afterwards, by a sudden and forced march from before Plymouth, Hopton brought the Roundheads to action on Stratton Downs, and defeated them utterly, with the loss of their general, Chudleigh, and 1700 other prisoners, thirteen guns, and all their stores and baggage. This victory cleared the west country of the enemy, with the exception of the tough town of Plymouth, and obtained for Sir Ralph a well-earned peerage. Sir Bevil Grenvil led his van, and Sir Nicholas Slanning, Sir John Berkeley, John Ashburnham, and Trevanion, also fought gallantly. This victory brought Sir William to the west, to replace Chudleigh, and to remedy Lord Stamford's destructive incapacity.[2]

While these things were doing in the west, Lord

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lities they had still use of in their civil transactions, so he exposed his person to all action, travel, and hazard: and by too forward engaging himself in this last, received a mortal shot by a musket, a little above the knee, of which he died in the instant, leaving the misfortune of his death upon a place which could never otherwise have had a mention to the world."—*Clarendon's Rebellion*, iii. 432.

[1] Heath's Chronicle.

[2] The Parliament did not venture to remove this powerful nobleman, and his brave son (Lord Gray, of Groby) deserved their consideration. But Lord Stamford had proved himself worse than useless to their cause. Yet this wealthy nobleman petitions Parliament in the following October, not only for his arrears of pay *as general and colonel* of a regiment, but asks them to make good the arrears that his tenants are unable to pay on account of forced contributions. At the same time he requests *that some Malignant's house, ready furnished, might be given to him for his family.—History of Leicester*, 25.

Digby was moving towards the Welsh Borders, in considerable force, to check Sir William Waller, who had strengthened the Parliament's cause in Hereford and Gloucestershire, but was now ordered into Cornwall, to oppose his old and honoured friend Hopton. A chain of communication still preserved Wales, however, from the enemy. The heroic Marquis of Worcester, in whose veins flowed the blood of kings, and who was loyal to the last, held a formidable garrison in Ragland Castle. It consisted only of his own retainers, yet they formed a little army. His son, Lord Herbert, afterwards the Lord Glamorgan of the Irish treaty, was not content with passive resistance, but volunteered for active service, under Prince Rupert's orders; his subjoined letter[1] accounts for the loyalty and safe-keeping of that part of Wales. Continuing from the banks of

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

Your commands came unto me but the last night late, and being now upon making my entry into the forest [of Deane], I cannot so suddenly execute the same, but as soon as it is any way feasible, there shall be no delay therein. Upon Thursday next, I have given order, that accordingly as I shall receive intelligence from the other side of Severn (which then I have taken order to receive), there shall be men sent over, hoping by that time to master all on this side of Severn. And, in what I may I shall ever most readily obey your Highness's commands, and remain, Sir,

Your Highness's most affectionately devoted servant,

ED. HERBERT.

Ragland Castle,*
this Tuesday morning 7th Feb. 1643.

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* Farther details of this historic castle and its gallant owners will be found later in these volumes, when the King was the guest of the Marquis of Worcester.

Wye to Worcester, we find Sir William Conisby governor of Hereford, Sir James Hamilton commanding at Pershore for the King,[1] and Sir William Russell at Worcester. Bridgenorth had a small garrison, and there was still a depôt at loyal Shrewsbury for Welsh and Cheshire forces. Sir Francis Ottley was governor there.[2] Oswestry was held by Colonel Lloyd, for the King; Ruthin and Conway were also true. On the other hand, Chester continued the Royalist line of communication towards the north, with some difficulty as far as Blackstone heath. From thence a wild moorland country extended into the government of the Marquis of Newcastle, in Yorkshire. Lord Newcastle had been lately joined by Goring, who arrived from Holland with some arms and two hundred experienced officers; he announced that the Queen and her little fleet of transports were about to sail from Schevelin. Beyond York, as far as the Scottish Borders, there was nothing to fear, if little to hope. Newcastle was garrisoned for the King, and was surrounded by a country as wild as, and then more uncultivated than

[1] I find letters from both these Cavaliers, the latter dated the 1st of January, 1643, stating that he had sent to Sir William Russell, Governor of Worcester, "for the use of his regiment, and was ready to obey commands;" probably to make a diversion during the Prince's attack on Cirencester.

[2] A valuable collection of MSS. relating to the Civil Wars descended from this gentleman to the Earl of Liverpool; of these, liberal use was granted to Messrs. Owen and Blakeway for their "History of Shrewsbury."

the Grampians. Thus England was divided geographically in its politics: the eastern and south-eastern, the more cultivated parts, were in the hands of the Parliament; the greater part of the north and west remained faithful to the King.

We now return to head-quarters, where little matter of moment was going on; the King being content to hold his own until the Queen, who proved so fatal when she came, should arrive with the much-desired money and arms. Prince Rupert still kept careful watch upon his cavalry, and especially his own brilliant regiment. This corps lay now at Abingdon, waiting for an attack on Cirencester, for which some other troops were also called into that garrison. The subjoined very characteristic letter from the Commissary-general, Sir Lewis Dives, gives a striking picture of the rough and uncontrollable materials out of which this fierce cavalry was formed.[1] They were too dangerous to

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I shall, according to your command, endeavour, to the utmost of my power, to preserve the quarters allotted to your regiment from the spoil of those caterpillars that are come amongst us, which I believe will be a harder task to perform than to defend the town against the enemy: they came upon us sooner than we expected them, and before your regiment was removed, so that they found but indifferent quarters both for themselves and their horse, whereupon some of them have given us a taste of the severity we must expect from them. They fell foul first upon my quarter-master, beat his man, and forced the magazine, taking away a whole week's provision, which was this day brought out of the country for the use of my troop, but I intend they shall give good satisfaction for it before they part, and if they mend not their manners, *I shall make bold to hang up*

be allowed to rest long, and on the 23rd they swept the country around Brackley, and continued to rove about in search of the enemy and of forage; Prince Rupert ever at their head when they were in motion.[1] On the 1st of February the Prince received the subjoined order from the King,[2] involv-

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some of them, for example to the rest. I hold it, sir, a great misfortune to be tied to this place, and kept from the happiness whereof I am most ambitious, which is, to have the honour to be near your Highness, and to wait on you upon all occasions of service: which, since I cannot do in person, my prayers shall continually attend you, for a blessing from the Almighty upon all your actions, and a malediction upon the heads of your enemies, which shall be the daily sacrifice of Your Highness's

Most humble and most faithful servant,

LEWIS DIVES.

Abingdon, the 21st of January, 1643.

[1] On the 24th of January I have a letter from Secretary Nicholas to the Prince, relating that some of Sir Arthur Aston's men, from Reading, made a descent on Henley, but were repulsed. That "the rebels" are moving in force on Aylesbury, but unwillingly, from want of pay.

[2] CHARLES R.

Most trusty and entirely beloved nephew, we greet you well, whereas we are credibly informed that at Cirencester, Stroud, Minchinhampton, Tedbury, Dursley, Wotton-under-Edge, and Chipping Sudbury, great quantities of cloth, canvas, and buckrams are to be had for supplying the great necessities our soldiers have of suits; we have thought good to advertise you thereof, and do hereby pray you to a competent party of horse, under the command of some able person, to visit those several places, which lie not far asunder, and to bring from thence all such cloth, canvas, and buckrams as they shall find there to Cirencester, giving a ticket to the [owners] for all the parcels they shall take up, and keeping a perfect account thereof, and from what persons the same was taken, with this intimation that every of them upon his repair to Oxford, receive such security for his commodity as he shall have no cause to except against. For the better ordering and managing of this service, we shall expressly send Mr. Bevell, Mr. Bradburn, and Mr. Ball, men of experience, to take order for receiving and putting up of the

ing a commission of no small difficulty. But the Prince was then otherwise occupied, and about to procure stores after his own peculiar fashion, without assistance from "Messrs. Bevell and Ball," or much "security" of any kind.

Lord Hertford having been sorely pressed by the Parliamentary forces in Devonshire in the autumn, had crossed over from Minehead into Wales, with such of his best troops as he could stow on board the few fishing-boats he found there. As soon as he landed in the principality, he was met by Lord Glamorgan, who supplied him with money, and a considerable force of wild but faithful Welshmen:[1]

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cloth; whereof we intend the best shall be reserved for the service of our troopers, and the rest for the dragoons and foot of our army. In this we pray you to use *your wonted diligence*, and bid you heartily farewell.

Given at our Court at Oxford, the 1st day of February, 1643.

[1] I extract the following passage from a speech written, but probably never delivered (being evidently meant only for Charles the Second's perusal), by the Marquis of Worcester, at this time Lord Herbert, to the House of Lords, in 1662, or thereabouts. His speech is a very curious and valuable document; it will be found at length in the Appendix, being too long for insertion here. Its author was not only a gallant and superbly generous Cavalier, but a man of singular intellectual and scientific acquisitions. He is popularly known not only as the Lord Glamorgan, of Irish celebrity, but as the Marquis of Worcester, who composed the "Centenary of Inventions." I am indebted for the paper I allude to, and other valuable documents, to the kindness of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort. The following statement is in vindication of his services, and occurs in a very long and curious statement of supplies, to the amount of 918,000*l.* (about 3,000,000*l.* of our money), contributed to the King:—"How came the then Marquis of Hertford, after his defeat in the west, with recruits to his Majesty at Oxford, but through my father's means and mine? The forces that I sent with him

he thence proceeded by Worcester to Burford, to co-operate with the Royal forces in Gloucestershire. Early in January Lord Hertford had proposed to take Cirencester, if Prince Rupert would keep the Gloucester road, which the Prince accordingly did, but the expedition failed. Again, on the 1st,[1] the Marquis advanced to the neighbourhood of Cirencester, and prepared for an assault on the following morning. The following lucid account of the affair I take from one of the enemy, who thus writes:—(Lord Hertford's "orders" are subjoined.)[2]

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had cost me 8,000*l.*, and 2,000*l.* my father had lent him. How came Sir John Byron's regiment of horse to be raised first but by 5,000*l.* in gold given him by my father? How came the Forest of Deane, and Goodrich's strong castle to be taken; Monmouth itself with its garrison to be surprised; Chepstow, Newport and Cardiff to be taken and secured for his Majesty, but by my forces and my father's money? How came Ragland Castle to be the first fortified and last surrendered [castle in England], but by 50,000*l.* disbursed for that purpose by my father?"

[1] The following extract is a letter from one of the garrison in Cirencester to a friend in London.

"On Monday, Jan. 30, Prince Rupert appeared before Sudeley Castle, which had been taken by a party from Cirencester on the 27th. They lay all the night on the hills, and here fell a great snow, so the next morning they rose and marched towards Cirencester and quartered within seven miles of it. On Wednesday, February 1st, the enemy was reinforced by some troops from Oxford, when they quartered within a mile of the town, and gave us alarms all night. On Thursday morning they were discovered approaching in two bodies, Prince Rupert with the greatest part of the army on the south and west, and the Earl of Carnarvon on the north of the town. At ten o'clock some of them came within reach of our cannon, which played at them two or three hours, and afterwards caused those on the west side to retreat behind a little hill. Meanwhile divers parties of our musketeers went out under shelter of walls and hedges, to skirmish with the enemy."

[2] ORDERS FOR THE ATTACK OF CIRENCESTER.

The horse and dragoons to be sent by his Majesty, are to meet

On Saturday, the last of December, the Lord Hertford came with his Welsh regiment from Worcester to Burford, where, finding his entertainments scanty, he went to the King, at Oxford, and affirmed his Majesty, that, unless they had contributed from Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, which could not be till Cirencester was taken, his army could not subsist. He also offered his Majesty that he would take the town if he were assisted with great force of dragoons. Whereupon a commission was granted to him, and Prince Rupert, with two regiments of horse and one of dragoons, and Prince Maurice, with all his horse and dragoons, was sent to aid him. In pursuance whereof, his lordship drew up his forces to the number of six thousand horse and foot, about noon, January 7th, almost all round the town, and sent two trumpets, the one in his own name, and the other in that of Prince Rupert, summoning those within to surrender, and offering free pardon for all bye-gone offences. The answer to both was the same, and signified that the inhabitants were prepared to defend themselves and the true Protestant religion. Then it pleased God of mere mercy to discourage them, so that they retreated to their quarters, and the next morning departed, Prince Rupert to Oxford, Prince Maurice to his quarters

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at the end of Brodwell Grove, nearest towards Cirencester, to-morrow (being Friday), in the evening between nine and ten of the clock (at the farthest), to march from thence to Oakley Wood, the guides shall be ready at Brodwell Grove by eight of the clock, to attend the horse, and lead them to Oakley Wood. The forces which are to march from hence shall set forward at the same hour (between nine and ten) to be ready near Cirencester before the break of day on Saturday morning. It is desired that some instruments may be brought to break the iron chains, which are fastened with locks to prevent the entrance of horse. The word for that foresaid business to be—RUPERT.

Some gentlemen shall meet Prince Rupert at Brodwell Grove, to conclude other particulars about the signal, just at the time of falling on, or ought else, if the enemy in Cirencester should stand it out.

Feb. 1, 1642.

at Farrington, and Lord Hertford to Burford. So we waited a fortnight for the return of the enemy; meanwhile the city was better fortified and garrison increased.

About noon[1] a very hot fight began in Barton farm-yard, not far from the town. Some hundred of our musketeers, who lay under shelter of a garden wall, played furiously, point blank, on the whole body of the enemy. Here the Welshmen were *seen to drop down apace;* but still the horsemen behind them cried, "On, on," and drove them forward to the wall, where our men lay, who being hemmed in between the enemy and the buildings which they had fired in their rear, they were forced out of that quarter to the inner one, whence, after a short resistance, they fled disorderly to the town and were pursued by the Cavaliers, who, without quarter, killed all they overtook, which so enraged our men that they fired on them for nearly an hour from windows in the market-place, purposing to sell their lives and liberties as dear as they could. Meanwhile, the Earl of Carnarvon entered the town on the north side, which had been vigorously defended by our party, till the enemy was on their backs from the other side the town. Thus, about four o'clock, the town was wholly won, firing ceased, *and then the enemy took prisoners*, and fell to plundering all that night, the next day, and the following, wherein they shewed all the barbarous insolence of a prevailing enemy. The number of prisoners that they carried to Oxford was, betwixt eleven and twelve hundred. Amongst them were some gentlemen of eminent estates and affections to their country, five very godly ministers, divers commanders and others. These they tied all together in ropes, and made them go a-foot through the dirt, which was up to their knees sometimes on the way to Oxford. We lost five pieces of cannon, near upon twelve hundred muskets and other arms, fourteen colours and some ammunition.

[1] Feb. 2, 1642.

It is to be remembered that this account was drawn up for the Parliament, and by an enemy to the Cavaliers. Doubtless, the conduct of the latter was cruel and unscrupulous enough; doubtless, also, we have here the worst of it. A few days later a more calumnious and utterly false account was published,[1] concocted in London, and adapted for that market.

Prince Rupert threw the garrison off its guard by marching against Sudeley Castle, which they of Cirencester attempted to relieve; falling on the latter, he entered the town pell-mell with its garrison, whilst Lord Hertford assaulted it on the opposite side. The governor Carr, Gorges a member of the Parliament, and some Scotch officers, were among the prisoners. It will be observed that the Parliamentary account states that the citizens continued to fire from the windows on the Cavaliers after the latter had possessed themselves

[1] "Relation of the taking of Cirencester," London, Feb. 1642. —King's Pamphlets British Museum, vol. xcv. No. 7.

"There came letters also on Thursday last from Bristol, by which we were informed of the taking of Cirencester by Prince Robert on Friday last, that after the town had stood it out in fight four hours, and killed a great number of the Cavaliers, above one thousand; as is conceived, the enemy shooting a grenade into a barn full of corn set it on fire, and the smoke of which so annoyed the townsmen that they were forced to give ground, and the enemy entered the town, and being much enraged with their losses put all to the sword they met with, *both men and women and children*, and in a barbarous manner *murdered three ministers*, very godly and religious men."—*Special and remarkable Passages expounded to both Houses of Parliament, Feb. 9th*, 1642; *from King's Collection of Pamphlets in the British Museum.*

of the town; and this is held, even now, to justify any severity against such infringers of the stern rules of war: "the town," says Lord Clarendon, "yielded much plunder, from which the undistinguishing soldier could not be kept, but was equally injurious both to friend and foe; so that many honest men, imprisoned by the rebels, found themselves at liberty and undone together." A considerable quantity of arms was also taken, which proved of great service to the King, and opened on the Prince a shower of requests from every one who commanded a regiment, or pretended to be about to raise one. The capture of this town was of great importance to the King, as opening his communication throughout with Tewkesbury, Worcester, Hereford, and the heart of Wales, and solemn thanks for the victory were offered up at evening prayer at Oxford on the following day. Prince Rupert left a strong garrison in Cirencester, and proceeded to Gloucester, which he hoped to carry by a *coup-de-main;* but Massy was strongly fortified, and defied him; replying to the Cavaliers' summons, "that he held the city for the King and Parliament, and would not surrender it to any foreign prince."[1] Whenever his Cavaliers could not do the work, the Prince was very cautious of engaging himself: he found strong walls, and well-guarded gates at Gloucester, and did not tempt his fate: those very walls were destined afterwards to be fatal to the cause he served.[2]

[1] Saunderson's Charles the First. [2] *Ibid.*

During the time of these and the preceding operations, the City had been very much agitated. The people had found that many of the Parliamentary promises were unfulfilled, and many downright false. They began to petition their "task-masters," as the Court Journal designated Pym and his associates, "to make such propositions for peace as his Majesty might *in honour* comply with;" they attended the Houses with their petitions, as they had done before with some of a very different character, and they found a very different reception. The Parliament now refused to receive them, as "being prepared by a multitude," the very source formerly of their best recommendation.[1] The town council soon afterwards presented a petition to the King on their own account, couched in the humblest and most devoted language; professing the utmost loyalty, and imploring his Majesty, "on their bended knees, to return to London." The King "considered sadly what answer to return," though this petition was founded on the requisition of his army being disbanded. His answer, finally, was long, and not very encouraging: he reciprocated the petitioners' assurances of affection; but replied to their request that he should return amongst them with a lively picture of the distracted and hopeless condition in which he should find himself, if he accepted of their invitation; if he threw himself de-

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 385.

fenceless on the mercy of the democrats: these men had loaded him with the foulest calumnies, and such reproaches, as, if true, disqualified him from ever being their King. At the same time, he offers a free pardon to all but those formerly excepted; he promises that he will return to London "without any martial attendance," if his good subjects of London "shall declare to defend, and only to submit to, the laws of the land; to deliver up the *four* leaders [*i. e.*, the Lord Mayor Pennington, Pym, and two others], who had wrought so much misery; and, by suppressing the force raised against his Majesty, to prove that they are willing and able to defend his person and their own properties." Pym contrived to be the first to read and put his own interpretation on this answer to the people, who replied, with an acclamation, "that they would live and die with the House."

This resolution lasted as short a time as the former one had done. The desire for peace and the King's return was too deeply rooted to be openly resisted, and the Houses at length resolved to send another deputation to the King, consisting of the most important members of both Houses that were then at their command.. It seems deplorable that the people's deep and honest aspirations after peace should have been so mocked by the intrigues and selfishness of their own leaders, and the unyielding temper of the King. The former could not be expected to sacrifice them-

selves, and concede to their exasperated monarch a dangerously triumphal entry; the latter could not be expected to play the puppet to men whom he abhorred, or abandon to their vengeance the lives and properties of his faithfullest adherents. If Charles, with the spirit of his ancient race, could have then appeared before the people, protected but by their instinctive reverence and loyalty, and exclaimed, "My people, *I* will be your leader!" he would, doubtless, have been received with enthusiasm: but, before night his brief power would have vanished. The meshes of Parliamentary power would have tangled him with inextricable folds, and one by one he would have seen all that was dear to him, all that he could depend on, led to the block that still reeked with Strafford's lawless slaughter.

A few days before the battle of Cirencester, the Earls of Northumberland, Salisbury, Pembroke, and Holland, arrived at Oxford, and were received with all honour and respect. Among the falsifications of their party, Oxford had been represented as in the last extremity for want of provisions, and in order to countenance this belief, the Commissioners were followed by a train of waggons with bread, flour, and other necessaries of life that created great merriment at the luxurious University.[1]

We have now a curious aspect of the state of

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 403.

parties. The Commissioners were received on the footing of old friends; Cavalier and Roundhead opponents walked about, arm-in-arm, and apparently reunited in ancient amity; the Commissioners deploring the unreasonableness of their proffered terms of peace;[1] and their polite opponents probably rejoining with similar regrets as to their own obstinacies. These terms were almost the same as the Nineteen Propositions that professed to form the Parliamentary ultimatum before the war. The King's reply appears, from Lord Clarendon's account, to have been conceived in an excellent and amicable spirit,[2] but the following letter, I fear, disproves the reality of any hope held out of peace on grounds of mutual concession. Before the reply was given, Rupert had unfortunately taken Cirencester; the first success of real importance that had been achieved, and that event seems greatly to have qualified the King's desire for a peace. On the day after the victory, this letter was despatched by

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[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 410.

[2] May thus describes the matter. The King (a week after they came) sent back the Commissioners with these propositions to the Houses; his Majesty neither liking nor utterly refusing those they had sent to him. 1. That his revenue, magazines, towns, forts, and ships, be delivered unto him. 2. That all orders and ordinances of Parliament, wanting his consent, be recalled. 3. That all power exercised over his subjects by assessment and imprisonment, may be disclaimed. 4. That he will yield to the laws against Papists, provided that the Book of Common Prayer be confirmed. 5. That such persons as oppose the treaty shall be excepted from pardon, and shall be tried only by their peers. 6. That there be a cessation of arms during the treaty.—*Hist. of Parliament*, lib. iii. 36.

SECRETARY NICHOLAS TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

These gentlemen, Mr. Nevill, Mr. Bradburn, and Mr. Ball [master-tailors, I presume], are sent by his Majesty to attend your highness's pleasure, touching the providing of woollen and linen cloth for making clothes for his Majesty's army, if your highness please to give them directions therein, they will be very careful to obey your commands, being all of them very well affected to his Majesty's person and service. The welcome news of your highness's taking of Cirencester by assault, with admirable dexterity and courage, *came this morning very seasonably* and opportunely, *as his Majesty was ready to give an answer to the Parliament Committee, and will, I believe, work better effects with them* and those that sent them, than the gracious reception and answer they had here from his Majesty. There came about three hundred rebels yesterday, to Fame, *and plundered divers houses there*, and so returned to Aylesbury, where they have two regiments of foot, five hundred dragoons, and a regiment of horse. The Committee returns to-morrow for London with their propositions and his Majesty's. God bless your highness, with a prosperous success in all your enterprises: so, prayeth affectionately, Sir, your highness's most humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

Oxford, 3rd Feb. 1642-3.

This letter of Mr. Secretary's was accompanied by another from his Majesty.

NEPHEW,

I will only add to what I wrote this morning, to desire you to send me all the arms you have taken, that, if it be possible, they may be here by Monday, I know the gentlemen of that country will beg most, if not all of them, to arm their new levies, but I must have my old

regiments first armed; therefore, I pray you, send me these as soon as you can, so, going to bed, I rest,

Your loving uncle and faithful friend,

CHARLES R.[1]

Oxford, 3rd Feb. 1643.

The Prince now contemplates an attack on Warwick Castle; and Lord Northampton, Sir Thomas Byron, and renegado Wagstaffe are deputed for that service, with Monsieur La Roche as engineer and "petarder."[2] Their expedition came to nothing.

[1] This is followed the next day by another from Mr. Secretary Nicholas, introducing a Mr. March, an "Officer of Ordnance," to receive the said arms and whatever else he can get. He adds for news, that '*the Committee* [from Parliament] *went from hence* this afternoon [Feb. 4] *not so well satisfied* as (we think) they ought to have been with the King's answer.' Sir Arthur Aston is left quiet at Reading, only the Roundhead garrison at Henley 'trouble his markets.'"

[2] We received your Highness's directions by Monsieur La Roche, and we find that he is not provided for the certain effecting of an attempt upon Warwick castle; so that we have thought fit, by a general consent of us all, to present your Highness with our opinions before we go on; to which end it is deferred one night more, first, there is two doors to be forced one way, and three another; one of which must be done, and he hath but two petards. So that he himself saith, if one should fail, the design was not only lost, but it would give warning to secure themselves for the future. Next, the failing might bring a greater durance upon those now in prison than yet they suffer; besides, we conceive the not gaining it would be some loss of honour, both to his Majesty and those who should go about it. Notwithstanding, we are ready to venture our lives as your Highness shall think fit, but if there might be two pieces of battery, that if one way failed it, the other would be certain to do the work. However, we are ready to perform your Highness's directions and commands, which we crave may be sent speedily to,

Sir, your Highness's most humble servants,

NORTHAMPTON, HAMHURST,
J. WAGSTAFFE, THOMAS BYRON,
J. GREENE.

Banbury, 3rd Feb. 1643, eight at night.

The Prince was gone to Gloucester, and now returned to Oxford, where numbers of letters awaited his perusal; they all congratulated him on his "glorious victory," and most of them beg for some of the arms he won thereby. I am tempted to insert one, forwarded by Lord Digby, relating to the memorable ship-money; it proves how loosely the accounts of that detested tax were kept.[1]

But I have now to offer a contrast to these scattered notices, in the shape of a deliberate composition of Prince Rupert. It is curious to picture this fiery and dreaded Cavalier sitting gravely down in his "rooms" at Christ Church, to contend with his enemies in print. It does his Highness credit in its way: it is characteristically resolute, fearless, blunt, and uncompromising. Nor does it want wit or sarcasm. The charges he brings forward

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[1] SIR HUMPHRY TRACY TO LORD DIGBY.

My Lord,

I have in my hands the remainder of the ship-money, which I levied when I was sheriff, it is *between one hundred and two hundred pounds;* I had command from the Parliament to detain it in my hands until I had their further pleasure, but I will adventure it for the King's service; now I am to raise a troop of horse, I beseech your lordship to move the King that I may employ the remnant of the ship-money that way, that is in the hands of me and my officers, which will not *amount to three hundred pounds in all* [rather vague, Mr. Sheriff!], by this way I shall very suddenly advance the service in raising of my horse, and not exhaust the King's purse. I beseech you that I may have command from you by Sir Baynham Throckmorton for this business, who is to return suddenly, so I humbly rest,

Your Lordship's humble servant,

J. Humphry Tracy.

Circncester, 8th Feb. 1643.

against his enemies on paper are such as he was wont to make in the field—unsparing, and pressed home; and there is throughout a high and manful spirit that lures us irresistibly to a cause so fearlessly and frankly pleaded. Before introducing this refutation, it seems advisable to give a specimen of the attacks that were made upon the Prince by the Parliamentary press: I only quote one brief extract from amongst many:—

Call Prince Rupert to the bar: thou hast been a right-flying dragon prince, and hast flew strangely up and down in this island, and hast stung to death those that formerly preserved thy life. O, ungrateful viper, far worse than that in the fable! Dost not thou think to be sainted for this? Yes, thou shalt, in this black calendar: the Commons of England will remember thee, thou flap-dragon, thou butter-box; whose impieties draw like the powerful loadstone. Speedy vengeance on thy cursed head! How many towns hast thou fired? How many virgins hast thou ruined? How many godly ministers hast thou killed? How many thousands hast thou plundered from his Majesty's best and most obedient subjects? How many innocents hast thou slain? How many cursed oaths hast thou belched out against God and his people? How hast thou surfeited with the good things of our land, and undone whole countries? Why camest thou hither? Could not thy uncle's evil counsel infect our kingdom enough, unless *thou* hadst a share in it? Thou hadst a dukedom already, and wouldest thou have a kingdom too? Is it that thou aimest at? King of Ireland, or King of his Majesty's best subjects, the Irish rebels, the papists, jesuits, and others.[1]

[1] "A nest of Perfidious Vipers." Printed for G. Bishop, Sept. 1644. 4to.

To many attacks such as these, some of which are quite unfit for Puritan, or other perusal, the Prince thus replies: he has been especially upbraided with slaughtering of children, and some *very* godly persons have hinted that he ate them too:—

PRINCE RUPERT HIS DECLARATION.[1]

It will seem strange (no doubt) to see me in print, my known disposition being so contrary to this scribbling age; and sure I had not put myself upon a declaration, if in common prudence I could have done otherwise. I need not tell the world (for it is too well known) what malicious, lying pamphlets are printed against me almost every morning, whereby those busy men strive to render me as odious as they would have me; against whom doubtless I had sooner declared, but I well knew this mutinous lying spirit would be easily convinced, but never silenced; which, as it ceaseth at no time, so it spares no person. And this was too manifest to me by those bold, odious, and impossible untruths forged against his sacred majesty, their own King and Sovereign (and my gracious and royal uncle), who is only guilty of this, that he is too good to be their King; and to deal clearly, this it was furnished me with sufficient patience, thinking it but reasonable that I should be slandered as his Majesty. But since it hath pleased my Lord Wharton to tell the whole City of London openly at Guildhall, and since to tell it all the world in print, that one great cause of their preservation at Edge Hill was the barbarousness and inhumanity of Prince Rupert and his troopers, that we spared neither man, woman, nor child, and the thing that we aim at is

[1] Printed at London, 1643. From the "reply" to this declaration, which I was fortunate enough to discover in the vast mass of tracts in the "King's collection," I find that it was printed previously to the 16th of Feb. 1643.

plundering, and the way that we would come by it is murdering and destroying; since such a charge as this comes from such a mouth, I hold myself bound in honour to speak and tell that Lord, that as much of his speech as concerns me is no truer than the rest of it, which for the most part is as false as anything that hath been printed or spoken in London these two years; and had I known his Lordship's intention, I would have asked his reason either before now or at Keinton, if his Lordship had stayed so long as to be asked the question.

But methinks I hear the credulous people say, What? was not the King's Standard rescued from them by force? were there so many as twenty of our men killed by all the King's cannons? was not our right wing long under the power of these cannons, so as some seventeen shot of cannon shot against them, and yet not a man of ours so much as hurt? Nay, were there not three thousand slain of the King's army, and but three hundred of ours? If these abominable untruths (with many more like them in his Lordship's speech) be all true, then shall he freely charge me with barbarousness and inhumanity; but if these be most gross falsities (as many thousand worthy gentlemen will take their oaths they are), then I must profess I am sorry that any Baron of the English nation should utter such foul untruths, to deceive the poor abused citizens of London with false reports, and so slander us. 'Twas ever my opinion that no valiant man would speak a known untruth; nor can I blame his Lordship or any other's faint-heartedness in so bad a cause as theirs is, which is doubtless the reason why such noblemen and gentry in his Majesty's army, who hitherto had spent all their days in peace, could then fight so valiantly *ex tempore;* not recking their lives, and forgetting their dearest relations; so as our enemies in their hackney, railing pamphlets were forced to say, "The Cavaliers (to give the devil his due) fought very valiantly." And indeed, had

they not shewed rather too much valour, our enemies had less bottom whereon to sound any untruths, whereof I take this relation to be one of their masterpieces of forgeries; for that they slew as many of ours as we did of theirs, is as true as that they beat us at Sherbourne Castle and at Worcester.

Now for barbarousness and inhumanity to women and children, wherewith his Lordship and those impudent unpunished papers cried daily in the streets do continually slander us; I must here profess that I take that man to be no soldier or gentleman that will strike (much less kill) a woman or child, if it be in his power to do the contrary; and I openly dare the most valiant and quick-sighted of that lying faction to name the time, the person, or the house where any child or woman lost so much as a hair from their head by me, or any of our soldiers. In a battle where two armies fight, many one hath unfortunately killed his dearest friend, very often those whom willingly he would otherwise have spared; and whether any woman or child were killed in this fight, is more than I can justly say: I am sorry if there were. I speak not how wilfully barbarous their soldiers were to the Countess Rivers,[1] to the Lady Lucas in Essex, and likewise to the like persons of quality in Kent and other places.

Whom have we ever punished for speaking against us, as they most Jewishly whipped to death a citizen of Lon-

[1] The Countess of Rivers had a richly furnished house near Colchester. Some of her Puritan neighbours discovered that she was "a Papist," and decided that Babylon was the only fit residence for such persons. Accordingly they attacked her house, plundered it utterly, and treated her person with the utmost indignity. She escaped, however, and petitioned Parliament against her persecutors; they took no notice of her. Sir John Lucas had his house similarly treated, on the excuse that he "intended" to join the King; he was utterly spoiled and thrown into gaol. Lady Lucas, after suffering much indignity, reached London, and petitioned Parliament without result.—*Clarendon's Rebellion*, iii. 229; *Mercurius Rusticus*; *Whitelocke's Memorials*, 62.

don, for saying no more than what was included in his Majesty's proclamation? But since they name plundering — whose moneys, nay, whose arms have we taken away, unless theirs, who actually had, or at least declared they would use them against his Majesty's army? And for that little cloth borrowed for our soldiers (wherewith their pamphlets make such a noise), his Majesty by God's help will see it better paid for, than anything they have taken upon "public faith." What house have we ransacked as they did the Earl of Northampton's? mangling and cutting in pieces rich chairs, beds, stools, and hangings; drinking as much and as long as they were able, and then letting the rest run out upon the floor, whereas the very Earl of Essex his house at Chartley suffered not the least damage by us. What churches have we defaced as they did at Canterbury, Oxford, Worcester, and many other places? Whose pockets have we picked even to the value of three pence, under pretence of searching for letters, as they lately did in Gloucestershire, and particularly this last week at Windsor and Uxbridge?

Is it not their usual practice first to plunder a man's house of all plate and monies, and then imprison him as a delinquent, for no other fault but because he stood loyal to his Prince, as if it were too little to take a man's estate unless also they rob him of his innocence? Have they not now stuffed all the prisons in London with earls, lords, bishops, judges, and knights, masters of colleges, lawyers, and gentlemen, of all conditions and counties? for what (God knows) they themselves know not; insomuch as now they are enforced to find new prisons for the knights, aldermen, and substantial citizens of London, who are now thrust in thither only because they are suspected to love their King? Have they not by imprisonment or threats muzzled the mouths of the most grave and learned preachers of London; witness Doctor Featley, Doctor Hayward, Dr. Holdsworth, Master Shute, Master Squire, Master

Griffith, and many others (for so I am informed these men are), because they preach that which their conscience tells them is the known truth? And who are countenanced but ignorant and seditious teachers? Who (like the mass priests of old) call mightily on the people for their plate and money for their patrons and themselves—who, besides their daily pulpit treasons, vent such other divinity as, if Luther were living, he would blush to call them Protestants? And if this be not cruelty, injustice, tyranny, let God and posterity judge.

Now for any looseness or incivility in our soldiers, more than what is accident and common to great armies, I wish they would not mention it, lest some impartial readers who know their courses understand it to be meant for some of their own great reformers, who are that way as notoriously guilty as any; and for myself, I appeal to the consciences of those lords and gentlemen who are my daily witnesses, and to those people wheresoever our army hath been, what they know or have observed in my carriage which might not become one of my quality, and the son of a King.

And whereas they slander us for Popish Cavaliers, I wish there were no more Papists in their army, than we have in ours; but to me 'tis no wonder with what face they slander us for men disaffected to the Protestant religion, whereas their grand reformers refuse to come to Church. For his sacred Majesty I have been a witness here in England (and all the world knows he never shewed himself otherwise), and therefore hold it to be my part and duty to tell them, that his Majesty is the most faithful and best defender of the Protestant religion of any Christian Prince in Europe, and is so accounted by all the Princes in Christendom. And what a gracious supporter hath he been in particular to the Queen of Bohemia (my virtuous royal mother), and to the Prince Elector my royal brother, no man can be ignorant of: if, there-

fore, in common gratitude I do my utmost in defence of his Majesty, and that cause whereof he hath hitherto been so great and happy a patron, no ingenuous man but must think it most reasonable. And for myself, the world knows how deeply I have smarted and what perils I have undergone for the Protestant cause,—what stately large promises were offered me would I consent; and what a wretched close imprisonment was threatened if I refused to change my religion, when I was captive to the Emperor of Germany, enough to satisfy any man of moderation. But if it be not sufficient, I would to God all English men were at union among themselves, then with what alacrity would I venture my life to serve this kingdom against those cruel Popish rebels in Ireland; for though I will never fight in any unrighteous quarrel, yet to defend the King, religion, and laws of a kingdom against subjects who are up in arms against their Lord and Sovereign (and such all good, wise men know this, and that in Ireland to be; though the pretence look several ways): such a cause my conscience tells me is full of piety and justice, and if it please God to end my days in it, I shall think my last breath spent with as much honour and religion as if I were taken off my knees at my prayers.

I think there is none that take me for a coward, for sure I fear not the face of any man alive; yet I shall repute it the greatest victory in the world to see his Majesty enter London in peace, without shedding one drop of blood; where I dare say (God and his Majesty are witnesses that I lie not) no citizen should be plundered of one penny or farthing, whereby that ancient and famous City would manifestly perceive how desperately it hath been abused by most strange, false, and bottomless untruths, for which somebody (without repentance) must be ashamed at the day of judgement, if they escape a condign legal punishment in this world. I therefore conclude

with this open profession (and I am confident our whole army will say amen unto it), he that hath any design against the Protestant religion, the laws of England, or hopes to enrich himself by pillaging the City of London, let him be accursed; AND SO—WHETHER PEACE OR WAR, —THE LORD PROSPER THE WORK OF THEIR HANDS WHO STAND FOR GOD AND KING CHARLES!

RUPERT.

As a conclusion to this curious controversy, I append an extract from the reply to the above challenge. It is to be found among the King's pamphlets in the British Museum, without signature.

There cannot be any great prudence discovered in suffering yourself to be held out to the people as the chiefest instrument that hath caused this cruel and unheard-of calamity; no more than in casting this general aspersion upon the nation, as if it did not deserve to be governed by so good and great a king as his Majesty.

The people's goodness alone made them give to the Queen of Bohemia so many great and free contributions, and now you have not only taken away their wills but their means of ever doing the like; having brought us to so wretched a condition that we shall never hereafter have leisure to pity her, but rather consider her as the mother of our calamities.

Now, your highness would make us believe, contrary to our own sense, that we lost more men than you at Keinton; though double the number we want were found slain, with stale mutton, hens, and turkeys, in their mouths, hands, or knapsacks—the known marks of your highness's hospitalities; and of men of note you want forty for one, and might have done more, but that they saved themselves by turning Highlanders, as you call them, being not furnished with a spirit of extempore fighting.

I dare not accept the brave challenge you make, because I number no kings amongst my ancestors; yet, this I will promise you, on the word of a gentleman, if I meet you in the field before this is composed, I shall endeavour to send your highness into another kingdom, where there is no plundering.

For profaning of churches, you know, at Kingston, your horses stood in the chancel, and their women lay in the body of the church, which was too immodest to be done before the picture of our Lady, therefore the soldiers are the less to be blamed that removed it.[1]

A circumstance occurred at this time which varied the monotony of political events, and afterwards permanently affected them. The Queen had been nearly a year in Holland, conciliating with admirable tact the Protestant and Republican States, notwithstanding their prejudices and the influence of Strickland, the Parliamentary Ambassador. She had already despatched Goring, as I have mentioned, with two hundred experienced officers, and three thousand stand of arms, to the King. His arrival had given a favourable turn to the northern affairs, for, with all his villanies, he was a daring and skilful leader. He inspired energy, too, into the Earl of Newcastle, with whose luxurious habits[2] he sympa-

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[1] Extracts from an answer to "Prince Rupert's Declaration," printed Feb. 16, 1642–3, in the King's collection of pamphlets.

[2] Lord Newcastle's Lucullian mode of making war is thus commented on by the critic of the "Oxford Incendiaries" (printed for Robert White, 1643):—"As for Newcastle, he is one of Apollo's whirligigs; one that when he should be fighting, would be toying with the Nine Muses, or the Dean of York's daughters; a very thing; a soul traducted but of perfume and

thized perfectly, but at the same time he turned his wit to practical account. As General of his horse, he held a command claiming considerable independence, and had reduced Fairfax to the two garrisons of Cawood Castle and Selby. The Queen being informed that Yorkshire was thus ready to receive her, sailed from Schevelin on the 19th of January.[1] She was escorted by the gallant Van Tromp, who also convoyed for her twelve transports laden with military stores. A violent storm assailed her in the channel, but she bore up against its dangers cheerfully; comforting her distressed ladies with the assurance that Queens of England were never drowned. She was amused, too, by the confessions of her officers, who shouted aloud their most secret sins into the preoccupied ears of the sea-sick priests: proclaiming more gossip secrets in a few minutes of despair than would naturally have transpired in as many years. The little fleet was beaten back after a fortnight's tough battle with the elements, and two of the transports were lost.[2] On the 20th

compliment; a silken general that ran away beyond sea in a sailor's canvass, &c." [He had first made a good many of the Roundheads run, though clad in steel and buff.]

[1] "A Brief Relation of the Queene's Sailing," printed by H. Hall, March 3, 1642, in Mr. Bentley's collection.

[2] Miss Strickland's Henrietta Maria, p. 96, &c. The pertinacity with which storms beset the Queen in all her voyage, was too striking a circumstance to escape the eagerly watchful observation of the Puritan preachers. The pamphlets, too, made adequate use of her Jonah fatality; and one of them thus dilates upon this voyage. "The Irish rebels call her their generalissimo; whatsoever she willed, they acted. . . . . I wonder not at

of February, the Royal squadron at length came to an anchor in Burlington Bay; but the Queen did not venture to land until the 22nd, by which time the Earl of Newcastle had heard of her arrival, and sent an escort of a thousand Cavaliers to meet her Majesty. The gallant Montrose had just arrived from Scotland, at York, and accompanied the Cavaliers to Burlington, anxious to pay his homage to the only sovereign he was permitted to approach.[1] The Queen then ventured to land in her hostile realm, and the transports began to disembark their stores; but it required ten days to procure horses to transport their lading to the interior, and to put the Queen's train in motion. Van Tromp watched over his charge, but at a distance, on account of the size of his ship; while the Parliamentary Vice-Admiral ran close in shore on the night of the 22nd, and at daylight on the following morning he opened fire on the house where the Queen was sleeping. She retired with some risk out of the Roundhead's range, and Van Tromp soon obliged the only sailor, perhaps, who ever fired on a woman, to retire.[2] The Dutchman excused himself for not

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Neptune's rage, for she never crossed the sea but a tempest followed, which shews that *she is of no Halcyon brood.*"—*Oxford Incendiaries*, 1643.

[1] Napier's Montrose, ii. 179. He was forbidden the King's presence through Hamilton's intrigues.

[2] The captain who commanded the guns was taken soon afterwards, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged. The Queen reprieved him with a touching reproof.—*Miss Strickland's Henrietta Maria*, p. 103. It is, perhaps, worth notice, as an

having sooner interfered because he was prevented from seeing what was going on by a mist; but the probability is, that he feared the States would disapprove of any act of hostility against the Parliament. The Lords desired to reprehend Batten for "this outrage against her Majesty," but the Commons screened him; and Henry Martyn maintained that the Queen was "no Majesty at all, but only a fellow-subject."[1] During the days of the Queen's stay at Burlington, her time was not idly passed. The presence of Royalty, and that in the person of a heroic woman, produced a great effect on the chivalrous; and the powerful armament and wealth that accompanied her had its influence on the baser sort. Of the former was Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, who abandoned the Parliament's cause for her fair and Royal sake, and gave up to his Queen their castle of Scarborough as a peace-offering: of the latter were the two Hothams, who only sought for an opportunity to

artillery statistic, that "Batten fired crosse-barre shot and bullets of twelve pounds weight."—*Naworth Almanack.* The brief relation I have before quoted is in a pamphlet in Mr. Bentley's possession.

[1] To one of some intercepted letters from the Hothams, taken at this time, and published immediately in Oxford, there is the following P.S.—"I hear the Lords would have you disavow the captain for shooting at Burlington; pray tell all my friends my opinion, that if you do, you will discourage all men of honour and worth to serve you. J. HOTHAM.

Beverley, April 7, 1642.

Either the Queen or Madame de Motteville had read this pamphlet, or it was taken from her Majesty's own words, which are identical with those in the old print, such as "the two cannon shot;" "the ditch like that at Newmarket," &c.

purchase the King's favour and impunity by the town of Hull. At length the Queen set forth across the Wolds to York, attended by her Cavaliers, with two mortars, six guns, and two hundred and fifty waggons laden with money, arms, and ammunition. Her cavalcade increased daily; all who joined it were fascinated by her qualifications as "She-Majesty Generalissima" as she called herself. She rode all the way, took her meals in sight of her army, sought no shelter from wind or rain, and so triumphantly arrived at York.[1] Here she was obliged to make a long residence, as the enemy lay in force everywhere between that city and Oxford. The garrison of Northampton kept all that county for the Parliament; in Warwickshire the King had no footing, Lord Brook vigilantly held its chief town and his own castle: while Coventry shrewdly took care of itself. Lord Grey of Groby possessed Leicester and its county: and the much-derided but lucky Sir John Gell held Derbyshire. Staffordshire was "associated" with these other counties under Lord Brook, as General.[2] The Queen's arrival, however, produced such an effect at York that Fairfax retired to Pomfret; Lincoln was invaded by the Cavaliers, and Grantham taken by the gallant Charles Cavendish.

Meanwhile, at Oxford the King was busily engaged with a deputation from Scotland, headed by

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[1] Miss Strickland, p. 102. [2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 452.

the Earl of Loudon and Mr. Henderson. They gave and received but little satisfaction, and left Oxford to proceed to Scotland to arrange for a fresh rebellion there, under a safe-conduct from the King. New propositions had also been received from the Parliament, desiring a cessation of arms, on terms to suit their own views.[1] Lord Clarendon

[1] The following speech was uttered about this time, and contributed, no doubt, to compel the Parliamentary leaders to make some sort of proposition for the King. I do not know any speech in which so few words contain more forcible reasoning or more pathetic pleading. The true-hearted man who spoke it died soon after. On the 17th of February, Sir Benjamin Rudyard thus addressed the House :—

"Sir,—The main business is, whether we shall have a treaty or no; and this concerns us in all that we have and are. As for the propositions [*i. e.* the nineteen] I have not known nor heard that all the propositions in any treaty of importance were ever swallowed whole. If some be harsh and rough, they may be wrought and suppled by wise treaters,—made fit for an acceptable agreement. If others be unpassable they may be rejected. Those that are our unquestionable rights may be so claimed as such, and firmly held. Mr. Speaker, we have already tasted the bitter, bloody fruits of war; we are grown exceedingly behind-hand with ourselves since we began it. I have long and thoughtfully expected that the cup of trembling which hath gone round about us to other nations would at length come in amongst us: it is now come at last, and we may drink the dregs of it, which God avert! Then is our comfort left, that our miseries cannot last long — we must fight as in a cock-pit; we are surrounded by the sea. We have no stronger hold than our own skulls and our own ribs to keep out enemies, so that the whole kingdom will suddenly be one flame. It hath been said in this House that we are bound to prevent the shedding of innocent blood: who, Sir, shall be answerable for all the innocent blood which shall be spilt hereafter if we do not endeavour a peace by a speedy treaty? Certainly God is as much to be trusted in a peace as in a war. It is he that giveth wisdom to treat as well as courage to fight, and success to both as it pleaseth him. Blood is a crying sin: it pollutes the land: Why should we defile our land any longer? Wherefore, Mr. Speaker, let us stint blood as soon as we can. Let us

desired, however, that the cessation should be granted; the Queen wrote from York strenuously against treaties of any such nature: for the present, therefore, there was no cessation. Lichfield was besieged by the Parliamentary forces[1] under Lord Brook, whose fanatical spirit was strongly moved at the sight of the noble cathedral, and with all the prelatic associations and sacerdotal attributes that it conjured up. His forces marched to the assault singing the 149th Psalm,—

> "To execute on them the doom
> That written was before," &c.

Their guns thundered a *refrain*, and the town-gates

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agree with our adversaries in the way 'by a short and *wary treaty*. GOD DIRECT US!'"—*Sir Benjamin Rudyard, 17th February*, 1643, *for a speedy treaty of Peace; King's Collection*, 95, 15.

[1] The subjoined letter from Lord Northampton is the last I have from him—probably one of the last he ever wrote; he died most bravely in battle a few days after:—

SIR,

I have just now received intelligence that my Lord Chesterfield is besieged in the close at Lichfield, by an express messenger from his lady, and that Sir William Brereton's forces, and Sir John Gille's, lie so between his lordship and Colonel Hastings that he cannot possibly come to his aid. I have a messenger of my own that confirms it, and informs me that my Lord Brook's forces are between a thousand and fifteen hundred men. And that his intention is (if he effects this business) to march to Stafford. I have also intelligence from Warwick, that there is not now left above thirty soldiers in the Castle, divers being run away since my Lord Brook went, and very few left in Coventry; and the townsmen and soldiers at great variance, but kept under, being disarmed. These coming just now to me, though I have sent now off some of them this day already, yet I thought fit to write speedily to you, that you might inform his Majesty therewith. So in haste I rest, sir,

Your assured friend and servant,

Banbury, 2nd March, 1642. NORTHAMPTON.

burst open to the psalm-singers. They marched in triumph through the streets; but the cathedral, with all its beauty and abominations, was not so easily won. A deep and wide moat surrounded the "Close,"—a spacious green still surrounding the cathedral, and surrounded by the residences of the official clergy. Some mounds had been thrown up on the inner bank of the moat; the houses in the Close were pierced with loopholes, and some small guns were mounted on the central tower of the Cathedral. Under a stout-hearted and experienced leader, this "consecrated fortress" might have resisted for a long time, as afterwards it did when garrisoned by those who reviled its sanctity, and desecrated its cathedral. Nature and art had made the position strong, and sentiment, more powerful than either, might have rendered it impregnable. The defenders fought in the presence of their countrywomen, under the very shadow of their ancient church. They had not even the poor excuse of want to enervate their courage: herds of cattle, and provisions of all sorts, had been accumulated there for safety. But Lord Chesterfield was not capable of turning either his moral or physical resources to account: the place was almost tamely yielded, on the craven conditions of mere quarter. "Thereby," says Lord Clarendon, sarcastically, "many persons became prisoners, of too good quality to have their names remembered." This siege is memorable for the death of Lord

Brook,[1] one of the few heroic leaders the Parliamentary party had produced. He was a man without vices, but his errors were so vehement as to be crimes. nevertheless, he was a high-spirited, gallant man; faithful to the cause in which he faithfully believed the truth to rest. On the morning of his death he had prayed with and preached to his troops, as was his custom: he intended an assault upon the temple of popery and superstition, which, in his imagination, stood there before him, and "he sought a sign from heaven in approbation of his intent." He stood by one of his guns, and raised the visor of his helmet to examine the point of attack:

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[1] Robert Lord Brook was, at the age of four, adopted as a son by his cousin Sir Fulke Greville. He had strong Republican and Puritan tendencies, and it was only when a spirit arose in England, in opposition to Government, that he laid aside the scheme he had formed in conjunction with Lord Say, of seeking liberty in New England. These two noblemen positively refused to make the protestation of loyalty required by the King of his nobility. He, however, accepted office from him as one of the Commissioners for the treaty held at Ripon with the Scots, but on the removal of that treaty to London, he distinguished himself by most earnest endeavours to crush the whole fabric of Church and State, being amongst the first to oppose the Royal cause in the field. Milton, nevertheless, praises his spirit of toleration, as expressed in "a Discourse concerning the Nature of that Episcopacy which is exercised in England." Sir W. Dugdale speaks of Lord Brook as "a person who for the nobleness of his extraction and many personal endowments, deserved a better fate,—at least, to have fallen in a better cause; and who, had he lived (it is believed by his friends), would soon have seen through the pretences of a faction." It depended on what form those pretences assumed. He married a daughter of the fourth Earl of Bedford, and his line is continued through a posthumous son to the present Earl of Warwick.—*Lord Orford; Lodge; Clarendon.*

at that moment "dumb Dyot's" bullet pierced his brain, and he fell dead.[1]

Sir John Gell, a man whose reputed character is too romantically evil to be true, succeeded to Lord Brook's command: his troops consisted of "good, stout, fighting men; but the most licentious, ungovernable wretches that belonged to the Parliament."[2] By this dastardly commander's order, his soldiers, as they advanced to the assault, held children, and other relatives of the defenders, before them, to receive the fire of the garrison, which then became less rapid, but very deadly where it struck. Nevertheless, in three days the Close surrendered.

Scarcely was the Royal flag lowered by the dishonoured governor, when Lord Northampton drew near with his forces from Banbury. The letter I last quoted had brought him a reply that led him to his last field. On finding his assistance vain for Lichfield, this gallant Earl turned aside to Staf-

[1] "A judgement," quoth the Royalist writers of the time; "for mark you, he prayed to be enabled to destroy St. Chad's church on St. Chad's day, and he was smitten with a bullet made from the lead that covered St. Chad's church." Even Lord Clarendon yields to the impressiveness of a coincidence, which those who observe that the world is not ruled according to human passions, will hesitate to attribute more weight to. Milton's retort to Charles II., whether genuine or not, bears strongly on these "judgement" matters. The King is said to have attributed the poet's blindness to his rebellion; Milton remonstrated. "What crimes then, Sire, must your royal father have committed, who lost not only his eyes but his head?" This siege is lightly passed over by most historians, but Mr. Gresley's well-known little volume has collected all the authorities, and many from original MSS.

[2] Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs, London, 1846, p. 127, where see a character of Sir John Gell, drawn with skilful bitterness.

ford, where some country gentlemen had resolved to make a stand, and to garrison it for the King. Some days after, on the 19th of March, which fell upon a Sunday, the most frequent battle-day, it was reported that Sir John Gell was advancing against Stafford. The Earl at once resolved to give him the meeting in the open country, his Cavalier forces consisting of cavalry, and little adapted for a siege. He had scarcely proceeded two miles, when he found not only Sir John Gell, but Sir William Brereton also, with 1500 foot, drawn out on Hopton Heath,—each flank protected by a mass of brushwood, and their rear by some coalpits and broken ground. The Earl's troops amounted to about nine hundred men,—his enemies mustered two thousand; but the Cavaliers were all mounted, and, had the odds been greater, they were not men to hesitate. As soon as they could form they advanced, the Earl's three sons commanding each a troop,—Sir Thomas Byron the reserve. The Roundhead horse was utterly broken by the first charge; the Earl hastily re-formed his line, and charged again; carried their battery of eight guns, and dashed in among their foot; there, in struggling over the broken ground, the Earl's horse fell, and his furious men swept on, unconscious of their leader's need: before he could rise, the enemy gathered round him; their colonel fell by the Earl's hand: at the same time the butt-end of a musket knocked off his own helmet, and left him exposed to a score of hungry weapons; yet

he was offered quarter, as he still bravely and hopelessly fought on. "I scorn your quarter," he exclaimed, "base rogues and rebels as ye are!" At the same moment he was struck down from behind, and fell dead, but unconquered, amongst his enemies: they had scarcely time to carry off his body before his victorious horse returned, when too late, to seek their leader. It was a mournful battle they had won: the gallant voice that had so long led them on to victory was now silent; his son, Lord Compton, had been wounded and carried off the field, and Byron was also *hors de combat.* The Cavaliers buried their dead, collected their trophies, colours, guns, ammunition, and personal spoil, and retired, as if defeated, into Stafford. A "trumpet" was sent to ask for their leader's body; but Sir John Gell refused to take less in exchange for it than all the spoil and prisoners that had been captured. The young Lord Northampton then besought leave for his surgeon to embalm the body, that he might give it burial among his ancestors in better times; but this, too, was refused.[1]

No braver, truer, or more chivalrous nobleman followed the King's Standard than he who was lost this day. He was one whom trial had ennobled and redeemed "from the luxury and licence of the time, which was then thought necessary to great fortunes. But, from the beginning of the war, as if

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 458; Perfect Journal, No. 42; Sir W. Brereton's Letter.

he had been awakened out of a lethargy," he became self-denying, patient of hardship, prodigal of his wealth, ease, and life.[1] With him fell Captains Middleton, Bagot, Biddulph, and Spencer Lucy, son and heir to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Shakspearian memory.

At Oxford there was again much discourse, and even some hope of a peace: the Commissioners had returned thither from London, to treat of peace, prefacing their treaty with another for a cessation of hostilities. The latter was soon waived, as being

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[1] Sir William Brereton's letter, which adds that the writer "saw Lord Northampton's body naked and spoiled that night, as they were carrying him away." I subjoin an interesting letter from the young Earl to Prince Rupert, asking for a continuance in his brave father's post of danger:—

THE EARL OF NORTHAMPTON TO PRINCE RUPERT.

SIR,

I thought it my duty, affairs standing as they do, and I untimely having an unwished for honour fallen upon me, by the unfortunate death of the Earl of Northampton, to let your Highness understand how his military commands at this present stand. He was raising a regiment of horse, and had already raised three troops, besides his own, two of which were here present at the battle; the other was sent back from Henley in Arden to Banbury, for the security of that garrison, whereof the Earl of Northampton was governor, — his foot regiment, excepting some commanded men, being left there for the defence of the town and castle. If it shall please his Majesty and your Highness to confer those commands which were my father's on me, none shall be more willing to do his Majesty service (according to my weak abilities) with life and fortune. I will not trouble your Highness with the relation of what hath passed; you will hear by better hands of all particulars. So craving pardon for my boldness in troubling you, I shall always remain,

Your Highness's most humble and faithful servant,

NORTHAMPTON.

[No date.]

less essential, and equally difficult to adjust as the former.[1] Meanwhile, if all had depended on the ambassadors, there appeared to be no reason to postpone a treaty for a single week; they assumed a most friendly and confidential character. The Earl of Northumberland kept a magnificent table, at which the King's councillors were frequent guests; and there matters of moment were familiarly discussed.[2] It was proposed confidentially that the Church should not be abandoned to the Democrats, that being a point concerning which they were least solicitous; but that the militia should be given in some manner, and as some security. There was a private overture made that the King should restore the Earl of Northumberland to his post of Lord High Admiral, to smooth the whole transaction. The Queen, according to Lord Clarendon,[3] spoiled all their fair prospects, on which not only Mr. Hyde but Cavalier Bulstrode had founded great hopes.[4]

The following correspondence, both on Pym's part

[1] Life of Clarendon, i. 160. [2] Whitelocke's Memorials.

[3] Life of Clarendon, i. 155. The King's affection for the Queen was .... a composition of conscience and love, and generosity and gratitude; insomuch that he saw with her eyes and determined with her judgment. She was admitted to the knowledge and participation of the most secret affairs; and thought she should dispose of all favours and preferments as Buckingham had done. And she did not more desire to be possessed of this power than that all mankind should take notice that she was possessed of it. And it was her Majesty's and the kingdom's misfortune to have no person about her who had ability or affection to inform and advise her of the temper and the humour of the people, or *who thought it worth caring for.*

[4] Bulstrode's Memoirs, p. 92.

and the King's, will shew that neither of the chief authorities, at all events, really expected peace. The Commissioners were withdrawn by Parliament on the very day appointed; and on the same day (March 17) Essex marched against Reading. He alone seems to have respected the idea of a peaceable termination to the treaty; for Brook was besieging Lichfield, Gell threatening Stafford, and Prince Rupert away by Bristol, attracted by some Royalists within that town, who promised to open the gates to his troops. The following letter from the King shews what large discretionary power was confided to the young General of Horse, either to assault Gloucester, or to follow Waller to the south, as he saw best.

THE KING TO PRINCE RUPERT.

(Mostly written in cypher.)

NEPHEW,

If it please God to prosper you in the taking of Bristol, I then recommend to your consideration the assisting of the west; because I hear that Sherborne is possessed for me, and likely to be lost if not relieved, Waller being gone thither. I write not this to put the thought of Gloster out of your mind, but only to lay all before you, that you may choose the best, being best able to judge, being upon the place; so I rest

Your loving uncle and faithful friend,

Oxford, 8th March, 10 in the morning, 1643. CHARLES R.

P.S. Nephew—With this dispatch, which goes into the west, I think you shall do well to remember to send the same power for giving out commissions to my Lord Hopton which you gave to Goring, otherwise commissions will be given in a disorderly way, or levies must be stopped for fault of them. C. R.

The Bristol design was defeated, and the Royalist conspirators were hanged.[1] Rupert, in consequence, returned to Oxford, as this letter from Pym informs us. It was intercepted by the Cavaliers, and lies among the Prince's papers,—proving how little the writer expected peace.

JOHN PYM, M.P., TO SIR WILLIAM WALLER.

NOBLE SIR,

We shall be very glad to hear where you are upon all opportunities, that we may dispose of all accidents that may have any relation to you accordingly. We hope you will find Bristol well assured, and Gloucester without any great difficulty to be relieved. If in your passage you can suppress the malignants of Dorset and Somersetshire, and put the weekly assessment in a way of being settled, you shall therein do very good service.

Prince Rupert is returned to Oxford, and upon notice thereof, my Lord-General did recall that party of his army which was advanced as far as Tame, towards Oxford, and they say put them in some confusion. Our articles for the cessation [are] as far from determining as ever. I believe the King's forces will hardly wander so far from home as they have done. This is all you can for the present receive from me besides the affectionate well-wishes of, Sir, your very humble servant,

JOHN PYM.

Westminster, this 14th March, 1643.

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[1] A brief relation of a most cruel, hellish, and bloody plot against the City of Bristol, hatched and contrived by the malignant of the said City; Prince Rupert and Lord Digby, their fellow-cavaliers, sons of Belial, and others of that accursed crew.... Happily discovered and prevented on the 7th instant March. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, March 13, 1643. [This was whilst the treaty was proceeding.] A pamphlet in Mr. Bentley's possession.

There is also a letter from Lunsford, which states that Sir William Waller was at Bath on the 14th, and at Bristol on the 15th.[1] On the 19th, Sir John Culpepper writes to the Prince that his Highness's intended attack upon Aylesbury (where Colonel Bulstrode commanded) is known, and advises him to give a promise of free pardon to the soldiers and burghers therein, with impunity of *plundering*.[2] On the 22nd, Hines, Governor of Cirencester, writes that Waller has taken Malmesbury; and on the 24th, that he has drawn off his troops to Gloucester, where Lord Herbert has "been very hard in fight all day," and—he might have added—was utterly defeated. On the same day, a very long letter arrives from the Earl of Derby, who has been acting very decidedly in Lancashire; I only give some extracts from this curious and instructive epistle below.[3]

[1] The writer states that he is in a condition to defend his garrison (Malmesbury) from all *your Highness's enemies*.

[2] The Prince, however, found it too strong to attempt: he tried it again on the 24th, but found Essex on his path. The word plunder is said to have been introduced into our language by Prince Rupert (Bishop Warburton's Notes to Clarendon). It must have taken root very rapidly, even admitting that his Highness cultivated what he planted. I find it in several letters of this date: May (History of the Parliament, published 1647) has it several times, and yet says it was a new word.

[3] THE EARL OF DERBY TO PRINCE RUPERT.

SIR,

Your own experience may inform you the misfortunes that wait on war, of which I needs must tell you some happened here very lately; but, that I may be rightly understood by his Majesty, I beseech you represent me right unto him.

The Spanish ship which perished on the shore had divers goodly pieces of ordnance in her, which by reason the enemy had them in possession, I thought good to spoil them if I could,

Thus the old-fashioned year ends on the 25th of March:—the loyal cause prevailing in the north and west, and at least losing no ground in the central

and so did burn the ship; being advised by the Spaniards so to do, they knowing that their master would well like that any ill might be unto the rebels of our King: I believe most now are useless, but a few may do us great hurt. You were mistaken, sir, when you wrote to me in your last letter, that you conceived the Spaniards were prisoners with me, for I set them free, having found them in great distress. I hope they will not make my son worse used when I send him into Spain, for what they have found with me. These cannons, sir, being carried into the castle of Lancaster,—which is strong for the enemy, having a tower in it which held them divers soldiers, who commanded the country round about them, and many of his Majesty's good subjects, and my good friends much suffering there,—I ventured with some few forces to go there, and by the way, the people had the grace to rise with me, but God knows unarmed (and you know my plaints of old for arms from my Lord Newcastle). When I came before the town I summoned it in his Majesty's name, and the mayor (as I heard), counselled by the commanders for the Parliament, made me so slight an answer, after I expected it almost a whole day, that I, enraged to see their sauciness against so good a Prince, *made bold to burn the greatest part of the town, and in it many of their soldiers*, who defended it very sharply for two hours, but we beat them into the castle, and I, seeing the tower clear from all but smoke, spared the remainder of that town, and laid siege unto the castle. There was no woman or child suffered, or any but those who did bear arms, for so I gave directions to my soldiers, except some three or four that I think as likely to be killed by them. Having got some advantage *(which was the first that I ever had since these unhappy times)*, I thought well to slip on to Preston, a march of twenty long miles; and then I summoned that town, which again did say they were resolved to defend themselves; and so did, having fortified the town, and some three or four hundred men in it, sufficient to give them confidence: it held out but two hours, when I mastered it, by slaying divers of their men, and lost not any of our own to speak of.

Certainly, sir, if it had pleased God and the King that I had but three hundred men armed, or arms for so many, I could have done some service worth the knowing. And if, please God, no foreign force do come against us, we may be in some good posture yet. But I beseech you, sir, remember the misfortunes in Lichfield, and in Cheshire, as also that it is thought great forces

parts of the kingdom;[1]—the Queen stationary, and apparently very well contented to be so, at York; writing rather imperious and very hurtful letters to the King, from time to time.

Lord Herbert, of Glamorgan, having raised a little army at his own cost, with the rapidity of magic, sat down before Gloucester; he magnificently entertained all his officers at his own expense,[2] and longed to signalize at once his faith and faithfulness by the conquest of the town. But suddenly Sir William Waller marched away from the south, fell on the Welsh army, and captured or utterly annihi-

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are coming here, which, if they be not followed by Prince Rupert, or some considerable force immediately, will undo us all. I will ask you also pardon for the long relation of a poor matter, and desire your sure belief of my being,

Your humble servant, for all the power of DERBY.

Preston, March 22, 1642.

[1] LETTERS TO PRINCE RUPERT AT THIS PERIOD NOT FURTHER QUOTED.

March 26, Lord Digby says his Highness's reputation hath wrought upon the rebels: that he understood Prince Rupert is going northward, and requests permission to accompany him.

„ 26, R. Herbert applies to be governor of Malmesbury, and for "a warrant for 600*l.* on Kingsbridge Hundred."

„ 26, Wilmot writes that the King approves of his Highness's move northward, and gives him choice of what troops to take.

„ 26, Capel to Lord Falkland, concerning Prince Maurice's proposed move to Staffordshire.

„ 27, Wilmot congratulates his Highness on some nameless skirmish, and complains of want of money.

„ 27, Lords Northampton and Hastings write that they have had orders to attend his Highness's march, and recommend Wolverhampton instead of Stafford as his route.

[2] See his letter in the Appendix.

lated it in a few hours: and Lord Herbert returned disappointed but not disheartened to the King.[1] Sir William proceeded to capture Hereford, Monmouth, and Chepstow; outmanœuvred the brave but somewhat stolid Prince Maurice, and returned to London in triumph.

At the Court there has been as much tranquillity as daily debates between the Parliamentary and Royal commissioners would allow. The King has entertained his foes at Christchurch, and received compliments and even luxuries from the Earl of Northampton. Some changes have taken place in the ministry. Mr. Hyde has at length accepted office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the honour of knighthood, and Sir John Culpepper is Master of the Rolls. The privy council consists of the noble-minded and blameless Duke of Richmond,[2] the profound but inefficient Lord Keeper

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv.

[2] James IV., Duke of Lennox and Richmond (in 1641), son of Esme, third duke, and eldest brother of George Lord Aubigny,*

* This Lord Aubigny once made use of an expression that, beautiful in itself, reveals much character: "I thank God," said he to a scoffing courtier, "I *can* undergo the martyrdom of a blush." "His blood was more royal now it was shed for our good King, than that the blood of many flowed within his veins." —*Lloyd's Loyalist.* His widow writes this almost unintelligible letter on the 31st of March, which hints at some matters of interest, and is characteristic of the fair intriguante. She was daughter of the Earl of Suffolk:—

KATE LADY D'AUBIGNY TO PRINCE RUPERT.

SIR,—In giving you this trouble, when there is possibility that by .... serve you, which by conveying my cousin Vavasor deliv .... probability of, and thereof .... me leave to tell

Littleton; the popular but unbusiness-like Marquis of Hertford, and his brother, the just, but uncourtly

who fell at Edgehill, October 23, 1642. "I put the Duke of Richmond at the head of the Royalist Lords, not only on the account of the honour he had of being nearly related to the King, and of the same family, although not of the same branch, with King James I., but also on the account of his personal qualities. He was but twenty-one years of age when the King made him a Privy Councillor, and married him to the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, one of the richest matches in the kingdom. His wit, his courage, and his affection to the King, made him worthy the esteem and favour of the Court. But two qualities which he had, prevented his being serviceable to the King, who loved him. The one was, his too great diffidence of himself; the other (quite opposite) too great haughtiness in point of honour. By the first he rendered himself too dependent, and by the latter too obnoxious. Always faithful to the King, and not being able to prevent his tragical death, he took care of his funeral. He was proscribed by the Parliament in 1642."—*De Larrey's Reign of Charles I.*, ii. 66.

you that the design of Warwick hath been long discovered, which was the cause Essex would not let Vavasor go thither. If my Lord Lindsey may come to London, and be committed, as Vavasor is told it is intended, a friend of . . . . hath undertaken to help him away if he shall desire it. Essex hath been very inconstant in disposing of Col. Vavasor; it may be prejudicious to his credit at Court; he may do some service here, and make his . . . . when it may be most serviceable to his Majesty. Col. Vavasor never saw Mr. Offlye, but he thinks he ought not to have much credit concerning Essex, who expresses himself extremely obstinate, indeed like *one out of hope* . . . . that intended to make himself m . . . . humble desire to . . . . King, of as much . . . . think fit, and to return your pleasure to me, that . . . . be informed how to dispose of himself, and with all you will infinitely oblige him by giving, when you write, a right impression of him at the Queen's Court. I am so strait of time as I cannot say what I would, yet I will not conclude till I have entreated you not to let be known to any, to keep this intelligence from yourself. I am sure will receive no interpretation that shall be prejudicial to

Your Highness's most faithful servant, K. AUBIGNY.

March the last.

I hope you have received my other letters.

Oxford, March 31, 1642.

Lord Seymour; the conscientious and melancholy Earl of Southampton; the speculative and irresolute Earl of Leicester; the supercilious and garrulous Earl of Bristol; the false and designing Lord Savile, the Earl of Newcastle, the Earl of Berkshire, Lord Dunsmore, Lord Falkland, Sir John Colepepper, Secretary Nicholas, and the biographer of all — the Chancellor, Sir Edward Hyde. These constituted a formidable body for the transaction of business, which naturally was ill executed in consequence. We can scarcely wonder that the King preferred a direct correspondence with his straightforward nephew; and transferred a considerable portion of military power from the interminable contradictions of such a council, to the resolute, uncompromising hands of his young and ardent General of Horse. At this time it appeared good to the King's council, as it always did to himself, to endeavour to open a communication with the Queen. The council felt the want of her money and her powder; the King, of her own dangerous presence. Besides, there was a large disposable force not particularly engaged, and the restless and reckless troopers might as well be hewing their way to the north as quarrelling about quarters, or ransacking the exhausted Royal vicinage. Rupert's own proposition was to burst his way through the associated counties, and all their garrisons, to join the Queen at York, and escort her back to Oxford in triumph. The proposal was

approved of, and the Prince set forth on his hazardous expedition about the end of March. I must not omit to call attention to a virulent attack upon the Prince, published about this time in London, and, with some coarse art, pretended to be written by the Queen of Bohemia and the Prince Elector. It is entitled,

"The best news that ever was printed—Prince Rupert's resolution to be gone to his mother, who has sent for him"[1] [and is supposed to write as follows, together with the Elector Palatine]:

We do, in the presence of Almighty God, and of all the whole world, and in the sight of all good men, in no manner approve, allow, give consent, or any way countenance the unjust and unruly actions of my son Prince Rupert, now in England; and so do I, the same with the Queen, my dear mother, by the same vow disrelish and hate all those outrages and cruelties of my brother, Prince Rupert. And it grieves us at our very souls for the inhuman cruelties we hear he commits; whose passion we cannot confine, and whose hot spirit we cannot calm, nor dissuade him from acting by the lawful means which we have used, as by letters, messages, and intimate friends. *And* our petition and desire is, to the Honourable Houses of Parliament, that our annual pensions may be duly paid us, which is our chiefest livelihood under God; and that we may not suffer and languish for his sake, whose action and behaviour we cannot help. Hoping that both Houses of Parliament will speedily consider your petitioners, &c.

About the beginning of April, Prince Rupert left Oxford, with twelve hundred horse and dragoons, and

[1] London, printed for I. A., 1642–3. The King's collection of pamphlets, British Museum.

about six hundred foot.[1] On his way he received this further incitement to prosecute his northern course with speed: on his chivalrous nature such objects as the rescue of a persecuted lady, and the restoration of a Queen, must have acted with powerful effect, and made disappointment doubly difficult to bear.

COUNTESS OF DERBY TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MONSEIGNEUR,

Toute à l'heure je viens de recevoir les mauvaises nouvelles de la perte de Wigan a 6 milles de cette place. Elle n'a tenue que deux heures et a été effrayée; mon mari étoit à 12 milles et devant qu'il peut être prêt de la secourir, ils se sont rendus. Au nom de Dieu, Monseigneur, prenez pitié de nous; et si vouz apparaissez, vous pourrez le reconquérir bien agrément et avec bien de l'honneur pour votre altesse. Je ne sais ce que je dis, mais ayez pitié de mon mari, mes enfans, et moi, qui sommes perdus pour tout jamais si Dieu n'a pitié de nous, et votre altesse; à qui je suis,

Monseigneur, très humble et très obéissante servante,

C. DE LA TREMAILLE.

à Ladhom, ce 1 d'avril, 1643.

The romance of all this, however, was abundantly qualified by matters of fact incidental to his position. In proof of this, I fear I must ask the reader's perusal of the subjoined grave letter from Secretary

[1] In "Special Passages," No. xliii. (King's Collect.) "Rupert marched against Birmingham, attended by Lords Denbigh and Digby." His dragoons' accoutrements are thus described:—"They were double-armed, almost all, with a musket before and an Irishwoman (which seems ridiculous, but is a truth,) behind. His foot furnished with pikes, half-pikes, halberds, hedge-bills, Welsh hooks, clubs, pitchforks, with chopping-knives, and pieces of scythes. Thus this ragged regiment marched.

Nicholas, especially as it relates to historical matters of some moment.[1] There are very many such.

[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

His Majesty hath commanded me to give you an account of the affairs here, which I shall do plainly, and with a real affection to serve your Highness without any end or design. The four days' treaty with the Committee ending on Friday last, between his Majesty and them, the King sent to London, that there might be a further time given to treat of the cessation; and on the proposition having then newly received from London, their reason why they could not consent to his Majesty's Articles of Cessation, (which his Majesty hath since fully and at large answered,) waives the matter of free commerce, and insists resolutely that during the cessation there may be no plundering on either side; to which purpose also his Majesty is putting forth a proclamation, prohibiting upon severe penalties plundering, or taking of any rents or goods of any person who hath approved his loyalty to his Majesty by attending on him, or contributing to him. As for the King's forces beyond Trent, his Majesty forbears to agree to any cessation concerning the same, until he shall be, from the Earl of Newcastle, fully informed of the state of his army in the north, and how the condition thereof may consist with a cessation. This morning, Sir Peter Killegrew is come from London, with a further power for the Committee here for four days more, to treat with the King; but it is most apparent that those at London have no real intentions or inclination to peace,—the Common Council there having lately delivered a very insolent petition against it, and their leading (or rather misleading) ministers preaching against it in their pulpits. The King hath commanded me to tell Prince Rupert* that his Majesty desires the Prince to keep himself to his instructions; for that there is little or no hope of any good to be done upon the treaty. Colonel Goring, with twelve hundred foot and four hundred horse, hath near Leeds defeated Sir Thomas Fairfax (the man most beloved and relied upon by the rebels in the north); he hath slain of the rebels two hundred on the place, taken the colours, and about eight hundred prisoners, besides good store of munition. The rebels have quitted Tadcaster, Cawood Castle, and Selby, and are now most of them about Leeds and Pomfret; but it is conceived they will not stay long there: this news came hither the last night by express from York. I fear I have bored

* This and other expressions are in cypher.

We now resume our march, passing through Stratford-upon-Avon, then Henley-in-Arden, and at length approaching ill-fated Birmingham; a town "as famed for hearty, wilful, affected disloyalty to the King as any place in England."[1] Nor did this ill-reputed place confine itself to theoretic hostility: the citizens had seized some Royal carriages with precious plate, had apprehended several Royal messengers, and now, to sum up all, refused the angry Rupert's summons to admit him within the walls. The defenders had cast up some slight works at either end of the town, and barricaded the streets: for the rest, I let the sufferers and assailants speak for themselves, as they told their story then.

The town of Birmingham[2] perceiving that for their faithful allegiance to the King and Parliament, they had derived the hatred of Popish and profane malignants upon themselves; and that since the noble Lord Brook's death, those parts of the country began to be much infested with divers troops of robbers and plunderers, resolved to arm themselves as well as they could, for the defence of themselves and estates. The week before Easter, information came that Prince Rupert, with twelve or fifteen hundred men, with four drakes[3] and two sakers, was upon his march

your Highness with my tedious relation, which I beseech you to pardon, because it proceeds from a hasty desire to express myself,

Sir, your Highness's most humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

Oxon, 4th April, 1643.

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 31.

[2] "Prince Rupert's Burning Love to England discovered in Birmingham's Flames." London, May, 1643. King's Collect. 105, No. 8.

[3] A piece of artillery carrying from 4- to 6-lb. shot: it was so

at Stratford and Henley in Arden, ten miles from Birmingham, pillaging the country. It was hoped he might pass by them: but afterwards, perceiving his design was on Staffordshire, the minister of the town entreated the captains and chiefs of the town not to think of such an impossible defence, they having scarce six score musketeers, but to secure their lives by marching out, though their goods be hazarded. The captains and chiefs were ready to embrace this resolution, but the middle and inferior sort of people would by no means consent; so they all resolved to stand upon their guard. On Easter Monday, Prince Rupert's forces approached the town, betwixt two and three of the afternoon, and presently assaulted it, only one hundred musketeers opposing, and they divided into several ends of the town; yet these, for a good while, kept the enemy off their works till they fired two or three thatched houses, and their horse broke into the fields, re-entered the back sides of the town through lake and meadow; which obliged our townsmen to retreat back into the town and charge them as they came up, but were presently forced to scatter and fly for their lives. The Cavaliers rode through the streets like so many furies or bedlams, Lord Denbigh in the front, singing as he rode; they shot at every door and window where they could espy any looking out; they hacked, hewed, or pistolled all they met with, blaspheming, cursing, and damning themselves most hideously. They pursued after a troop of horse, under the command of Captain Greaves, who, after a little flight, wheeled about and most stoutly charged them. The captain received five wounds, but

called from Draco. They called other species of guns "Basilisks," from the serpent of that ilk (this was a 48-pounder, and called a "warning piece" in Vicars's account of the capture of Bristol); there were "culverins" (18-pounders, and "demis," 9-pounders), from Colœvres (another sort of serpent); "falcons," 6-lb.; and "falconets," 3-, 2-, and 1-lb.; "peteraroes," for throwing stones, &c.

Lord Denbigh was knocked off his horse and left for dead, with his pockets rifled; the rest of his horse were chased till they came nigh their own colours, which was most excellent service, for meanwhile most of the town's foot escaped away; after which, Captain Greaves retreated to Lichfield. The Cavalier horse rode desperately round the town, leaping hedges and ditches to catch the townsmen. All the considerable men escaped out of their snare; some forty were taken prisoners, whereof scarce twenty belonged to the town; all inferior men, chiefly their own favourers, who were released for trifling sums of money, as being unworthy to be kept. Having thus possessed themselves of the town, they ran into every house cursing and damning, threatening and terrifying the poor women, setting naked swords and pistols to their breasts. They fell to plundering, as well malignants as others, picking purses and pockets, searching in holes and corners, tiles of houses, wells, pools, vaults, gardens, for money or goods; took much money to protect people's houses, and then betrayed them, and set them on fire. It is conceived they had 3000*l.* in money from the town. They outraged the women, broke windows, spoiled the goods they could not take away, leaving little to some but bare walls, some nothing but clothes on their backs, and some stripped to their very shirts and left naked. That night few of these ruffians went to bed, but spent it in revelling, robbing, and tyrannizing over poor affrighted women and prisoners, drinking healths upon their knees, yea, drinking healths to *Prince Rupert's dog.*

Nor did their rage cease here; but when, on next day, they were to march forth of the town, they used every possible diligence to set fire in all the streets, and lest any should save whatever goods they had left, stood with drawn swords about the burning houses, endeavouring to kill every one that appeared endeavouring to quench the flames. The houses burned were about eighty-seven, be-

sides multitudes of barns, stables, and other out-buildings. People unfurnished and fallen into extreme distress by this fire, three hundred and forty and upwards. They have made Birmingham a woeful spectacle to behold, a thoroughfare for thieves and plunderers. It is thought 20,000*l.* cannot repair these losses.

Now read the Royalists' account below.[1]

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[1] A letter written from Walsall, by a worthy gentleman to his friend at Oxford, concerning the taking of Birmingham, April 5, 1648:—

"Upon a narrow enquiry of the causes of burning the town (Birmingham), I found that the inhabitants were they who first stirred up those of Coventry to resist the King; and that they sent three hundred men to defend it against the King's forces, and fifteen thousand swords for the Earl of Essex's forces, whilst they not only refused to supply the King with swords for his money, but imprisoned divers whom they suspected of purchasing them for him. Afterwards, when his Majesty marched that way with his army, he gave express orders that they should not be plundered, and because some few disobeyed, there was exemplary justice done by his hanging of two officers. Yet the King's army was no sooner gone, than they staid the carriages which did not move the same day, amongst which was the royal plate, and divers goods of great value, which they carried to Warwick castle. They have since continued on all occasions violently to oppose the King, and when his Highness Prince Rupert's forces, on Thursday last, drew near, they prepared themselves with all their strength to resist them; set up their colours, sallied out of their works, and gave fire upon them, whilst with great shouts and clamour they reviled them with opprobrious speeches, calling them "cursed dogs," "devilish Cavaliers," "Papist traitors;" this could not but incense the soldiers. The Prince, to make his passage into the town, was forced to cause a house or two to be fired; but they retiring, he immediately gave orders for quenching of the fire. And yesterday, his Royal Highness being to march, fearing the exasperation of his men, gave express orders that none should attempt to fire the town; and after his departure hearing that some soldiers (as yet unknown) had fired it in divers places, he sent immediately to let the inhabitants know that it was not done by his command, and he desired it might be quenched; but the wind being high, the fire increased, and could not be so soon extinguished as was to be desired. One thing more made some impression with me, which

The Prince had offered immunity for all that was passed, and only desired to quarter in the town that night. The citizens made a mettlesome fight against such a dangerous guest, and their little town suffered severely for its audacity. Lord Denbigh's[1] loss was

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was, the death of a minister, killed presently after the entry of the soldiers into the town: it is alleged he told him who did it; 'that the King was a perjured and papistical King; and that he had rather die than live under him; and that he did and would fight against the King!'" Some very obscene papers were found in his pockets.—No. 101, *King's Coll.* p. 22, printed at Walsall.

[1] William first Earl of Denbigh was the eldest son of Basil Fielding, of Newnham Paddox, in Warwickshire. By the interest of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Buckingham, he was, in 1622, advanced to the earldom, and appointed "Admiral at sea in several expeditions." *(Dugdale.)* No less than three of these were destined for the relief of Rochdale; but in the two first, he is said to have been restrained from fighting by his sailing orders. Though this fact exonerates the Earl, his want of success seems to have drawn on him considerable unpopularity; and he was sent into honourable exile, in the character of Ambassador to the "Sophi" of Persia. After his return, he remained unemployed till the commencement of the rebellion; when, to use the words of Clarendon, "he placed himself as a volunteer in the King's guard of horse. He served with unwearied pains, and exact submission to discipline. He fought manfully at Edgehill, and engaged with singular courage in all enterprises of danger." He had volunteered to accompany Prince Rupert's expedition towards the north, when he met his death as related above.

Though somewhat anticipatively, I here add a letter, the postscript of which relates to this nobleman:—

THE KING TO PRINCE RUPERT.

NEPHEW,

I received yours of Thursday last by this morning, and do very well approve of your designs; only I think fit to lay before you whether it were fitter to look on Nantwich than Derby as of more importance, but I leave this wholly to your judgment; only in your choice I recommend to you to do that which you shall find to conduce most to my wife's coming hither. As for the sending you powder and match, I see no possibility of it, because of the distance, and we can spare nobody that is fit for such a work; but methinks the Earl of Newcastle might better

severely felt by the Cavaliers. Though unfortunate and perhaps unskilful under his brother-in-law, the Duke of Buckingham, he had always shewn the most determined bravery. He had served as a volunteer at Edgehill, and his hearty affection towards the King was very useful; and he left his influential position to an able and strenuous supporter of the Parliament, his son, Basil Lord Fielding.[1] The following letter from Lady Denbigh to her son is one of the most touching that has come to us from these old times: it tells of the sorrows that then visited a thousand household hearths, not only for the honoured slain, but for the survivors, "rebellious" or "malignant," who still, even against such appeals, clung to the cause they had espoused.

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furnish you with them. So praying and hoping that God will bless you, I rest your loving uncle and faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

Oxford, Sunday, 9th April, 1643.

Continue to send me often word of your proceedings. They have refused the cessation, but the treaty still proceeds. Even now I received yours of the 8th; as for Denbigh's place [in the household] (for whose loss I am very sorry), I will not dispose of it, nor engage myself concerning it, until I shall speak with you.

[1] This nobleman was afterwards "General of the associated counties of Stafford, Warwick, &c.," in the course of which he accumulated a large and now very valuable correspondence. His descendant, the present Earl of Denbigh, has, with great kindness, allowed me the use of these letters, which, though voluminous, are excellently well arranged. I have made but little use (comparatively) of my privilege, however, as the more important letters would have led me into a wide field, apart from my present task, and the others are for the most part local. The whole, however, form the most valuable collection of Roundhead papers that I am acquainted with. Of this Basil Lord Fielding, who was a high-minded, honourable, and honest gentleman, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH TO BASIL, SECOND EARL OF DENBIGH.

MY DEAR SON,

I am much comforted with the receiving of your kind letter in this time of my great sorrow for the loss of my dear husband, your dear father, whose memory I shall ever keep with sorrow and a most tender affection, as he did deserve from me and all the whole world. God make me able to overcome this my affliction! I beg of you, my first-born son, whom I do so dearly love, to give me that satisfaction which you now owe me, to leave those that murdered your dear father—for what else can it be called? When he received his death-wound for saying that "he was for the King," they shewed no mercy to his grey hairs, but swords and shots, a horror to me to think of. O my dear Jesus! put it into my dear son's heart to leave that merciless company that was the death of his father; for now I think of this party with horror, before with sorrow. This is the time that God and nature claim it from you. Before, you were carried away by error, now it seems monstrous and hideous. The last words your dear father spoke, was to desire God to forgive you and to touch your heart.[1] Let your dear father and unfortunate mother make your heart relent—let my great sorrow receive some comfort. If I receive joy, you shall receive blessing and honour. Think, if I may be so happy as to obtain this my desire of you: let me know, and I shall make your way to your best advantage. I do know you shall be welcome. I give you many thanks for the care you took in paying the last rites to your father; I have a longing desire to see you, and if I had any means I would venture far to do it. The Queen hath been very kind to me, and hath written to the King to stay the place that Lord Denbigh held,

[1] Lord Fielding had been sent for, under a flag of truce, to see his dying father: he came too late, but he gave "the stout old Earl," as Dugdale calls him, an honourable burial.

that it may not be given to any, but that my lord's debts may be paid out of it; besides, the Queen did send me money, or I do not know what I should have done, I was in so great want. I thank you for the message you sent me by John Grime; so, with my blessing, I take my leave.

Your loving mother, S. DENBIGH.

I find from the Prince's correspondence, that he next moved to Stafford, where he was joined by Hastings and Lord Northampton. On the 10th of April, he sat down before Lichfield; but a stout and determined garrison under "Colonel Rousewell" now occupied the Close: they proudly defied the Royal summons, and prepared to submit to all extremities rather than surrender. Before proceeding to the assault, it is necessary to dispose of the correspondence in due order of dates. On the 4th of April, Lord Capel writes from Shrewsbury, that Sir William Brereton is "master of the field" in Cheshire, with the exception of so much ground as the garrison of Chester can command. Sir William quarters at Whitchurch, and Lord Capel conjures the Prince "to come and take it from him." There is also a letter from Dan. Neille, dated Oxford, the 6th, saying that the treaty will come to nothing, but that the Chancellor (Lord Clarendon) is so busy about it that he cannot attend to Prince Rupert's wishes, whatever they were.[1] Captain Neille also advises

[1] Lord Capel encloses a letter from Sir Nicholas Byron, dated Chester, 12th April, in which he advises him to do *something*, and says that Lord Derby is much "kept up" with hopes of Prince Rupert.

The Countess of Derby writes an almost illegible and unin-

the Prince to keep a good supply of whatever arms he may win, for his own regiment. The following letter is too historical to be passed over. It is from

SECRETARY NICHOLAS TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

By Copley I lately gave your highness an account of the state of affairs here. The treaty goes on fairly still, but to-morrow is the last day that the omnipotent powers have appointed for treating: it is very apparent that the carving out of such short time, as from four days to four days, shews that they have no desire to peace as yet; for if they had, they would limit a convenient time, proportionable to the business. We hear, by letters, from my Lord Grandison, that Sir William (the Conqueror) is gone towards Monmouthshire; Prince Maurice pursues him. We have news that, for certain, Wigan is retaken by the Earl of Derby from Brereton, within a few hours after the rebels first took it. We are here very much joyed at the news of your Highness's taking of * * * *

I perceive that now, in your Highness's absence, many of the principal officers of the army conceive that a cessation would be best for the King's army. There are preparations for all the Earl of Essex's forces to march towards our quarters, and we hear this day they are to begin to set forth, to which purpose all the carriages of Berks and Bucks are pressed into Windsor: and from London we hear that Cromwell is to come from Cambridgeshire, with four thousand foot and horse, to meet the Earl of Essex in these parts; but of this we have no perfect intelligence, though the report of it was from London and divers other

telligible letter, requesting the Prince to visit Lancashire, and confirm the loyalty of that county; where Lord Derby with two thousand foot and five hundred horse could follow his Highness afterwards. Lady Derby also hopes that the Queen will take Lathom on her way to the south.

places. The committee hath, as I am advertised from London, order, if the King consent not so to the two propositions in treaty, as they may be by their instructions concluded by to-morrow, that they shall come away for London; and I believe that until the committee be gone from here, the Earl of Essex's forces will not come this way. God prosper your Highness in all your noble designs, so prayeth

Your Highness's most humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

Oxon, 6th April, 1643.

I hear by two letters, lately sent to the Earl of Northampton and Colonel Hastings, to hasten to meet your Highness at Stafford. It seems they came to Belvoir Castle to recruit and refresh their troops, having heard no news of your Highness being in those parts.

The Secretary's next letter, which is a continuance of the above, must lie by in a note.[1]

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have received both the letters which you were pleased to do me the honour to send unto me; and shall send your Highness two messengers more than the appointed to attend you, if we can here possibly spare them. We have been threatened from London that the Earl of Essex should, with all his forces, come upon us from Windsor, Oakingham, &c.; the Lord Grey, of Warke, from St. Albans, with the forces of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex; and Colonel Cromwell, from Cambridge, with the forces of that county and Huntingdonshire; and Sir William Waller, from Gloucester; but Prince Maurice keeps him from adventuring to march, and I hear those at Windsor will not march, for that they have not as yet received their pay. Sir Arthur Aston says that at Oakingham there are very many sick, and that the carts of that country are called in to carry them to London. The two Houses have vouchsafed to give their committee further time to treat with the King for seven days longer, but they have not given them any instructions whereon or on what points to treat. The truth is, the Parliament is not willing to treat, but would gladly have the people believe they could not obtain a peace. It is impossible, as the two Houses do order this treaty, that there

On the 8th of April, the Prince sent his first summons to the garrison of Lichfield, which was answered with scornful defiance, and a merry peal of bells from the desecrated cathedral. Every motive stimulated the Prince to reconquer this central stronghold of the Roundheads. Already reports had reached him of Essex preparing for a move towards Oxford, and the King's desire to recall his forces. His march to the north to be effective must be rapid, and it was important to leave a clear route for his return with the Queen. But he had formidable difficulties to contend with at this town; his force, consisting almost entirely of cavalry, was ill-adapted for a siege, and the wall of the Cathedral Close was far too strong to feel any effect from the few light guns that the Cavaliers possessed: Rousewell, the Roundhead governor, was a vigilant and able soldier, and his troops were all tried men, of proved valour and fanaticism. Prince Rupert's ardour was only stimulated by these obstacles to his success, yet his mea-

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can be any good come of it. They want money extremely in the Earl of Essex's army, which, if it be not speedily supplied, will, I hear, disband; they seem to say that money-lenders fear accommodation, which would nullify their security. Prince Maurice is at Tewkesbury, and Sir William Waller at Gloucester. The Welchmen (we hear) would not rise in Monmouthshire, because my Lord Herbert had the command of that county, and professed that they had rather perish than be under the power of a Papist.

We have here still the same governors [*i. e.* I presume, Parliamentary Commissioners] your Highness left us. I shall send another messenger to your Highness to-morrow or the next day and ever remain, Your Highness's most humble servant,

Oxon, 10th April, 1643. EDWARD NICHOLAS.

sures shewed discretion as well as daring. He withdrew his men from their unavailing and dangerous positions, and wrote to Hastings, who was familiar with the country, to collect for him a body of miners from the collieries. Hastings replies as follows :—

COLONEL HENRY HASTINGS TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

Upon my coming hither, having information from some [spies] I employed into the Close yesterday, I wrote for some such miners from Norton or Cannock, or thereabouts, as your Highness would have, who are as skilful as any, and fifty in number. I conceive them [illegible, probably, "sufficient"] but, if you please, I will send for a hundred more to-morrow night; they are within seven miles of Lichfield, and shall be within a mile of the town by ten o'clock this morning, at which hour I will attend your Highness, with quarters made, whither shall be brought provisions of all sorts, or any thing else you will command Your humble and faithful servant,

Tamworth 7 o'clock, Saturday morning. H. HASTINGS.

The Prince now induced many officers and volunteers from the cavalry, to dismount and assist the few infantry he commanded. "They cheerfully and gallantly complied;"[1] in ten days the moat was drained dry, and two bridges were prepared for the storming party to cross the "graffe," or moat. As soon as this moat was dry, the Prince set the colliers to work to mine the walls, and at the same time sent to Tamworth and other adjacent towns to collect ammunition and stores. The following letter was writ-

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 34.

ten to Major Legge, by Arthur Trevor, who was afterwards employed by the Prince as his news-writer at Oxford :—

FROM ARTHUR TREVOR TO MAJOR LEGGE.

DEAR WILL.,

With no small stir I have awaked the foggy burghers of this place, to set this ammunition going towards your closework at Lichfield. I hope it will come seasonably to you to do your work, wherein we of this place go a great share, for I assure you we have set all we have to venture in this bottom.

. . . From Worcester I hear Tewkesbury is retaken by some force that came up by water from Gloucester, and in the taking of it, Lieutenant-Colonel Winsor and about one hundred more slain. Sir Mathew Cary and Moreton, that were in the town, fled, as I hear, half naked, and those that were there slain were killed at their ease and in bed: so, ever *fatal hath security and love of clean sheets been to the King's army.* The bridge made by Prince Maurice's command, is likewise cut off, and the Prince, himself, thereby left on the other side of the Severn, without any other retreat than by Worcester. I beseech Almighty God to lead his Highness [Prince Rupert] by the hand in all his ways, for he is a most brave prince.

A. TREVOR.

Major Legge was a prisoner, for the second time already in this war, when this letter reached Lichfield. He was also severely wounded, as were Lord Digby, Colonel Gerrard, and Major Wagstaffe; for the garrison fought furiously, and these officers were foremost in encouraging the working parties.[1]

[1] About this time, Lord Capel writes from Whitchurch, that Brereton is near him with a strong force, and Charles Cavendish

On the 14th, Lord Capel writes again, entreating the Prince to fall upon Nantwich. He says, that if his Highness were there they could not fail of success; but that he is "content" to undertake

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writes on the 12th from Grantham, announcing his capture of that town. Secretary Nicholas writes the subjoined news from Oxford, on the 11th :—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

This bearer was kept till this day, that he might bring your Highness the news of these parts; I intend also to send another messenger after him within a day or two at most. We had this morning some alarms, that the Earl of Essex was marching from Windsor; but by a man that came thence lately, I understand that they had not, Saturday last, received any money from London for the soldiers, and so are not like to stir till the end of the week at soonest.

Some horse and foot marched forth of Aylesbury this day towards Northamptonshire; where, in the east side of the county, they begin to rise in great numbers for the King, exclaiming extremely against the Parliament. Prince Maurice is still at Tewkesbury, to meet with Sir William Waller, who (it is said) is not as yet come back over the Severn: his Highness hopes to meet with him in his passage over that river. We meet diligently every day upon the treaty. [Cyphers, implying that the Parliament will yield nothing in their demands, and that there is no chance of a treaty.] We hear that the two Houses have sent to the Earl of Essex to deliver up his commission, and they will give him an honourable recompence, and that they intend to make Mr. Hampden their general, but of this we have no other certainty than that they are very much discontented at the [delays?] of the Earl of Essex. The truth is, they justly apprehend that they shall not be able to go through with the business of the loan; without which they shall want money to support the charge of this rebellion, and seem very much offended that their general doth not more unadvisedly assault the king's forces.

We have had a rumour here that your Highness hath taken Lichfield, and are removed towards Manchester. God prosper you with a good success wherever you go, so prayeth affectionately,

Sir, your Highness's most humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

Oxon, 11th April, 1643.

To this I must add another "letter of news," as it is endorsed,

the enterprise alone, with his two thousand horse and foot. And now the King writes thus pressingly, on the 15th. On the same day an assault was ordered; there was no time to be lost in mere operations:—

"NEPHEW,

"I thought it most necessary to advertise you, that the rebels have attacked Reading; not to recall you, though I could be content ye were here, but to desire you to hasten northward, that you may send

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addressed also, I presume, from Oxford to William Legge, who seems to have acted as the Prince's secretary and confidant.

SIR,

Since I find you appear not here according to your promise, I send you the Mercurius, and do begin to suspect that you have altered your resolution. On Tuesday last the King went hence to Lamborne, where the rendezvous was intended to be at night,—my Lord Willmott and Hopton having been there on Monday, in expectation of the foot and cannon from Oxford. We hear that Waller besieged the castle of Winchester, and that Sir William Ogle had a plot to betray it; but it was discovered by Morley, who instantly clapt up Ogle close prisoner, and with his own hands took the pains to cord him neck and heels together. We hear now that Waller hath left Winchester, and is marched towards Southton; if so, there will be little probability to fight with him. The Queen intends to march on Monday next, if carriages come in to remove her: it is said that she will come to Shrewsbury or Chester, but this is not believed at all by many. The Earl of Essex hath surrendered all his old army to Waller, and is to have a new recruit, one of the trained bands of London and auxiliaries there. He is but beginning to raise as yet, so let him make what haste he can, he will be three weeks or a month before he can be ready to draw out in the field. The King is expected to town to-night; I know nothing more, but yet I am particularly and faithfully

Your most humble servant, RICHARD MASON.

[Oxford?] 11th April, 1643.

the powder and matches which I have sent for to the Earl of Newcastle, for I may be distressed for want of such munition. I write not this to make you raise your siege, but that you lose no more time in it than you must needs. I suppose that this direction needs no ways retard my wife's coming, for though she should not be so soon ready, I believe ye have wherewithal to do both. It is but to send the munition a little way before, by Lancashire or Cheshire at the worst. So, praying God to bless you, and hoping for good news from you, I rest

"Your loving uncle and faithful friend,

"CHARLES R."

Oxford, 15th April, 1643.

On the following day, one of the Lichfield garrison thus describes its state :[1]—

All the news I can write is, how bravely our men behaved themselves at Lichfield, in the Close, against Prince Rupert. He hath fought against it ever since the 10th, and can do no good. He lay shooting against it for five days and could not make a breach, whereupon he caused the colliers to come in with their pickaxes to undermine, but could not for the rock and water. So he sent for all the ladders within eighteen miles, intending to scale. But in the scaling, our men killed eight of his men and took one, which they hanged three yards from the wall, like a sign, and bid Prince Rupert shoot him down. Then Prince Rupert swore, "God d—— him, he would not give one man quarter." But the next day he sent a

[1] Copy of a letter sent from a captain, in Lichfield, to his wife in London, bearing date April 16.—*King's Collect., British Museum*, civ. 13.

trumpeter to the Close to know if they would yield on quarter.... Then our men did ring all the bells in defiance.... Since I writ this letter I hear Prince Rupert is slain, but I do not know the certainty of it.[1]

[1] The following letter was received by Prince Rupert during the siege of Lichfield. To such letters as *these* the Parliament never gave circulation; and, had the Prince always acted upon such advice as this contains, the task of his biographer had been a more grateful one. Only an abstract is given of the intermediate passages; even these, to say the truth, are more verbose than one could wish, or suppose that his Majesty had time for.

"April 18, 1643, from the Court at Oxford.

"Trusty and well-beloved nephew, Prince Robert, — We know that your own knowledge and experience can conduct you in all military affairs, and that your loving affection unto us hath been approved by many testimonies, and real demonstrations in your constant and faithful services, personally performed in our war, which we have endeavoured so much to decline seeking, and heartily pursuing after peace, which desires of ours cannot yet be attained. We would have you, therefore, with us, patiently wait the Divine opportunity, which can in a moment settle and compose the universal distractions of our kingdom, and by no means seek to anticipate Divine revenge on our subjects." [He is persuaded that a great part of his subjects lament the disturbed state of the kingdom, and long for these divisions to be closed]; "but as the first steps are the hardest, so they cannot at once find out the means of doing so. And we wish that our people had never been so far blinded and drawn into false opinions of us and our true intents, (as we shall answer one day, if it be our own faults, before the high Tribunal,) that we must use so sharp a medicine as the sword to cure their malady and their deceived understandings, and that ungrounded opinions should prevail amongst them. After all, our former Royal expressions and pathetical implorations of Heaven as the constant witness of our thoughts and actions.... And as after the merciless battle of Edgehill we gave you, our nephew, and all our soldiers, most hearty thanks for the great valour and loyal services that day personally expressed; but yet withal we told you, that we were sorry there had been so much effusion of blood, and that all in both armies were our subjects, for whose loss in that merciless battle we were exceedingly and deeply grieved, so we would have you, and all others that employ their endeavours to do us service in an hostile manner, to mingle severity with mercy,

The Cavaliers were not discouraged, however; the "rock and water" were overcome, and while the garrison reposed in fancied security, the mine was charged with five barrels of powder. During the day preparations were made for the assault, and in the evening the mine was sprung;[1] the storming party

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that your and their carriage and behaviour towards our subjects may gain upon their opinions, and take their affections rather than their towns; that they may know our army is the power of the King, armed, not to their destruction but conversion; and, therefore, we lovingly charge and desire you, our affectionate nephew, to look on our people as subjects capable of reclaiming, though now misled." [He charges Prince Rupert to imitate the conduct of a father] "who declares his justice with a compulsive unwillingness," [and gives this precaution on the consideration that hostile forces are daily gathering together, and declares his will and pleasure that Prince Rupert] "and all our commanders deal with as much courtesy and humanity with all our other subjects on the contrary part, as if all our performances and actions in hostile manner were by them necessitated and not by us desired." "Do you, therefore, good nephew, by your managing all affairs in this civil war, teach our people to be undeceived in us their merciful King. Let your fair actions make it appear that you are no Malignant, no 'evil counsellor.'" "And as you have begirt and beseiged our city of Lichfield, so have a care of spilling innocent blood, which is amongst them, but spare where you may destroy, save where time and opportunity gives advantage. Let our subjects, if they will or desire it, have free quarters and march with bag and baggage forth of our city, provided they do not use any outrages, or offer violence to the said town; and hereof fail not, as you desire the good of us, who desire nothing more than the good, happiness, and peaceable government of our kingdom, and not the effusion of the blood of our subjects, mercy being the brightest attribute of a king. C. R.

"P. S.—Your Highness may understand by this letter his Majesty's real intention how your princely thoughts ought to be steered in your resolution, and in all your warlike affairs and enterprises. Sir, I am yours to command,

From the Court at Oxford, April 18, 1643. "EDWARD NICHOLAS."

[1] "The first mine ever sprung in England," says the writer of Prince Rupert's Diary.

rushed eagerly in through the smoking ruins, but they were met by an impassable barricade within, whilst a deadly flanking fire was poured in upon their dense column with terrible effect. Colonel Usher, who led the stormers, was killed, and no man lived who passed the barrier. The recall was at length sounded, and the artillery brought to bear on the defences within the breach; then the besieged hoisted their white flag. The Prince sent Hastings into the Close to treat and to receive hostages, but as he did not return that night, the Prince became impatient; once more the shattered scaling-ladders were advanced, and orders were given for a general assault at daylight. But when daylight came, the white flag was still flying, and soon afterwards Hastings returned with the required hostages. The garrison marched out with all the honours of war, "colours flying, trumpets sounding, and matches lighted;" and the Prince, who was always ready to forget hostility towards an enemy in admiration of his gallantry, heartily complimented Colonel Russel[1] on the courage he had displayed. When the Cavaliers entered that long contested Close, however,

[1] "Lichfield was attacked by Prince Rupert; at that time it was commanded by Captain Rousewell,* a steady governor over an enthusiastic garrison. He defended the place with vast resolution; at length the garrison gave up on the most honourable conditions. Colonel Rousewell took care to plunder the cathedral of the communion plate, during the time the fanatics were in possession. They used every species of profanation; hunted a cat in it with hounds, to enjoy the fine echo from the roof, and

* Rousewell is, I believe, meant for Russell.

they found greater cause for indignation than any hostility could have excited: every outrage that

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brought a calf, dressed in linen, to the font, and sprinkled it with water, in derision of baptism."*

The state of this cathedral, after so many sieges, may easily be conceived. The honour of restoring it to its former splendour was reserved for John Hacket, presented to this see in 1661. On the very next day after his arrival, he set his coach-horses, with teams, to remove the rubbish, and in eight years' time restored the cathedral to its present beautiful state, at the expense of 29,000*l.*—*Pennant's Journey to London*, ii. 105.

During the time Colonel Henry Bagot commanded at Lichfield, he received the following extraordinary challenge from a Captain Hunt, a Parliamentary commander in Tamworth:—"Bagot, thou son of an Egyptian ——, meet me half the way tomorrow morning; the half-way betwixt Tamworth and Lichfield, if thou darest; if not, I will whip thee whensoever I meet thee. THO. HUNT. Tamworth, December, 1644."

Colonel Bagot met him, and, after a brisk action, whipped the fellow himself into a retreat, and narrowly missed taking him.—*Merc. Aulicus*, p. 1347.

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* Nor was it only at Lichfield, but all over England, that similar excesses prevailed. "The brutal and villanous fanaticism and acts of sacrilege [committed by the Puritans] brought a scandal and odium upon the Reformed religion, and stopped its progress in France and Spain, as their Kings could never have done..... In some churches they baptized horses and swine, in profane mockery of baptism; in others, they broke open the tombs, and scattered about the bones of the dead. At Sudeley [under the brave but ruffianly Massey] they made a slaughter-house of the chancel, cut up the carcases upon the communion-table, and threw the garbage into the vault of the Chandoses. At Westminster, the soldiers sat drinking and smoking at the altar, and lived in the abbey, committing every kind of indecency there, which the Parliament saw and permitted. No cathedral escaped without injury; painted windows were broken, statues pulled down or mutilated, carvings demolished, and organs sold piecemeal for the value of the materials, or set up in taverns. At Lambeth, . . . Scott converted the chapel into a hall; Archbishop Parker's monument was thrown down; his body was taken, not out of his grave alone, but out of his coffin; the lead was sold, and the remains buried in a dunghill."—*Southey's Book of the Church*, p. 473.

Moslem infidels could have devised upon Christian churches had been exercised against Lichfield's noble cathedral by the fanatical Roundheads. But Prince Rupert had little time for such considerations. Already Essex was on his march to besiege Reading, and, three days before, the Prince had received the following urgent letter from the King:—

NEPHEW,

Upon farther debate this day, I have resolved to desire you to come to me with what diligence you may, and with as much force as you can, leaving so much behind you with Colonel Hastings as to defend that country. This, I confess, is somewhat differing from what I wrote to you yesterday, leaving the particular reason of the change to Secretary Nicholas's letter. Nevertheless, we here suppose that what you will leave behind you will be able to do what I wrote concerning the Earl of Newcastle, for powder and match, to whom I have sent another despatch about the same business, with but a little variation. So I rest Your loving uncle and faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

Oxford, 16th April, 1643.

I hope you will have done your work about Lichfield before this can come to you.[1]

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[1] To which was added the following more pressing summons, lest the last might have been intercepted:—

CHARLES R.

Right entirely beloved Nephew, we have this day by Sir James Aunion written to you to hasten hither to us, leaving in our county of Stafford such competent forces as may secure the same; and least that our letter should miscarry, we have thought it necessary, considering how much it imports us to use our utmost endeavours to repel the great forces of the rebels now before Reading, by this express to second our former letters sent to you, desiring you to use all possible diligence to come away

All the hopes of the young Palatine to mark his victorious track to the Queen, by the capture of Birmingham, Lichfield, and Nantwich, and to bring her back in triumph to the King,—all these were at an end: he was forced to return as rapidly as he might to the affrighted Court at Oxford. Every inducement, except that of duty, led him forwards, onward to the north. This letter from Lord Goring, who was now in attendance on the Queen, was received at Lichfield before the surrender:—

LORD GORING TO PRINCE RUPERT.

My Prince,

Though I was in the army when your Highness's favour was sent me by her Majesty, yet I returned soon enough to overtake the first messenger that was to attend you from hence, and let your Highness know that the enclosed excellent piece shall to the press, for a miraculous and spicy consolation to all the remaining brethren of that kind. [This spicy composition has not survived among the Prince's papers.]

That which is more seriously mentioned in your Highness's letter shall be most carefully watched and acted, being that which must be done, and that speedily, or all will be undone; for private interests will out-run and overpress all other considerations of duty and gratitude whatsoever.

Though it is no news, yet it is no small joy to all the servants of you both, to see how rightly the Queen, my admirable mistress, understands and esteems you, past my expressions, the effects whereof will best shew what I say

with so much of the forces there as may with the security of those parties be spared: And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Given at our Court at Oxford, the 16th of April, 1643.

and you deserve. Sir, I am now so torn by misfortune as I blush to present myself to you; but if ever I recover, as I no way despair, your Highness shall find such faith, love, and daring diligence for your service, as shall testify to all the world; and assure yourself, that he lives not is more your servant than, sir,

Your Highness's all-vowed, all-humble, and obedient,

GORING.

York, 18th April, 1643.

The ensuing urgent dispatch from Secretary Nicholas was received on the day of Lichfield's cession. Scarcely was the Royal banner hoisted in the dilapidated Close, when the Prince's trumpet sounded for the march. He left Colonel Henry Bagot, "a son of a good and powerful family in that county," as governor of his new garrison, and set forth. The horses were all well rested, however hard the service of their riders had been,—men and officers working side by side, under a heavy fire in the trenches; and now a march to Oxford was to be made, as fast as zeal and spur could drive them. We must leave them on the road to return to the Court, subjoining one more missive from the anxious and indefatigable Secretary Nicholas.[1]

[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The King sent Whitfield to you with letters the last night, to hasten hither with diligence, and hath commanded me by this bearer, again to desire you to use no delay, for your Highness's coming highly imports his Majesty's safety.

I assure your Highness it is the opinion here, that if [Prince Rupert come not speedily, Reading will be lost. Sir Arthur Aston is past hope of relief.]* Reading is so closely begirt as we

* Cyphers.

Essex had remained so tranquilly in his winter quarters at Windsor that the Court at Oxford began to lose all apprehension of his forces. It was well known, that many of his troops were disaffected to their cause, and almost mutinous for want of pay.[1] A strong garrison, consisting of three thousand soldiers and twenty guns, occupied Reading for the King, under Aston and Fielding, two officers, who were then of good repute. As long as this town held out, Oxford was esteemed to be secure, and the Court fell into its old amusements; and intrigued within the walls in council chamber and boudoir, and followed the chase with hawk and hound over the surrounding campania, as if there was nothing at stake but treasurers' wands and sticks-in-waiting.

When the Lord-General, therefore, was known to

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can get no news from thence. I shall trouble your Highness with no more at present, but the tender of the humble respects of

Your Highness's most humble servant,

Oxford, 21st April, 1643. EDW. NICHOLAS.*

[1] May, Hist. Parl. lib. iii. 35.

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* This letter also was received the day Prince Rupert left Lichfield :—

NEPHEW,

Hearing that my letter, which I wrote on Tuesday last, is intercepted, and fearing that of yesterday may be so too, I have thought it necessary again to desire you to make what haste ye may to me, for many reasons, which (lest this be likewise intercepted) I leave to tell you until our meeting. Ye may tell the country that ye will soon return to them, and for my wife, I will satisfy her. So again I desire you to make haste to

Your loving uncle and faithful friend, CHARLES, R.

Oxford, 21st April, 7 at night.

be on his march, the consternation at Oxford was equal to its former indifference, and the presence of Rupert was ardently desired, as the foregoing letters have expressed. On the 17th of April, Essex sat down before Reading, with an army of sixteen thousand foot and three thousand horse.[1]

The garrison was by no means in good condition to resist such an enemy. Sir Arthur Aston was shrewdly suspected by Lord Clarendon to be disinclined for his office, and the following letter might seem to prove that his suspicions were well-founded. Prince Rupert seems wisely to have encouraged the confidence of all his officers, by which means he derived much annoyance, but was always acquainted with the worst. Thus querulously writes Sir Arthur Aston:—

SIR ARTHUR ASTON TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The enemy is advancing this way: there are four or five regiments of foot in Oakingham with four pieces of cannon, and at Twyford two regiments with twelve pieces of cannon. They say their design is wholly against this place, and I must needs inform your Highness that I have to deal with such people now committed to my command, that I wish when your Highness gave your consent to leave me here behind you, that you had rather adjudged me to have lost my head, for I doubt, with these men, I shall lose it and my reputation both at once. I wish your Highness were but at leisure to draw near unto these parts,

[1] Whitelocke's Memoirs, p. 68; May, Parl. Hist. lib. iii. 35. The latter says the siege began on the 25th; the Pamphlet I have quoted from says the 15th.

or to command me to wait upon you; I should then inform your Highness more particularly of all things. I protest unto your Highness that I am grown weary of my life with perpetual trouble and vexation, and do desire nothing more than the maintenance of your Highness's good opinion, who will live and die,

Your Highness's most humble, and most
obedient servant, ARTHUR ASTON.[1]

Reading, this 12th in the morning,
at 6 of the clock.

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[1] This letter may be worth notice, as exculpating Sir Arthur Aston, at least in part, from Lord Clarendon's insinuation.

FROM SECRETARY NICHOLAS TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have received your Highness's letters, and presented both your own and Colonel Hastings's letters to the King, and do assure your Highness that your present coming hither is so absolutely necessary, as, if it be deferred a day, I verily believe Reading will be lost. Sir Arthur Aston, by an unfortunate fall of a brick from a chimney, which was shot down by the rebels, hath received so great a blow, as he hath kept his bed ever since Tuesday last, and knows no man; but the last night, his skull being opened, he hath expressed more sense, and some hope is conceived that he is not past recovery. The news of this great misfortune hath much encouraged the rebels, and made them adventure nearer the town than they did before. It is here conceived that your Highness's presence would soon disperse them, which I hear occasions the dispatch of this gentleman, Sir Francis Aunion, to you. The officer in the town of Reading sent for a further supply of ammunition, which is preparing to be sent to the town, but will not, without much difficulty, be got in, the town being almost totally environed, there being now at least twelve thousand foot and three thousand horse of the rebels. The Earl of Northumberland did on Tuesday last accuse a member of the Commons House, in the painted chamber, presently after a conference, for having opened his lordship's letters, sent from his lady to him while his lordship was here at Oxon.* This hath bred some difference

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* This was Henry Martyn, whose courage—being by no means equal to his assurance—failed him, when the earl *cudgelled* him not only for opening his letters, but for his insolence.—*Clarendon's Rebellion*, iv. 51.

When Essex appeared before the walls the garrison wrote urgently for assistance, and the King moved forwards with such forces as he could spare to Nettlebed.[1] This one hope was to retire the garrison in safety and withdraw them to Oxford, before the Parliamentary forces could follow in sufficient force to cut them off. Rupert, meanwhile, hastened on with a few servants, and reached the King near Caversham on the second day after the surrender of Lichfield garrison. But Reading had already begun to treat; Aston had been hurt by the falling of a tile, and declined all responsibility: the unhappy Fielding, therefore, incurred all the burden. It was he who offered to parley, at the moment when, unknown to him, the King was advancing to his relief. The Royal forces made a gallant, but unsuccessful attempt to relieve their comrades, which I shall leave the Parliamentary organ to relate:—

On the 15th April, being Saturday, late at night, we sat down before Reading. The next morning, on Sun-

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between the two Houses. I write not in cypher, because I believe Mr. Percy may be gone towards my Lord of Newcastle, for that I received no letters from him by the express that arrived here this day. I beseech your Highness to hasten hither, or I very much apprehend the rebels will prevail, they being very numerous. I pray God to preserve and prosper your Highness in all your enterprises; so prayeth earnestly, Sir,

Your Highness's most humble servant, Edw. Nicholas.

Oxford, 26th April, 1643.

P.S.—It were much better the county of Stafford, than the town of Reading, were lost, as things now stand.

[1] There is a long letter in cypher from Nicholas, of the 23rd, stating that the King is gone to Wallingford to meet his forces.

day, as usual, by sun-rising, the fight began very hot on both sides, and so continued two days and nights, and after that somewhat abated, which temperance was on their part necessitated through want of powder, which the enemy supplied by a barge in the night, though but in small quantities; for on Friday night they attempted to relieve it in the same way, with fifteen hundred men, but with five hundred men of ours we beat them back again. At the Lord's day, at night, we beat up their quarters at Dorchester, eight miles out of Oxford, with a party of horse, took one hundred horse and fifty foot, and killed some without any loss at all. On Tuesday morning the Reading men hung out their white flag for a parley, we sent them three hostages and they sent us three, to treat about the yielding up of the town; and as they have ever done, while they were treating, the King came with all his forces, both horse and foot, and dragoons and cannons, on the other side of the water, and fell in upon ours, where we had but one regiment of foot; notwithstanding this advantage, yet whether it was the storm [for there was a great one], or our bullets, our men soon got it from them; they were in three hours routed, had a hundred men and some of their chief commanding officers slain, and four hundred wounded: we took three hundred arms, and pursued them, so that they retreated faster than they came; we lost but six men.[1]

[1] Pamphlet in King's Collection, vol. cv. No. 4. London, 1643. "SIR, — This is to certify you of a truth that the King came to Dorchester on Tuesday last, and the town of Reading was delivered on Thursday at noon. They were to march out with bag and baggage, with colours displaying, with about three thousand soldiers, with four small drums and ten waggons. The Earl of Essex, about three of the clock, entered the town with Colonel Hampden and Serjeant-Major Skippon to view it, and three of their commanders came to view our army; and, it is supposed, that ours will advance after them, for our men were very eager to fall on them as they marched out; but to satisfy them the Lord-General promised to give the soldiers twelve shillings a piece,

When our forces entered the town, the butchers' stalls were full of meat, plenty of beer and wine in all taverns and alehouses, seventy quarterns of oats in the town and fifty quarterns of wheat in one place; twenty barrels of powder in one house, ten pieces of ordnance. The soldiers speaking to each other from each side the approaches; the Cavaliers called our men Parliament dogs, our men calling them Prince Rupert's Roundheads, &c., which name they could not endure to hear.

When the flag of truce was set up, and the time not expired, divers of the commanders resolved to sally out and join the King's forces, who were engaged with our men outside the walls, but Colonel Fielding told them, "if the King himself should come and knock at the gates and command him to do it, he would not forfeit his honour, and the faith he had pledged during the truce."

I must not omit to add the following characteristic anecdote:—

Prince Rupert sent to his Excellency [Essex] to enquire the name of a gentleman, who, eagerly pursuing the Cavaliers towards Caversham, was encountered by O'Neale and another great soldier; he fought with them both, shot O'Neale in the thigh, dismounted the other gentleman, and wounded him, but more horse of the King's coming into their rescue, he was forced to retreat. The modesty of this person is such, that it seems he desires rather to be known by his actions than his name, for as yet it is not known who he was.[1]

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which is to be paid on May the 1st; but he is very unwilling to let many of his soldiers enter the town, lest it should be undermined, till they have made farther search: our regiment is quartered in the outworks. The King is returned this day to Oxford."—*Extract of a letter from "Dick Alexander to his Cousin," camp at Reading, April* 27, 1643, *King's Collection*, vol. cv. No. 5.

[1] The Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer, April 25; May 2, 1643.

After this repulse, Colonel Fielding escaped from the closely leaguered town, and demanded permission from the King, in the presence of Prince Rupert, to accept for his garrison the enemy's conditions—that the Royal forces should be free to march out with all the honours of war. Lord Clarendon states that the King gladly assented to these terms, on which the town was surrendered on the following morning, the 27th of April. As the garrison marched out through the enemy's guards, they were not only "reviled and reproachfully used, but many of them disarmed, and most of the waggons plundered, in the presence of Essex himself and his chief officers, who seemed much offended, but not able to prevent it. As this breach of the articles was very notorious and inexcusable, so it was made the rise, foundation, and excuse for barbarous injustice of the same kind during the greater part of the war; insomuch, that the King's soldiers afterwards, when it was their part to be precise in the observation of an agreement, mutinously remembered the violation at Reading, and thereupon exercised the same licence." This passage from Lord Clarendon's history, is remarkable as being echoed by the Parliamentary historian Whitelocke, who similarly relates and deplores the fact.

This conquest proved of small moment to the Parliament; their soldiers had been promised twelve shillings each, in lieu of plundering the town, and this, remaining unpaid, was added to their arrears of pay:

"the great magazine of Guildhall was already quite consumed."[1] In addition to this grievance, a direful fever spread rapidly through the now crowded town, and still further paralyzed the slow movements of Lord Essex. Hampden had proposed to advance at once upon Oxford, but the Lord-General had no mind to that enterprize, and the Court was left to its own devices, one of which was the trial of Fielding, and condemning him to death for the surrender of his charge.[2]

The Queen continued tranquilly at York, during all this anxious time, and Lord Goring writes the following, careless, and amusing letter, from her head-quarters, on the very day of the fight before Reading:—

LORD GORING TO MR. HENRY PERCY.[3]

My Partner,

Though the last messenger called not for this enclosed, which only presented your due to you, my love and service, yet send it I must, to let you see I was not unmindful, though unuseful, which being bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh.

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[1] May, Parl. Hist. iii. 38.

[2] This brave but irresolute officer had incurred the stern sentence justly, according to strict military law: he had disobeyed his orders. He was pardoned, however, without much grace; "his regiment was given to another," and he resolved to serve as a volunteer; in this capacity he fought desperately throughout the war, wherever danger was most rife, but in vain, "so difficult a thing is it to play an after-game of reputation, in that nice and jealous profession of arms."—*Clarendon's Rebellion*, iv. 47.

[3] Of army plot notoriety.

Her Majesty will best tell you her own resolutions, whilst I shall our desires; and those are, that she stir not southward till things are better prepared for her coming, and we better prepared for her conveyance, which will not be long a doing, after some few days that we fall a sweeping away the rubbish crowded in two or three holes of this country, that only obstruct, no way endanger us. Within a few days I shall send you somewhat of more importance to this; but, in the interim, the "Nonsuch," the "Flying horse," and "the Bull," [probably three tavern signs] must not be forgotten; and so goodnight, my dear partner, from your's as your own.

GORING.

York, April 22, 1643, late.
For my dear partner Mr. Henry Percy.

He writes again the same day to Prince Rupert, with an account of the northern army that must be greatly exaggerated. If the Earl of Newcastle could muster nearly twenty-thousand "well-armed men," there was no force of the enemy's, between York and Oxford, that could have opposed him:—

LORD GORING TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MY PRINCE,

By my last your Highness will find my humblest acknowledgments for your most singular remembrances of so unuseful a servant, though the same will not come to your hands till now; thanks to him that promised to call for it, but did not.

We, here, are not a little perplexed at your Highness's return [to Oxford] before we can have the honor to see you, and you the happiness, which I know your generous heart most thirsts after, to deliver our sacred mistress where by all right and merit she ought to be.

Howsoever, I doubt not but we shall soon follow you,

and let the world see that our voluntary stop at Leeds was to gain a greater advantage by a little more patience.

Your Highness may be confident that we are in a far better posture here than the scouts generally believe us. Sixteen thousand strong and well armed, (whereof near three thousand horse, besides dragoons and two thousand more foot now coming to us, lately raised though not armed, which by the next passage will be supplied.)

Her Majesty will account best to your Highness for the time of her remove. My Lord-General will return to-morrow, and then we shall to it roundly; upon the success whereof your Highness shall be further importuned by your Highness's all-faithful and most obedient servant,

GORING.

York, 22nd April, 1643, very late.

It was now impossible for Rupert to move towards the north, whilst Essex threatened Oxford in such force as might have been irresistible, but for the jealousies and want of money that began to prevail in London and in the camp. The Prince, however, was not idle. With all the most active of his cavalry he scoured the adjacent counties: those to the eastward afforded a desirable field for his forage in every respect; they were surrounded by fine open plains, very wealthy in provisions, and Roundhead in principle. Such a system of guerilla warfare was but too exciting to his young and ardent Cavaliers; the most romantic adventures served to vary the more ordinary exploits by which they enriched themselves and provided for their troops: a sense of danger and retaliation attending every expedition seemed to them to ennoble their undertak-

ings, and refine an occupation that otherwise savoured too much of simple freebooting. Most of their *raids* were either defensive or in the way of reprisal, as the subjoined letter may prove,[1] and every success served to check the promotion of the Parliamentary cause. Whatever the objects, the cavalry trumpets were generally sounding at sundown, and the Cavaliers soon after were careering across the country to "beat up some rebel quarter," to intercept some convoy, or to levy a contribution on some uncivil town. Often the old pavements of Tring, Wycombe, Watford, and such isolated places, rang to the clatter of the Royal troopers, startling the burghers from their midnight sleep; and soon afterwards, with hose and doublet hastily arranged, the responsible authorities were hurried before the commanding officer and obliged to furnish such matters as he demanded; or to follow him, at speed,

[1] FROM LORD CRAUFURD TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have certain intelligence of a party of the enemy that are within some fifteen miles of my quarters, towards Newbury, and they plunder all, and take away horse and men: they are, as I hear, not above one hundred and fifty. If your Highness please to give me leave, I will give you an account of them. If some dragoons might be spared to go with my horse, I should be glad, but if it may not be with convenience, I shall go with those horse I have. I crave pardon of your Highness for this boldness. I am Your Highness's most humble servant,

CRAUFORD.

Farringdon, this 5th May, 1643.

P.S.—I received this intelligence from one that was prisoner with them.

behind a steel-clad trooper, back to his head-quarters. Before the morning light the invaders would be far away, or the last glitter of their armour just seen upon the remote horizon. Yet, it is evident that even these expeditions were conducted, if I may say so, in something of a gentlemanlike manner; otherwise we should hear more of their excesses from the Parliamentary organs: they are sufficiently unscrupulous in their assertions and abusiveness, yet they relate singularly few acts of outrage, and scarcely any of atrocity. In the German wars, thousands of villages were laid in ruins, and the country left desolate; but in the very heat of the English war the population continued to increase, wealth on the whole accumulated, and the judges went their circuits, gravely administering justice in the midst of violence.[1]

The Roundheads were by no means behind hand with the Cavaliers in keeping up the spirit of the

[1] The judges of sessions of Oyer and Terminer had been temporarily suspended by the Parliament, as the Great Seal was alone supposed to give authority for assizes. The King only issued commissions to such judges as were of his own party, and had issued a proclamation during this Lent for holding the Easter term of law at Oxford, instead of Westminster. But at length the Parliament got over the great difficulty about the Seal, by the simple expedient of making one of their own, and thenceforth the assizes went on as usual, through the remainder of this solemn and stately war,—the law being still reverenced in its visible functionaries by the combatants on either side,—Justices Heath and Reeves for the King; Maynard, Glynn, and Wylde, for the Parliament, held assize in the districts acknowledging the government of the Crown or the Democrats.—*May, Parl. Hist.* iii. 52; *Clarendon's Rebellion; Lord Nugent.*

war: they were almost as frequently assailants as assailed. The subjoined letter details one out of many of the local skirmishes that history takes no note of:—

PHILIP WILLOUGHBY TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have received a command from my Lord of Northampton to have waited on your Highness if you were in town, if elsewhere to dispatch one presently to attend your Highness with an account of his yesterday's action; there came towards Banbury from Northampton four troops of horse, six or seven hundred foot, one piece of cannon of six pound bullet, all which came within half a mile of the town of Banbury. My Lord having only thirteen troops of horse with him, resolved to charge them, in which it hath pleased God that my Lord hath taken three hundred prisoners, killed above a hundred in the place, wounded most of the rest, took the cannon, all the ammunition, as many arms gathered up as four carts could bring, all which is in Banbury; all the foot officers taken or slain, but the horse as usually, made haste away, yet many of them came short home: my Lord lost not of all his company above three men, so, humbly taking leave, I rest, Sir,

Your Highness's most humble servant,

PHILIP WILLOUGHBY.

Oxford, 7th May, 1643,
7 o'clock in the morning.

The same sort of skirmishing was going on everywhere; but everywhere Rupert or his orders were waited for in the first instance.[1]

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[1] LORD CRAWFORD TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The messenger I sent to Newbury is returned, and the former account I gave your Highness stands good, and I hear they

The following letter is descriptive of a more formal species of plunder, that was carried on under the name of levies, for the support of the Royal troops. Lord Northampton, with honest indignation, inveighs against the sufferings of his tenantry:—

THE EARL OF NORTHAMPTON TO PRINCE RUPERT.

SIR,

I made bold to trouble your Highness before, concerning Colonel Croker's threatening to plunder Braiks and some other towns thereabouts: I likewise signified unto your Highness the unreasonable sums he required of the constabulary of Braiks, which is too great a sum for them to bear; they being, as before I wrote, very willing to do anything that lay in their powers for the advantage of the King's service. Sir, I have raised some troops which have been in service, and now these quarters lying conveniently, either for them to quarter in, or to fetch provision from, and mightily complaining of Croker's hard usage, I thought good to acquaint your Highness with it. Besides, Sir, if they pay that sum which he exacts, a great share will fall to my part to pay, besides the hindrance of my tenants' rents, which I do believe is contrary to your Highness's intents, being that I have devoted myself and all my fortune to his Majesty's service. Sir, I know that Croker hath given you misinformation, I shall desire to

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lie scattered from within four miles of Reading to Malmesbury, along the border of Hampshire. If your Highness think fit, I conceive, with a few forces more than I have, all their quarters may be beaten up that way; I am ready to march according as your Highness shall direct: I shall wait on your Highness's orders at what rendezvous you shall direct. Thus waiting for your Highness's orders, and craving your Highness's pardon, I humbly take my leave. Your Highness's

Most faithful servant, CRAUFORD.

7th May, 1643.

know your Highness's pleasure, as soon as conveniently you can, for none shall be more ready to obey your commands than your Highness's

Most humble and faithful servant,
NORTHAMPTON.

Banbury, May 8, 1643.

SIR,—To prevent any farther inconveniences, I desire your Highness would be pleased to send a protection under your hand for my tenants in the constabulary of Braiks, and for the town of Long-Compton, which is mine; well-affected, being both towns.

The next letter is somewhat lengthy, but it contains some matter that will interest historians as well as the general reader. It would appear from this, that Rupert has been discontented at the interference of the courtier Lords in military affairs; that the King endeavours to listen to and conciliate, at the same time, his impetuous nephew, and nephew's enemies: it also appears that grave and sober Mr. Nicholas takes Prince Rupert's part:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The King hath given orders that Dr. Owen (who is Sir Gilbert Gerard's kinsman) shall have the [illegible] according as your Highness, by your letter to his Majesty desired, and have accordingly given warrant for it. Albeit, I am a Wiltshire man, yet I was never thought worthy to be trusted or acquainted with the proceedings for the West country, which I conceived had been settled and agreed on by your Highness's advice, or, at least, with your privity and approbation. Since I now know your Highness's pleasure, I shall do my best to satisfy your expectations; but your Highness knows I am none of the close

committee at Court, but such news, as I shall know of, I shall take the boldness to communicate to your Highness. The munition from the north will be this night at Banbury, there is come with it one thousand foot, and five troops of horse (besides those of Lincolnshire, Rutlandshire, and Colonel Hastings, which are to be dismissed, *i. e.* relieved and sent back to their own quarters from Banbury): the rest are all to stay there for ought that I hear, and the King tells me as Colonel Feilding remains still a [illegible, probably "dishonoured" or "suspected"] man here. Sir James Mills was lately shot by an officer upon a private quarrel; and the last night Lieutenant Cranefeild was wounded by one Captain Hastings upon the like occasion. There is here no punishment, and therefore nothing but disorder can be expected. The Duke of Richmond comes with the convoy and munition, and will be here to-morrow, as I believe. The King saith he conceived your Highness had been acquainted with the forces appointed for the west, touching which Colonel Bamfeild is to attend your Highness: his Majesty intends, as it seems, no more foot shall go, but only Colonel Bamfeild's regiment, which are about two hundred and fifty men, and without those their ordnance and munition cannot go safe. As for the men of Colonel Langford's, they are to be punished that shall quit him; and any officer or other that shall debauch them, or any other of the King's soldiers from their proper officer. Bamfeild saith that, if any of Langford's or any other men of the army come to him he will not entertain them, though some of them have heretofore been of his regiment. The King is much troubled to see your Highness discontented, and I could wish that some busy-bodies would not meddle as they do with other men's offices, and that the King would leave every officer respectively to look to his own proper charge, and that his Majesty would content himself to overlook all men to see that each did their duties in their proper places, which would give

abundant satisfaction, and quiet those that are jealous to see some men meddle, who have nothing to do with affairs. There is a (speech) as if there had been discovered by Prince Maurice a design to have betrayed Worcester, but I have not any certainty of this; but since I see treachery, though not in request, yet not punished, I am apt to believe that traitors will multiply. The Earl of Essex, I hear, hath sent to his confidant, the Earl of Dorset, concerning the exchange of some prisoners, but I cannot learn that there is any thing done in it. There is one Ra. Skipwith, lately sent, as I hear, from certain Lords at London to the Queen, who came to this place Monday last; he is said to be a messenger for peace, but I know nothing of his business; I pray it may be so, that we may be preserved from treachery.

I hear that there will be this night, at Reading, 20,000*l.* (if it came not the last night thither) for payment of the soldiers, upon receipt of which, it is expected at London that the Earl of Essex should approach this place or some of his Majesty's quarters. I fear I have too much transgressed, for which I humbly beg your Highness's pardon, being most affectionately,

Sir, your Highness's most humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

Oxford, 11th May, 1643.

Notwithstanding the state of things alluded to in this letter, Lord Clarendon asserts, that the Court of Oxford was now in high spirits, and that the Parliament was sorely pressed by want of money, and the importunity of the people for a peace. Every day the Cavaliers, becoming more fearless with every exploit, pushed their attacks closer to the walls of London, "they took many prisoners, who thought

themselves secure, and put them to ransoms for good sums of money; and this they did by night marches, through unfrequented ways, often very near London." Some of these exploits, and the impressions that they and their actors left upon the mind of a gallant and gentle mind, are detailed in the following interesting letter :—

LORD WENTWORTH TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

We came this morning betimes to Winslow, but they were gone before we came, nor as it proved, was it indeed other ways likely, for they were only a sort of country people that never were settled there, but sometimes when they gathered together did use to quarter there; some few of the stragglers were killed, but we found no considerable proportion either of arms or ammunition, nor horses, they having driven away them all almost, and having had timely notice enough to disperse themselves in safety with their arms. *Our men are not very governable, nor do I think they will be, unless some of them be hanged, for they fall extremely to the old kind of plundering*, which is neither for their good nor his Majesty's service: this consideration makes Sir John Byron and myself very weary of this employment, so that if there intervene no other accident, we hope and intend to return your Highness's troops into their old quarters by to-morrow night: we have already driven a few sheep and some few cattle, from a knight, that is notoriously known to be ill-affected to the King's service. I am informed we shall find some more such to-morrow in our journey home, we shall do the like from them, but I think we can not be ill-natured enough to do it to any but such. This is all I have to trouble your

Highness with, also I humbly take my leave, and rest your Highness's most humble and most obedient servant,

THOMAS WENTWORTH.

Buckingham, 15th of May,
4 of the clock in the afternoon.

The arrival of the ammunition, as related in the letter from Secretary Nicholas, was of great importance, as the King's supply was running very low. Favourable accounts came at the same time from the Royal army in the west, where Lord Hertford, Prince Maurice, and Sir Ralph Hopton, had joined their forces,[1] and commenced a campaign that endured for nearly two years, with equally-balanced vicissitudes of fortune. At this period, Sir William Waller had been despatched westwards to counteract the rising forces under Hopton; and Lord Hertford, with Prince Maurice, was soon afterwards[2] despatched to support the latter. Thus, the two young Palatines parted, seldom to meet again, until the cause had been fought out to its last embers.

The next letter of interest that I find, is from Lord Wentworth. With this, and one from Lord Crauford, I shall conclude these illustrations of the mode of warfare to which brave and honourable men felt obliged to lend themselves. It will be observed that Lord Wentworth, whilst he apologises for his

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[1] May, Parl. Hist. iii. 52.

[2] On the 18th of May, as appears from one of Secretary Nicholas's letters to Prince Rupert.

own severity, also deprecates the Prince's censure on account of it.

LORD WENTWORTH TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

By the importunity of the under-sheriff and some others here of the country, we were persuaded to stay in these parts yet this day; and though we have gotten the King but little by our plundering, yet I think we have so much terrified the country that I believe the King's warrants will be much more current now than they were. We marched this morning to a little village called Great Horwood, where we were informed there were divers countrymen gathered with arms, but before we came they were gone. The people that were left we compounded with, not to plunder them for a hundred pounds, which we have disposed of to the inferior officers of every regiment. Then we went to Swanburne, where divers people of the village, and indeed all that stayed were got up into the church with their arms. We sent to them to bid them come down, and lay down their arms, and they should suffer no prejudice, neither in their persons nor goods; and threatened if they did not, that we would fire the town about them, and force them out of the church. We sent this message to them thrice, with some entreaties once, by Colonel Kirke; but they would not obey; upon this, we fired the village, and at last forced them out of *the church, and took their arms. If your Highness think it too great a cruelty in us, I hope you will pardon us: you shall consider that we could not have done otherwise,* unless we would have suffered the affront of coming away, and leaving them behind. While we were doing this, there were some three or four hundred of the enemy appeared upon hills about a mile from us, who retreated when we drew near to them; we judged them to be most of them country people. To-

morrow we intend, God willing, to be at home, and indeed the troops have need of rest, for they are extremely harassed and wearied. Sir, I beseech you pardon the trouble of this long letter, and be pleased to accept of me for your Highness's most humble and most obedient servant,

THOMAS WENTWORTH.[1]

Buckingham, 16th of May.

All this time Essex lay still, partly from want of money, as the note below explains;[2] and partly be-

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[1] As a pendant to this, I add a letter from Lord Crauford, exemplifying the arduous condition in which the inhabitants of the country were placed between the rival political and foraging parties:—

LORD CRAUFORD TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I went abroad yesterday, in the afternoon, with a party of horse and dragoons, having heard of a party of horse of the rebels about Malmesbury, which escaped me very narrowly; however, they took the alarm, got in the town, where there are four hundred musketeers, and a troop or two of horse. On my return I was at Cirencester, where I understood Waller had sent out his orders for bringing in of contribution; but I gave the constables strict order to the contrary, threatening fire and sword if they paid him a penny, and if they did not collect it and pay it to me, according to an order I have from his Majesty to that purpose. I was informed, likewise, that Waller came from Gloucester last night very strong, with eight piece of cannon: it is thought he intends for Cirencester. I shall be ready to obey your Highness's further orders, in expectation of which, I continue your Highness's

Most faithful and most humble servant, CRAUFORD.

Farrington, May the 26th.

[2] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The inclosed came even now from Prince Maurice. I hear from London that Sir Ar. [blotted out, Hazlerig, probably] laboureth all he can to procure money, and to levy men for Sir William Waller, but with little effect. I have advertisement that the 40,000*l.* for the Earl of Essex is not yet gotten, and at that most they will be able to procure for him but the one

cause that the ground round Reading was deeply flooded by spring rains. This inundation, at the same time, protected Oxford from his advances, and increased the sickness which preyed severely on his army in the town. The Lord-General himself, with his staff, held his head-quarters at Caversham, whence he soon afterwards made a move upon Oxford.

Prince Maurice is now in the neighbourhood of Worcester, observing Waller, who declines to come to blows with him,[1] having strict orders to march into Devonshire, and bring the conquering army of the west to immediate action. His highness's troopers intercepted the following letter to Bristol:

THE EARL OF ESSEX TO COLONEL NATHANIEL FIENNES.

SIR,

I have sent you several commissions to your desire. As for the four troops I formerly wrote for whilst Sir

half of that sum. Money is very hard to be gotten at London, notwithstanding their great boast of their taking of Reading, which hath assuredly made a great part of the King's party to fall from him. The King tells me that he hath given directions to Prince Maurice to pursue Waller which way soever he goeth, leaving in Worcester a convenient strength to guard it. I am really, Your Highness's most humble servant,

ED. NICHOLAS.

Oxford, 12th May, 1643.

[1] And yet I find in another letter, dated May 21, 1643, Lord Essex writing to Sir William Waller, "That Prince Maurice and the Marquis are advancing so rapidly, that it is necessary you [*i. e.* Sir William] should join battle with them." For this letter I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Bliss, Principal of St. John's College, the able editor of Antony à Wood's works. Dr. Bliss became possessed of this and many other old MSS., by discovering them in a secret drawer of a valuable antique cabinet.

William Waller attends Prince Maurice, and the Marquis of Hertford, I shall willingly spare them, but when he leaves you and doth advance for Devonshire, our want of horse is so great that it is my desire that they be forthwith sent to the army.

I hope ere this you have made some example of some of the Bristol traitors, and put others to a fine and ransom.

Your faithful friend,

ESSEX.

From my quarter at Cowsham, this 27th of May, 1643.

For my honoured friend Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes,
Governor of Bristol, these with speed.
Haste, haste, post-haste.

After all this military turmoil, it is almost refreshing to turn back to more peaceful scenes, and catch a glimpse of the widowed Queen of Bohemia, who still continues to reside at the Hague. Mr. Dingley, of whom we shall again hear, was at this time, I believe, gentleman of the Household to Prince Rupert's mother: his letter is without address, but was probably forwarded to the Prince by its recipient, as containing some interesting intelligence, together with much edifying exhortation:—

FROM THOMAS DINGLEY, IN THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA'S HOUSEHOLD, TO ———

SIR,

You will not marvel, that all the sap of our friendship is sunk into the root, whilst the blossoms thereof are nipped, and the fruit blasted, by these public storms and interruptions. I have seen it written from good hands, that there is neither faith nor friend left in England, and yet I know you are there; but if it be true, we are near those last times foretold us, that faith should hardly be found upon the earth: and the last treaty at Oxford,

wherein there scanted neither temper nor wisdom, seemed to break upon this point, that there was no faith nor trust betwixt them; for in other things they were agreed. Now, where no trust is there can be no treaty, contract, nor dealing, betwixt men; and such differences cannot be ended by human wisdom, but must be left to Divine Providence, which overruleth the realms and states of men. Upon this ground, I am silent in these great controversies; blessing God, to find a shelter in these countries, from the rage and unreasonableness of men: if any have the gift of prophecy, they may tell us what the issue of these troubles may be; but by what degrees, they are come to this extremity, I know none fitter than yourself, to deduce in history, for you have seen the spring of these bitter waters, which are now turned into blood.

Our gracious Mistress hath her part (as who hath not) in these public sufferings: it is upon a full year that her entertainments hath been stopped, and I believe that she fareth the worse for the impetuousness of Prince Rupert, her son, who is quite out of her government. The Prince Elector is here, and all his sisters, and his two other brothers, are returned into France, after their peregrination over Italy; if it please God to change the scene in Germany, here will be Princes enough to act their parts.

For ourselves, I know not how we can employ our private condition better than by observing the errors of the world, to seek after truth, and, having found it, to hold it fast, as the treasure of our lives, present and eternal: and let this be our comfort, that we have as near a way, and as free access to the author and fountain of truth, as all the powers and potentates far above us. I am doubtful, whether this may come to your hands or no, but I am encouraged by Mr. Balmford, that his cousin Obeston knoweth a certain conveyance. Nothing else but the want of that has kept me thus long from writing.

I forbear to acquaint you with the occurrences of this

place, or of other parts, supposing they are grown insipid to you, who look upon them as the fruits and events of human error; you can easily guess at the vicissitudes of times, and never stir from your retreat at Polsworth, they come and go, and stop and alter, according to the great wheel of providence. All I labour for is to fix these flexible motions, by an inward constancy, or, at least, not to be engaged in the designs of others, which might be repugnant to the will of God.

I beseech you present my humble service to my good lady. You are happy in one another; and now I find, that a loving couple is all the world;—and if you please to entertain such a kind of moral correspondence, I shall be ready in that way, or any other you shall direct me, to continue,

Your most affectionate and humble servant,

T. DINGLEY.

Hague, 14th June, 1643.

I shall be pardoned for introducing in this place the following characteristic letter from this heroic Queen, written in her earlier days, when her spirit was yet unbroken by any heavier misfortune than the loss of Bohemia's fatal crown. I have only just become possessed of it, through the kindness of Lord Hastings: otherwise, it should have appeared in the first volume of this work, which has already passed through the press:—

"THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA TO SIR JACOB ASTLEY.

"HONEST LITTLE JACOB,

"This is to assure you, that I was very glad to know by your letter, that you had so good fortune in getting your suit of the King, my brother; I hope

shortly to see you here, for the Prince, [Maurice of Nassau,] means to be very suddenly in the field, and means all shall be cashiered that are not at the rendezvous. Therefore, like a little ape, skip over quickly! Your Colonel swears cruelly, that the Prince will not give him leave now to go to my uncle. His daughter is here, I do not find her changed; I end with this, that I desire you to believe me ever,

"Your most assured friend,

"ELIZABETH."

"I pray, commend me to your wife and daughter and to Sir Jacob Astley."

The Hague, this 4th of May, 1630.

At this period the Court, at Oxford, was much excited by the consciousness of some important secret connected with London, that was reported to be on the eve of restoring the King to his throne, and the courtiers to their old supremacy in the nation. Kate, Lady Aubigny, might be observed to bear a look of importance, that sate amusingly on her sparkling features, saddened as they were by widow's weeds.[1] Suddenly her ladyship disappeared from the Court circle, and it was announced that she had been escorted by some Cavaliers to the

[1] It would seem that these weeds were not so mournfully severe as to hide this fair lady's luxuriant hair, or to prevent it from being curled. Prynne, in his "Histriomastrix," speaks with agony of the "frizzled madams" who affronted his sense of all decorum: how much more must he have denounced the frizzled tresses after having afforded shelter to Waller's plot.

Lord-General's lines, which she had passed under a safe-conduct from the Parliament.[1] A few days afterwards the secret transpired: it was Waller's Plot, which was detected by the vigilance and denounced by the eloquence of Pym on the 31st of June. The Lady Aubigny had taken to London the King's commission of array, directed to some of the chief citizens of London who were well affected to the Royal cause. This important paper was hidden in the lady's curls, and thereby gave great occasion to the metaphorical preachers and orators to enlarge upon the danger of such ornament, at the expense of all ancient example from Absalom to Medusa. The object of this plot was asserted by Pym to be "the seizure of the Parliament, the City, and the Army; the three vital parts of the kingdom."[2] By the Cavalier party it was maintained to have had for its object simply the encouragement and strengthening of the considerable loyalist section of the Londoners.[3] Whatever the intention of Waller and his associates, the result of the plot was to strengthen the Parliament, and afford them an excuse for imposing the Covenant upon the Houses of Parliament, and their party generally. This "sacred vow and covenant" is an extraordinary document to have been as widely adopted as Parliamentary power and popular pas-

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 65.
[2] Appendix to vol. ii. of Mr. Forster's Statesmen.
[3] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 61 and 76.

sion could extend. Its preamble sets forth, that "a popish army" [meaning the Royal force] "hath been raised for the subversion of the Protestant religion, and the liberty of the subject," and that a horrid design has lately been discovered of divers persons within the City, to join with this army to destroy the Parliament, &c. Therefore, that it is fit that all "true-hearted lovers of their country should bind themselves to each other" by a covenant to the following effect. The Covenanter declares his sorrow for his sins, and his intention to amend the error of his ways: and that he will not consent to lay down his arms so long as the Papists [*i. e.*, the King's party] shall be protected from the justice (!) of the Parliament: and that he will assist the Parliament, and all Covenanters, to the utmost: and all for the sake of the Protestant religion. This Covenant artfully drew in all those who feared to be accused of complicity in the plot, and led them to denounce implacable hostility against the King, under the guise of religious conviction and necessity: it was forthwith, with more or less reluctance, taken by all the members of both Houses and by the army. Then the Parliament proceeded to execution. The Earls of Northumberland and Portland, Lord Conway, and Mr. Waller especially, were esteemed to be the most guilty; but the latter was spared, either for the sake of his £10,000 fine, or of his most abject meanness; and the former three for no apparent cause but that they were lords, and lords who had

long lent their countenance to the Republicans. Tomkins and Challoner, however, were immediately hanged, each opposite his own house; and Hampden, one of the King's messengers, imprisoned until he died: the other humbler conspirators were variously punished, in proportion, not to their guilt, but to their helplessness.[1]

On the 6th of June Prince Rupert received the subjoined letter[2] with respect to the movements of Lord Essex, who, on the 10th, advanced to Tame: the King drew up his army on the hill to the east of Oxford, although many advised him to retire altogether. Prince Rupert's diary, disjointed as it generally is, gives here the following slight account

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[1] Mrs. Hutchinson, p. 146; Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 75; Johnson's Life of Waller; Rushworth's Collection.

[2] SIR LEWIS DIVES TO PRINCE RUPERT.

SIR,

I have now certain intelligence brought me from Reading that the Earl of Essex marched away this morning with all the force he had towards Henley; the baggage and his rear are not yet come thither: after the baggage there were ten troops of horse to march, which had not all past [Causam ?] bridge when the messenger which brought me this news came out of Reading. The chief cause of their moving is supposed to be for fresh quarters, and for the relief of their sick, which die in great abundance: four hundred of them were sent this day in barges for London, and great numbers remain behind unable to stir, and many who have the use of their legs employ them in running away from the misery that follows their army. They are certainly in great confusion, and are possessed with marvellous fears, which your Highness knows best how to make advantage of. I shall, therefore, say no more, but that I am, sir,

Your humblest servant, LEWIS DIVES.

Abingdon, the 6th of June,
at 9 of the clock at night.

of Chalgrove's celebrated fight, with the curious memorandum at the end, of reference to be made to Legge concerning some unintelligible particulars:

The Prince desired the King (not believing that Essex would come on) to give him one thousand horse and foot to go to see Essex; and his Highness sent out a party that told him that Essex was retreating to Tame to his quarters (June 18). The Prince beats up a quarter at Chinner, and then to Stoken church, where Sir Samuel Luke was with his regiment, and took the greatest part of that regiment. This alarmed Essex: because they could not get their horse ready, they put all their foot-officers on horseback, and followed the Prince; who retreated because of keeping the prisoners: and was so hard pressed that he turned back upon the enemy and beat them, in which action Hampden received his death wound. The Lord Mulgrave was here shot and taken, the Prince took his parole to be a true prisoner, and left a surgeon, but he brake his word. The Prince leaping a ditch and falling upon the enemy's flank.

Mem.—Ask Colonel Legge how the Prince carried both friend and foe away here.[1]

At this time Colonel Urry deserted from the Parliamentary army, and rode fearlessly up to the King, with whom his welcome had been negotiated by his old commanding officer, Lord Ruthven, now Earl of Brentford. Urry's intelligence set the Cavaliers' minds at rest. He assured them that his late general was in no mood to attack the King, and that his outposts were so little looked to that they

[1] Memorandum in Prince Rupert's Diary.

might easily be surprised. Urry knew the country well: he had often scoured it in company with those whom he now sought to destroy. However distasteful in itself such treachery might be to an honest soldier, it seemed necessary to make use of it. The enemy had made an unsuccessful attack two days before on one of the Royal outposts at Islip, and the Cavaliers burned to retaliate. No sooner had Urry arrived, and proved his sincerity (if we must use that word) by giving important information and furnishing a chart of the enemy's country, than Rupert's trumpet sounded. It was quickly known that an enterprise of more than ordinary danger was on foot, and the Prince's favourite troops mustered promptly at the summons. His own troop of life-guards, under Sir Richard Crane; his own regiment, under O'Neal; the Prince of Wales's, under Gamel; and Henry Percy's regiment, commanded by himself: all these made up about one thousand horse. Lord Wentworth commanded about 350 dragoons with Innis and Washington. Colonel Lunsford led about five hundred volunteer infantry, in lightest marching order, without even their colours. Legge, now sergeant (or brigade) major, led the advanced-guard or "forlorn hope," as it was then called, consisting of one hundred horse and fifty dragoons.[1] With

[1] A pamphlet printed at Oxford by Leonard Lichfield, 1643, entitled, "His Highness Prince Rupert's late beating up the Rebels' quarters at Postcomb and Chinnor," &c.

this gallant division Rupert vowed he would return the visit of Essex to Islip with interest, and penetrate to his farthest quarters. The plumed and glittering corps passed over Magdalen Bridge at four in the afternoon, and made a halt of some hours as soon as they approached the enemy's first outpost near Tetsworth. As soon as it was dark the Prince moved on to the eastward, receiving in silence a scattered fire from the outpost and the main guard. The Cavaliers rode on cautiously throughout the night; by the earliest dawn they fell upon Lewknor, where the enemy reposed in perfect security, being far in the rear of the Roundhead army. Here many horses and arms were captured and led away, their owners lying dead behind them. Thence on, rapidly, beneath the range of hills by Stoken Church to Chinner, which was quickly surrounded, while Legge dashed into the streets with his "forlorn." Here lay the rear-guard of Essex, wearied and neglectful of all precaution: they wakened but to die, or find themselves prisoners. There was still much work to be done, and many a dangerous mile to travel ere the Royal troops could rest. The prisoners were committed to the foot, the horses were led by the dragoons, "their standard, with four or five bossed and buff bibles on a black ground" was part of the spoil, and the town was left once more to its repose, before the inhabitants could recover from their astonishment and fear. On went the Cavaliers, dashing the early dew from the rich

meadows that lie along the base of the Beacon-hills; and so silent was their march, that the sound of distant wheels was heard approaching. Essex's treasure, £21,000, is there for prize! Eagerly the leading files pushed forwards; but, when they crowned this hill they looked along the road in vain; the waggoners had caught sight of their enemies first, and ensconced themselves deeply in the forest. There was no time to be lost in a doubtful search; already the alarm was spread throughout the enemy's lines, and videttes could be seen hurrying along in the distance. The Prince had the whole of the Parliament's position to pass through before he could find safety for his men, already twelve hours in the saddle, and somewhat wearied with two sharp actions.

At length the Roundheads gathered in sufficient force to press upon his rear-guard, and Percy and O'Neal with some difficulty held them in check, while the Prince drew up his men in CHALGROVE FIELD: it was on Sunday, the 18th of June. Chisel-Hampton bridge lay about a mile and a half in his rear, and hither he despatched his foot, to secure that pass across the Cherwell, with some dragoons to line the road leading thither. His cavalry were drawn up in a wide cornfield, of several hundred acres, the only open space that presented itself between the hills and the enclosed country. The Roundhead horse and dragoons were now seen descending Gelder's-hill: they advanced with the

more confidence, as they expected every moment to see Essex appearing in Prince Rupert's rear. They sent forward their dragoons to line a hedge that alone separated them from the Cavaliers, and as soon as these skirmishers had opened their fire, their cavalry advanced in line. So far had Prince Rupert waited patiently; almost yielding to the apparent policy of slowly retiring, until his assailants were drawn into the lane, where, on either side, his own dragoons lay still in ambush; but when the enemy opened fire, and struck down some men, he exclaimed, "Yea?—this insolency is not to be endured." Then, says one of his officers, who writes the report, "setting spurs to his horse, he, the first of all, leaped into the midst of the dragooners, clearing the hedge that parted us from the rebels. The captain, and the rest of his life-guards, every man as he could, jumbled after him; and as soon as about fifteen were gotten over, the Prince drew them into a front until the rest could recover up to him." The dragoons then fled; but the cavalry stood stoutly to their work, and "stood our first charge of pistols and swords better than they have ever done since our first beating them at Worcester. But the Prince, with his life-guard, charging them home upon the flank, put them in rout at the first encounter." So far the story is told by one of the combatants.[1] At the same time, O'Neal and

[1] "The Beating up of the Enemy's quarters," &c., Oxford, 1643, a pamphlet in Mr. Bentley's collection.

Percy charged on either flank, and the Roundheads' rout became general. Hampden now came up from the enclosures about Wapsgrove House, and endeavoured to check the Cavaliers, and give time to his comrades to rally; but he received his death-wound in his first charge: two carbine-balls struck him in the shoulder, broke the bone, and buried themselves in his body. His course was run. He feebly turned his horse, and rode away from the *mêlée* towards his father-in-law's house at Pyrton. "There he had in youth married the first wife of his love, and thither he would have gone to die." But Rupert's fierce squadrons were now scattered over the plain, doing fearful execution on the fugitives, and the wounded patriot was forced to turn back towards Thame. At length he reached the house of one Ezekiel Browne, where his wounds were dressed, and some hopes of life were held out to him. He knew better; he felt life's task was done, and he passed his remaining hours in writing to Parliament the counsels he could no longer speak. After six days of cruel suffering, he died, having received the sacrament from a minister of the Church of England.[1] His last words were "O Lord! save my country! O Lord! be merciful to . . ." His utterance failed; he fell back, and died. He was followed to his grave

[1] He declared that "though he could not away with the governance of the Church by bishops; and did utterly abominate the scandalous lives of some clergymen, yet he thought its doctrines in the greater part primitive and conformable to God's word, as in Holy Scripture revealed."—*Lord Nugent.*

amongst his native hills and woods of the Chiltern by all the troops that could be gathered for that sad duty,"[1] and so he was committed to the dust as beseemed a gallant soldier.

"With Hampden died the last hope of a victory as spotless as his cause,"[2] says the most eloquent advocate of that cause; and surely he left none behind him of equal genius, integrity and influence combined. In his name, as the first great champion of English freedom, was carried on the spirit of righteous resistance to oppression; and that name appeared almost to sanction a usurpation more unrighteous than that which he had risen to resist. From the time of his death, the English quarrel became daily more simply a quarrel of the sword. Charles himself heavily deplored his loss, and would have sent him the assistance of his own surgeons.[3]

We must now return to the field of battle, where Rupert received intelligence that Essex was advancing to cut off his retreat over Chisel-Hampton

[1] Lord Nugent's Life of Hampden, ii. 438–441.

[2] Macaulay's Essays.

[3] Sir P. Warwick's Memoirs, 241. It was a curious coincidence that Hampden should have been selected, when a Commoner at Oxford, to write a congratulatory Ode on the marriage of Rupert's mother, then Princess-Royal of England, with the Elector Palatine. His Ode contains these lines:—

"Ut surgat inde proles
Cui nulla terra, nulla gens sit parem datura."

This "proles," Rupert, caused the writer's death.—Vide Lord Nugent's Life of Hampden, vol. i. p. 7. This "proles" now illustriously fills the throne of England.

Bridge. As soon as he could rally his troops, he withdrew leisurely across the river, and there rested his wearied forces for the night. Washington's dragoons guarded the bridge, now left behind, and Percy's regiment of horse patrolled the adjacent country. Early in the morning, the Prince resumed his march, and arrived at Oxford about noon. Thus, in less than forty-eight hours, he had led a force of infantry as well as cavalry a circuit of as many miles, through the heart of an enemy's country, with the loss of only a dozen men. In the course of his expedition he had captured two outposts, fought and won a pitched battle, possessed himself of several stand of colours, many prisoners, and a large number of horses; he had slain Hampden and Gunter, the two chief officers opposed to him,[1] and wounded very many more. Of these last were Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave's son, and Captain Berkeley; they were allowed to remain prisoners on parole, in order to save them the pain of removal; but that parole was basely broken.

The following letter from the Earl of Berkshire to the Prince alludes to this perjured parole, and is otherwise of interest; the stout old nobleman had six sons serving the King, and desires no

[1] There were about forty-five of the enemy killed at Chalgrove alone, but the relater complains that "to reckon up the slain by the number of Christian burials is no sure way of coming at the truth, for divers of these Anabaptists and Brownists refuse to bury their soldiers otherwise than they do their horses."—*A Beating up*, &c.

better fortune for them than that they should act under our Prince's orders.

SIR,

This day I received notice from my son Harry of his being prisoner at Tame, and of their resolution to carry him to London suddenly: now, sir, both his earnest desire and mine is such (to have him do you further service) as we would be very glad he might be exchanged for some other prisoner, and I did believe that there was an occasion that happened by the accident of taking Mr. Sheffield, my Lord of Mulgrave's son, by your Highness, which might have brought my desire to pass by an exchange between them; but I understand since, to my great wonder, that both he and the Scotchman, Berkeley, that your Highness left prisoners at Stadam, have abused your favour, and are since carried away by a troop of horse and a coach, to my Lord of Essex his army, contrary to their words given to your Highness: which makes me to seek of any particulars for his redemption; more than the confidence I have that you will be pleased to think on some way for him that is so willing to venture his life in this cause, in which I hope I have *yet five sons* remaining to do his Majesty and your Highness service: and had I have been sure to have found you at Oxford I would have been the messenger myself, but hearing your Highness is so often abroad, to your great honor and praise, I made this adventure, and with all you must give me leave, though not much known to your Highness, to tell you that I am,

Sir, your Highness's most faithful and humblest servant,

Ewelme Lodge, 21st June, 1643. E. BERKSHIRE.

For the Prince his Highness.

Prince Rupert must have immediately sent a "trumpet" to the Lord General in furtherance of Lord Berkshire's wishes, for on the day after, the former writes the following reply from the Round-

head camp. Essex was too good a soldier to permit a parole to be broken with impunity.

THE EARL OF ESSEX TO PRINCE RUPERT.

SIR,

Mr. Sheffield affirms he never engaged himself to be "a true prisoner," yet since it is your Highness's desire to have Captain Gardner and Mr. Howard [Lord Berkshire's son] released, I will send them to you, they being gone to Windsor, having received your promise to set at liberty Mr. Edwards, which I am sure you will perform too,

Your Highness's humble servant,

Tame, this 22d of June, 1643. ESSEX.

For his Highness Prince Rupert.

In the action of Chalgrove, the Prince was conspicuous for his personal prowess; Urry, too, so distinguished himself, that he was allowed to carry the news to Oxford, for which he was knighted by the King. Legge, as usual, was taken prisoner, but escaped; O'Neal slew a standard-bearer with his own hands, and thus restored to his corps the right to bear a banner, which they had lost at Hopton Heath. Sir Thomas Dallison also attracted admiration by his gallantry; "and the modesty of all when they returned to Oxford, was equal to their daring in the field." The writer I have already quoted from says that "many rebels escaped by having red scarfs like ours." He also remarks that the troops were far better under command than they had been at Edgehill, and suffered far less in consequence.[1]

The King's affairs at this Midsummer appeared

[1] A beating up, &c.; Prince Rupert's Diary.

more promising than they had been since the beginning of the "Troubles." In the West, Waller had been defeated; in the North, the Earl of Newcastle continued to prevail against Fairfax; and in the East, by far the most dangerous quarter, the Roundheads had shrunk back within their former cantonments at St. Albans; while their Lord-General had found it necessary to repair to London to encounter his secret enemies in Parliament. There, Pym ruled supreme, and was even successful in carrying through the Commons a vote for the impeachment of the Queen. The discovery of Waller's plot had roused a new storm of popular passion and fanaticism, and given fresh power to those who rode upon the whirlwind. It is now difficult even to imagine the grave and industrious citizens of London committing themselves to such fantastic excesses as Vicars, in his "Jehovah Jireh," exultingly describes; a sudden re-action seems to have taken place against the most venerated memorials, as well as institutions, of a former time: so we hear of insane patients suddenly seeking the destruction of all that once was dearest to them. Not only were cathedrals defaced, plundered and defiled, but every other edifice of sacerdotal association became equally obnoxious.[1]

[1] In Vicars's History, he draws attention to the following account of the destruction of the ancient monument in Cheapside; his marginal note describes his text as "A pretty note concerning Cheapside Cross." The pretty note is as follows: "On Tuesday, May the 9th, the gorgeously gilt coat of Cheapside Cross was plucked over its ears, and its accursed carcass piecemeal tumbled

In the same degree that they receded from their old affections, they addicted themselves eagerly to novelty; Presbytery, and a form of the Scottish Covenant came into fashion, and the latter was looked upon as something sacred, even by Baxter and others who loathed it afterwards. The following passage, from a then popular writer, is characteristic of the light in which their Covenant was held, and of the prevailing tone of feeling:—

"Yet see (notwithstanding the pious Parliament's cares, and people's honest aims, loyalty and integrity herein) how those venomous spiders of Oxford sucked poison out of those fragrant flowers and herbs of grace; *most satanically* slandering and abusing this Holy Covenant, and the honest Covenanters; which was evidently seen in a most impious and *audacious* paper [by the King], under the title of a Proclamation against the Covenant."[1]

The Parliament wisely turned this enthusiasm to practical undertakings, and London became respectably fortified in a singularly short space of time. But even fanaticism failed to supply money: the Guildhall experiment was not to be repeated, and the popular leaders were as sorely embarrassed as the King was, for supplies. The more discouraging their prospects appeared, the more they required money,

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down to the ground; even on that day which the popish asses' glossary says was '*Inventio Crucis*,' was now *destructio crucis*." — *Jehovah Jireh*, 327.

[1] Vicars, Jehovah Jireh, p. 91.

and the more difficulty they found in raising it. The retreat of Essex from the neighbourhood of Oxford, the defeats of Fairfax at Bramham Moor and Adderton Heath, and of Waller at Roundway, if not at Lansdown, appeared to leave the Cavaliers almost unopposed throughout England. Yet, in this conjuncture, the Parliament performed one of the most politic, and one of the few noble acts of their administration. They received Waller, defeated as he was, with every mark of consideration and respect, remembering only that he had bravely and honestly discharged his duty. This, however, is anticipating, by a month, the date to which I must return, after having given a place to the following episode; it was too isolated to fall into my narration, but even in these brief records of English chivalry, the heroic defence of Wardour Castle by the Lady Arundell must not be omitted.

On the 2nd of May 1643, during the absence of Lord Arundell at Oxford, Sir Edward Hungerford presented himself before Wardour Castle, demanding admittance in search for malignants, and upon being denied, called a body of troops under Colonel Strode to assist him in reducing it by force. With this army of thirteen hundred men he summoned the castle to surrender, and received no other reply than that "Lady Arundell had a command from her lord to keep it, which order she would obey." On the following day cannon were brought within musket shot of the walls, and continued to fire on

the castle for six days and nights: two mines were also sprung. During all this time the heroic lady with her followers, amounting to about fifty servants, of whom only half were fighting-men, perseveringly defended her stronghold, the women supplying ammunition to the men, and exerting themselves in extinguishing the fiery missiles thrown over the walls. At length their powers of resistance being completely exhausted, and no hope of relief appearing, a parley was offered, and the castle surrendered on capitulation. The terms, however, were only observed as far as regarded the lives of the besieged; for the rebels had no sooner taken possession, than they at once set about plundering and demolishing all the valuables it contained, and wastefully ravaged the country round, so that the loss of property was computed at 100,000*l.*[1]

[1] Among the wanton outrages enumerated in the "Mercurius Rusticus," we find "the breaking of a chimney-piece worth 2000*l.*; likewise rare pictures, the works of the most curious pencils that were known in these latter times of the world," pulling up the park pales to let loose the deer, cutting down trees and selling the timber for a few pence; letting out the water from twelve great ponds, and killing the fish. By another breach of faith, Lady Arundell with her daughter-in-law were detained as prisoners at Shaftesbury, whilst their conquerors exercised tyrannic power in separating from them her grandchildren who were sent under a guard to Dorchester. Lady Arundell was one of the seven daughters of Edward fourth Earl of Worcester, and sister to the gallant Lord Herbert (or Glamorgan). She died in 1649 at Winchester.

CHAPTER III.

TO THE END OF 1643.

ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT OXFORD.—SIEGE OF BRISTOL AND GLOUCESTER.—THE CAVALIERS OF THE WEST.—THE NEW MODEL.—FIRST BATTLE OF NEWBURY.—DEATH OF PYM.

"Plague take Pym and all his peers!
Huzza for Prince Rupert and his Cavaliers!
When they come there, these hounds will have fears,
Which nobody can deny."
Old Song.

THE Queen's arrival now became the great object of interest, and indeed of importance.[1] With her were coming money, arms, and fresh troops; all much needed by the weary and wanting army at Oxford. Favourable news had come from the North from time to time: with the exception of Newcastle's defeat at Wakefield by Fairfax, everything had gone against the latter, zealous and indomitable

[1] I found the following curious passage concerning the Queen's landing at Burlington, since that passage was printed. In such a shape as the following, the news of the seventeenth century was transmitted to the North:—"Aluaies scho gettis up out of hir naiked bed, in her night walycot, bairfeet and bairleg, with her maids of honour (whairof one throu plain fier went strait mad, being ane noble man of England's dochter,) she gettis saiflie out of the hous, while the schippis ding doun the roof of hir lodging. And she gois to ane den which the canon culd not hurt, though they lay schooting still—yea, fowrscore schotts."—*Spalding's History of Troubles*, i. 140.

as he was. The Queen's presence in York had given great zest to the service of the Cavaliers, and they had proportionately distinguished themselves. Their successes had opened a way towards the King. Lord Loughborough (lately Henry Hastings) held the Roundhead strength in Leicestershire paralysed; Charles Cavendish had a strong footing in Lincolnshire,[1] so that there was little fear of interruption to

[1] The following paper of advice is rather lengthy, but contains some interesting statistical and other matter; it is docketted among Prince Rupert's papers as

"The benefit and advantage that would arise to his Majesty by putting a balancing force into Lincolnshire.

"1. It will share the profits of the country with the enemy (by which they maintain their army there), and raise other great sums, and so disable them.

"2. It will stay the enemy in that county, by which means they shall neither be able to turn the scales in the North, or to join against his Majesty's forces in the South; which otherwise, by reason of the populousness of these parts and vastness of the country, will always make up a great army, if there be no party to appear for his Majesty.

"3. It will disable the enemy for sending or raising so many forces out of Northamptonshire, Rutland, Huntingdonshire, and Cambridgeshire, lying so near them all at any time, in the absence of their forces they may plunder and ruin them.

"4. It will hinder the City of London of beef and mutton and other provisions, that those marshes and fens now furnish them with, which are infinite; and if those provisions, (which will go from those parts now against Easter) be stopped, it will much distress London, being interrupted from the West also.

"5. It will raise his Majesty very considerable forces in the very heart of the kingdom; encourage his friends, who are many there; destroy and dishearten his enemies. And it is to be hoped that many of the enemies being raised and forced against their wills (if some person who hath power and interest and affection in those parts be sent), will come away with their arms to him.

"6. Since the association of the two counties of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire, there were fourscore and sixteen thousand

such a force as accompanied the Queen. The tough little garrison at Nottingham, under Mrs. Hutchin-

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pounds equally assessed by the Commissioners of both counties upon Lincolnshire, and six and thirty thousand pounds upon Nottinghamshire, besides 2500*l.* lately assessed and paid for Sir Charles Lucas, his horse, at his coming into the county of Nottingham.

"That of Nottinghamshire is most of it collected and paid, besides free quarter by all the Lincolnshire horse taken from us almost this twelvemonths, and besides the free quarter the Lord Newcastle's forces had at his coming to relieve Gainsborough, and his coming into Derbyshire and returning, two of the assessments of Lincolnshire, which are 64,000*l.*, after the rate of 32,000*l.* for an assessment, being entirely unpaid, and a great part of the third, which, if forces be sent to collect, will not only maintain them, but will help to maintain the garrison and forces of Nottinghamshire as they have formerly done them, and will enable both the counties to subsist, which otherwise Nottinghamshire cannot subsist, the country having been so much pillaged and destroyed both by our friends and enemies.

"7. If considerable forces be raised in those parts, they will be ready to assist as occasion serves, if any accident should happen (which God defend) to the interruption of the advancing of the Scots, having the advantage of the passages.

"The questions where these forces should be had that should do this service.

"1. It is conceived that the Lincolnshire gentlemen have fourteen hundred horse of their own raising for their own defence, which are now under the command of Sir Charles Lucas, which is hoped may be spared in those parts, the rather since it will hold the enemy in work there, that they cannot move northward.

"2. That the horse at Newark, Belvoir, and Werton, are about five hundred more, which, upon all occasions, will be ready to join with them; and that in a very short time more will be raised, if any person of honour be sent to command.

"3. That out of the several garrisons there may be about eight hundred foot drawn to lay the foundation. That there were and are, if not wasted lately, a thousand spare muskets, and three hundred case of pistols, at Newark for fresh supplies.

"4. If his Majesty will please (to spare to this) some of those broken regiments of horse, which may soon be reunited there, and some foot and some arms and ammunition, it may be hoped,

son's Colonel, now consisted only of one thousand men, and was too happy to be left unmolested. The only apprehension arose from Essex, who was reported to be on the move to interrupt her Majesty's march. Of Cromwell at this conjuncture we hear nothing. Lord Denbigh, in the central associated counties, was amply occupied in organizing his new levies. Waller was away in the West. The Queen had already advanced as far as Newark,[1] whence we

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in a short time, considerable forces may be raised and maintained in those parts (which now the enemy have entire from London to Newark), which will have an influence upon all the associate counties, and destroy the enemy's contributions in many of them.

"It is humbly desired that Prince Rupert would be pleased to resolve upon the aforesaid considerations, and calling the gentlemen of those parts to attend him, to consult of framing some balancing and standing power, to be left in such places as his Highness shall think fit to make his head-quarter, as a grand work and preparation thereunto. It is desired that the horse raised, and belonging to Lincolnshire, may be there employed.

"That the thousand spare muskets and three hundred case of pistols that were left at Newark, may be assigned to this service, together with the foot that may be spared out of the garrisons of Newark, Werton, and Belvoir, which we hope may be eight hundred, besides what his Highness shall be pleased to spare. And it is humbly desired that his Majesty may be acquainted with such things as shall be found wanting to this design, that the supply thereof may be endeavoured from hence, or otherways, by his Majesty's command, whereby London will be straitened in their provisions, and his Majesty supplied by driving the goods out of the enemy's into his Majesty's quarters and garrisons, and they hindered in raising men and moneys in the associate counties, and those advantages turned to his Majesty's service.

"That under the countenance of Prince Rupert's being there, it is no way doubted but that as many forces as we can get arms for may be speedily raised."

[1] Newark, the *Eltanona* of the Romans, and *Sidnacester* of the Saxons, was no doubt built to protect the navigation of the Trent, and what is now the castle, was probably then a great granary. This stronghold is said to have owed its erection to

have a letter from her to the King, stating that she "only waited to have Hull and Lincoln" (which were not to be had, after all), and that her route would be by Werton and Ashby-de-la-Zouche. Her Majesty also states that she has left two thousand foot and "twenty companies of horse," under Charles Cavendish, to protect Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. Her own accompanying forces con-

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the celebrated Bishop Alexander, consecrated to the see of Lincoln, 1123, who fortified it against King Stephen, but was eventually forced to surrender it to the Crown. Hither King John retired from the attack of his rebellious subjects, and died of dysentery, October 19, 1216. In the following reign it stood a siege of eight days against Henry III., being seized and fortified by such of the nobility as had joined the French. Charles I., in the second year of his reign, granted a charter to the "Ancient and populous town of Newark." Up to this time it had enjoyed a flourishing trade, which suffered ruinous interruption during the Civil Wars, when this town sustained three sieges, and would not be taken.—*History and Antiquities of Newark, by W. Dickinson. Newark*, 1816. 9—43.

The following extract may be thought interesting:—

"When Queen Henrietta was on her march to join the King with the army she had raised at York, she remained several days at Newark, as it was said, to enjoy the company of Lord Charles Cavendish, of whom her enemies reported she was fonder than it was right for a virtuous woman to have shewn herself. On the ladies of Newark pressing her to remain with them till her forces had taken Lincoln, she replied, that "She was under the command of the King, and was going to march elsewhere, by his orders; and that though she lamented not being able to comply with their request, she rejoiced at being able to set them an example of obedience to their husbands." At Burton-on-Trent she parted with her favourite, Cavendish, very heavily, and proceeded to meet the King, while he returned to his command near Newark. Not long after this he was killed at the head of his regiment by the famous Oliver Cromwell, being sent with a few troops to make head against Lord Willoughby, who had just secured Gainsborough, and was acting very vigorously for the Parliament in Lincolnshire."—*From a Pamphlet in the Bodleian Collection at Oxford, dated July* 12, 1643.

sisted of three thousand foot, thirty companies of horse and dragoons, six pieces of cannon, and two mortars. Harry Jermyn commander-in-chief, Sir Alexander Lesley commanding the foot, Sir John Gerrard, the horse, and Robin Legge, the artillery; with her "she-Majesty generalissima over all, and extremely diligent am I; with 150 waggons of baggage to govern in case of battle."[1] The Lord-General having now returned to his army, is reported to be in movement towards the expected Royal convoy. Prince Rupert once more is commissioned to meet and escort the Queen, and on his way thither to keep Essex closely in observance. On the 1st of July I find the following notice, probably from a spy: it is without other date or address.

This day there is gone from Thame four thousand soldiers, two thousand to Althorp to be quartered, two thousand to meet Prince Rupert's Highness towards Bucks, they have taken away some two drakes to every regiment, my Lord-General [Essex] sticks close at Thame, and if I am not mistaken in physiognomy, he loves to have no harm, but to be quiet if he might, for having well viewed his noble person, I judge he loves sleep, good diet, and ease, or else I am much mistaken in my skill. [This observation seems to confirm the assertion of the verse below.[2]] The works lie still at Tetsworth; there lie about

[1] Miss Strickland's Queens of England, vol. viii.

[2] "Farewell, my Lord of Essex, with hey,
Farewell, my Lord of Essex, with ho,
He sleeps till eleven,
And leaves the cause to six or seven,
But 'tis no matter—their hope 's in heaven!
With a hey trolly, lolly, ho!"

seven hundred dragoons which were under the command of Colonel Miller, who, upon some dislike, hath laid down his commission, and is gone from them: their serjeant-major is sick, and there is no commander to lead them, but sometimes one Captain Middleton leads them upon any design: my opinion is they lie loosely, I leave it to better judgment.

The Prince proceeded on the 1st of July to Buckingham, where he took up his quarters for that night; his intention evidently being to keep himself between Essex and the Queen throughout his march. On the 2nd, an incident is recorded in his Highness's journal, which scarcely comports with what is called the gravity of history. Early in the morning, "as he was shaving," intelligence was brought that the enemy was approaching Whitebridge. He threw himself into his saddle half-shaved, rode off to meet, charge, and rout the enemy, and then returned to finish his toilette. Henceforth, the same diary tells us, that the Prince so harassed Essex and his army, that they were perpetually on dutie, and "wearyed of theyre lyves." On the 7th, the following letter is received from Nicholas, with a postscript by the King:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

His Majesty hath commanded me, in answer of your Highness's letters, of three o'clock this afternoon, and the message which Sir William Killigrew brought even now, to let you understand, that albeit his inclination was that your Highness should not advance before the Earl of Essex's army, or towards the Queen, until you knew certainly where her Majesty was, yet seeing you and the

Council of War about, you have thought it fit otherwise, he willingly gives way that your Highness should take that course, which Sir William Killigrew did advertise his Majesty of by your command; expecting you shall forthwith send him that brigade of horse he mentioned, and Lieutenant-General Wilmot. His Majesty, likewise, sends you herewith the line of credit which you have desired, and will not stir from hence (though he will put himself in readiness to march at an hour's warning) until you shall send him word: of all this, his Majesty had sooner advertise you, but that he staid for my Lord Grace [Earl of Forth or Brentford, lately Ruthven], who was riding abroad this evening. And so I humbly rest,

Your Highness's most humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

P.S.—I have answered you this way to save time and not my pains.—C. R.

7th [of July?] 10 o'clock at night.

The next paper is from the King, without address:—

CHARLES R.,

Trusty and well-beloved we greet you well: whereas we have given directions to our dear nephew, Prince Rupert, to repair with a part of our forces, for the more secure conveying of our dearest Consort the Queen, in her passage to us. Our will and command is, that you and all officers under you, obey our said nephew as Commander-in-Chief, for which this shall be your orders.

Given at our Court at Oxford, the 7th of July, 1643.

The Queen's progress is related in the next letter:—

FROM SECRETARY NICHOLAS TO THE PRINCE.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

His Majesty having even now received fresh advertisements by an express from the Queen, hath commanded me to give your Highness this account; her Majesty's letter bears date, 6th July, from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, which confirms all the good news from the North of the taking of Leeds, Halifax, and Bradford; the Lord Fairfax and his son having escaped only with five men, the son having most valiantly left his wife to be taken; they both charging in one troop. [Lord Newcastle restored this lady to her husband; sending her back, under an escort, "in his own coach. ED."]

Sir Frederick Cornwallis is come to her Majesty, who is very well pleased with the advice she received by him, and is resolved to order her course accordingly.

My Lord Capel is before this joined with the Queen, with one thousand horse and as many foot [from about Shrewsbury]. Yesterday her Majesty was to be at Coleshill; from thence, as Ned. Progers (who came now from her) relates, she will come this day to Dudley Castle, but that his Majesty judges to be a mistake, it being backward, and no mention thereof being in the Queen's letters to his Majesty. One thing more I am commanded to advertise your Highness, that the Lord Digby writes, that the forces of Leicester and Coventry consist of twenty-eight troops of horse and ten companies of foot, and that it is said that they are all marching towards Buckingham, having made their rendezvous on Thursday last at Dunsmore Heath. The Queen's forces, in her passage, have taken Burton-upon-Trent by assault. And so I humbly rest, Your Highness's most humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

P.S.—I have heard nothing yet, neither of Wilmot's coming, nor of the brigade of horse which you promised to send me.—C. R.

Oxon, 8th July, 1643.

And on the same day the secretary writes again, with an autograph postscript from the King, announcing the victory at Roundway Down:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

His Majesty having even now had the true relation of this last great western battle, hath commanded me to send it to your Highness, as likewise that you may take into your consideration, that since his Majesty hath had so good success—both in the North and West—there be no more put to hazard in these parts than is necessary; and therefore lays it to your Highness's consideration, whether you will not advise the Queen to come by Worcester, lest if she come by Stratford-upon-Avon, the Earl of Essex may force her to fight before it be possible that his Majesty can come up to her. Prince Maurice, thanks be to God, is very well, and hath received no hurt, albeit he run great hazards in his own person; we lost not above sixty in all, the rebels five hundred and were forced to steal away through the favour of the dark night. God prosper your princely enterprizes with happy success, so prayeth,

Your Highness's most humble servant,

Oxon, 8th July, 1643. EDWARD NICHOLAS.

P.S.—I hear for certain that Essex will go to Brackly, which makes me very confident that the best way for my wife will be Worcester, for otherwise it will be impossible for her forces to eschew fighting, and that before I can come up; and certainly our game is so fair, that it is not fit to hazard a battle, except our forces were joined: excuse me to my wife for not writing to her, because I thought it of more importance to advertise you. C. R.[1]

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[1] The following letter from Lord Falkland follows close on the above:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I am commanded by his Majesty to signify to your Highness, that her Majesty will be this night at King's-Norton, in

After some manœuvring with Essex, the Prince left him at Brickhill, and suddenly moved away to Stratford-on-Avon, where he met the Queen on the 11th.[1] This meeting took place not only in our great poet's native town, but in his very house, if we may believe the following anecdote, although incorrect in some particulars: it is taken from Ward's Diary, 1668, but I have not the writer's words before me. He asserts that Shakspeare, in 1602, purchased the principal mansion-house in his native

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Worcestershire, and that, upon my Lord Capel's desire, his Majesty hath given my Lord Capel leave to return from thence with all his forces, Colonel Sandys' regiments of horse and foot, and my Lord Molineux's horse excepted, which are to continue to attend her Majesty, into Shropshire and Cheshire, for the safety of those parts, in case that her Majesty and your Highness do likewise approve of it, and not otherwise. Just now, sir, a messenger is come out of the West, saying that Sir William Waller hath fallen upon the Prince's rear, but hath lost a considerable number of horse and foot in the attempt, and my Lord Crauford was sent for, with whose help it was expected that a period might be put to that business. I remain

Your Highness's most humble servant, FALKLAND.*

10th July.

To complete the business of the West, my Lord Wilmot, with his brigade, marches immediately.

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* Two letters occur in the meanwhile: one from Nicholas, dated the 11th, stating that Lord Hertford and Prince Maurice are come from Devizes to Oxford, in order to apply for more horse and ammunition, and that Wilmot, with six regiments of horse, has accompanied them back to their quarters: the other from the King, dated the 12th, in which, not knowing of the Queen's so near approach, he advises her to come round through Gloucestershire, in hopes to embarrass Waller, who was moving on from Lansdowne to Roundway Down.

[1] Baker's Chronicle, p. 546; Dugdale's Diary, 52.

village; it was called "New Place." In 1643, Mrs. Nash, the poet's grand-daughter, and her husband, were living there; and on the 22nd of June [one mistake] they had the honour of entertaining their Queen in a mansion already differently honoured.[1] On that day Henrietta Maria entered Stratford in triumph, with 3000 foot, 1500 horse, 150 waggons, and a train of artillery. Prince Rupert came here to receive and congratulate the brave lady, and thence escorted her Majesty to Kineton, to meet the King.

On the 13th, the King came to meet his long-absent wife on the field of Edgehill; an enraptured meeting, no doubt, on his part, but one far more fatal to the kingdom's peace than the last he had experienced there. They retired that evening to Sir Thomas Pope's house at Wroxton;[2] and here a characteristic anecdote is related among the scatter-

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[1] The following Pepys-like memoranda (from Ward's Diary)-may be found interesting here:—

"Shakspeare had but two daughters, one whereof, Mr. Hall, the physician, married, and by her had one daughter, married, to wit, the Lady Bernard, of Abingdon. *I have heard that Mr. Shakspeare was a natural wit*, without any art at all: he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a-year, as I have heard. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.

"Remember to peruse Shakspeare's plays, and be much versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter.

"Whether Dr. Heylin does well, in reckoning up the dramatic poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakspeare."

[2] Baker's Chronicle.

ed notes of Prince Rupert's Diary. It appears that the Queen had made several applications to the King for the promotion of her various favourites; but his Majesty, having numerous and exacting suitors of his own, had demurred to grant those favours to pampered witlings that had been earned by his own officers with their best blood. The Queen's first demands were in favour of her followers; and she even refused a private interview to her husband until that favour had been purchased by injustice.[1] She prevailed, as of old; and from

[1] Jermyn was made a peer, amongst other stipulations. It is with great reluctance, in memorials of chivalry, that I find myself obliged to think unfavourably of this accomplished Queen. All who came within the sphere of her fascinating manner seem to have been strongly influenced by her drawing-room genius. After the lapse of two hundred years, with nothing but her *maniéré* portrait and evil influences to remember her by, there is little to recommend her memory. To say the least of it, "Cæsar's wife was not beyond suspicion:" Charles Cavendish was a gallant gentleman, but Holland and Harry Jermyn did little credit to her choice of favourites. It is charitable to suppose, considering the evidence of later days, that she married the latter.* It is

* It would seem that even at this time Jermyn's appearance was not very refined. Though a Roundhead lampoon, the following was probably founded on fact:—"There is butcherly Jermyn, too, contemptible Harry; the left leg of a lord; he that wraps up his treason in fine linen. He master of the horse! Mount the chicken upon an elephant, for he is a man of some substance though little revenue; somewhat too ugly, in my opinion, for a lady's favourite, yet that is nothing to some; for the old lady [the Q... that died in Flanders regarded ... bed traitor must pass also for a ... gentleman into such a fright, ... another, and in an ill season ... leather boots."—*Harleian Mis*

that hour discontent, heart-burnings, and jealousies, were rife in the King's Court and Camp. On the following day the reunited Royalties reached Woodstock; and on the 15th, as they were approaching Oxford, they received the news of the victory of Roundway Down. This was the most important victory that had been yet obtained, and it gave to Charles and his Queen not only the appearance, but the sense of triumph as they were enthusiastically welcomed into Oxford. Then, for a few days, nothing was heard of but rejoicings; in public and private, in festive hall or consecrated chapel: in the former were the wittiest and many of the most profligate men in England, with many of the fairest, and some few of the best women to be found. Happy was the Cavalier who could obtain leave from Abingdon or Woodstock to gallop into the Royal city, and catch a glimpse of the joyous life that had been so long banished from the land. The conquerors at Roundway Down, and the heroes of many another well-fought field, were now at Oxford: honourable wounds and pale faces abounded in the joyous crowds; but when Prince Rupert's trumpet sounded to horse once more (on the 18th July), there was many a vacancy in his gallant ranks. He, almost alone amongst the more conspicuous

true that nothing is so easy to asperse, or so difficult to defend, as woman's character, especially in such high place, and such peculiar circumstances, as Henrietta Maria's. But that exquisitely susceptible treasure should be preserved with proportionable solicitude, and guarded, as hers was not.

Cavaliers, had as yet received no wound. Ever foremost in the charge, ever in the most exposed position that spur could drive to, and chief object of the enemy's hate; still he rode unharmed.

The gallant Cornish army had suffered still more than that commanded by Prince Rupert. The accumulation of correspondence prevents me from dwelling on their campaign; but a rapid glance at its principal events seems indispensable. Waller had gained such credit in the West, that he was called by the London populace William the Conqueror. Lord Hertford and Prince Maurice had vainly sought to bring him to a battle on their own terms; they were out-manœuvred, and the conqueror retired from Gloucestershire into the South-west, where his mission lay. For the brave Cornishmen had there stood up loyally and stoutly for their King, under Hopton, Grenville, Slanning, Trevanion, and others of their countrymen. The Parliamentary notables, Chudleigh, Buller, and Carew, had been worsted, as we have already seen: after the battle of Stratton, Hopton found himself free to march northward in search of Waller. When joined by Lord Hertford, Prince Maurice, and Lord Carnarvon, his army was fully equal to any that the Roundheads could oppose to him. Advancing by Wells, Frome, and Bradford, he endeavoured to secure some fair position in Waller's neighbourhood, whence he might check his movements, or force him to a battle, as circumstances should decide.

Meanwhile Sir William had taken up his quarters at Bath, where he was joined by Sir John Horner, Sir Edward Hungerford, Strode, and Popham, with the wrecks of the Stratton fight. Thus reinforced, he proceeded to encounter his old and venerated friend Lord Hopton. The better men on both sides in this singular war could fight to the death with sincere and undiminished respect for their worthier opponents. Hopton, and his chivalrous associate, Sir Bevil Grenvil, had been long seeking for this meeting with Waller. So long ago as the 19th of June Sir Bevil writes thus:—

TO COLONEL SEYMOUR.

DEAREST BROTHER,

You were gone before I was aware of it. I beseech God to send you a good journey and us a happier meeting. There was nothing concluded in council after your departure, but that it was fit to follow Waller which way soever he went. I am in some doubts lest it may not be very safe for you to straggle far from the army when you come into Devon. You know their malice will exceed towards you, I would not for all the world that you should be any ways so exposed, as to fall into their power. For God's sake be very circumspect, it is said that Sir William Waller moves towards Salisbury, and we have orders to draw after him, I am ever your most faithful servant,

BEVIL GRENVIL.

For my assured loving Cousin, Mr. Edward Seymour.[1]

Wells, June 19, 1643.

[1] Of royal lineage, and afterwards the stout governor of Dartmouth. He was an ancestor of his Grace the Duke of Somerset, to whose collection and kindness I am indebted for this and other papers.

Since their junction with Prince Maurice they were more desirous than ever to force the enemy to a fight. But Sir William was comfortably lodged at Bath, with abundance of provisions for his troops, while the Cavaliers were obliged to keep the field. Daily skirmishes, however, took place; and at length Hopton decided on moving as if towards the King, to effect a junction with the main army. Waller was now obliged to take the field, and offered the Cavaliers battle on Lansdown, where he had strongly intrenched himself during the night of the 4th. On the morning of the 5th, Hopton advanced from Marsfield—had his advanced guard driven in by Haslerigg's cuirassiers, "the Lobsters"—let loose his eager Cornish infantry,—carried the entrenchments, and captured several guns. His horse advanced at the same time, and, after several vicissitudes Hopton established himself on the ground he won. This he held, but that was all: he had suffered a defeat in everything but name; the gallant Sir Bevil Grenville had been killed at the head of his faithful troop, which he was leading for the third time to the charge. Many others, with Hopton himself, were severely wounded; almost all the ammunition expended, and of two thousand cavalry that entered the field, and fought gallantly under Prince Maurice and Lord Carnarvon, only six hundred could be mustered when the sun went down. Waller fell back upon Bath during the night, leaving some ammunition and arms behind

him, and on the following morning the Cavaliers withdrew to their former position at Marsfield.

Thence they retired to Devizes; Sir Nicholas Slanning skilfully defending the rear against Waller, who cautiously pursued. Here the Cavaliers barricaded the street, and entrenched themselves as well as they were able; while Prince Maurice and Lord Hertford rode across the champaign country to the Royal quarters, thirty miles distant. Leaving their cavalry at the outmost Royal post, they pressed on to Oxford; where, as we have seen, they received a reinforcement, under Wilmot, of cavalry regiments, comprising only fifteen hundred horse, and some ammunition. With this small force, they hastened back to their sorely beleaguered friends, whose capture Waller had announced to the Parliament, promising to send the list on the following day. The Cornish cavalry were dispersed, or too wearied to return by this forced march; so that Wilmot had only the Royal horse from Abingdon; Prince Maurice and Lord Carnarvon served under him as volunteers. Their route lay over the fine bold brow of Roundway Down, whereon they were descried by the besiegers: Waller advanced in careless confidence to repel them: "Haslerigg's Lobsters" dashed forward, were met by a vigorous charge from Byron, borne back, routed, driven in among their foot. A sudden panic spread; the Roundhead army became a flying mob; the Cavaliers rode them down with unsparing zeal, until six hundred

men lay dead upon the field. Nine hundred prisoners were led back to Oxford, and Waller fled with the remains of his army towards Gloucester.

One of the most important fruits of this victory was the irreparable dissension sown thereby between Lord Essex and Sir William Waller. The latter bitterly accused the former of reposing complacently at Tame, while the loyal forces were left free to attack his brother General; whilst Essex retorted on Waller's carelessness, and consequent defeat by far inferior numbers. This battle was well fought by Wilmot, and was almost the only instance in which he distinguished himself, except, perhaps, at Marlborough, in the preceding year. He belonged to the Goring class of selfish sensual profligates, but, like that unprincipled trooper, he could fight well and boldly when he was in the humour for it. He retired to Oxford after his victory, and the remains of the Cornish army occupied Bath.[1]

We now return to Oxford, whence Rupert is marching against Bristol,[2] eager to wipe away the

[1] Whitelocke, p. 70. Clarendon's Rebellion, iii. 370.

[2] At this period of my work I was first able to make use of Mr. Macaulay's admirable History. My first volume had passed through the press, and a considerable portion of the second had been printed some months ago, when I was interrupted in my undertaking: this was before the "History of England" was published. On resuming my labours, I found so vast a repertory of information laid open by this extraordinary work that it would be difficult for the most laborious inquiry to glean any novelty after such a harvester. While such a conviction simplified my task very materially to the uttermost, it rendered nugatory much matter collected with some pains. I have taken the following few particulars of Bristol chiefly from Mr. Macaulay: to quote any other source would look like plagiarism.

affront he had lately received before its walls. Bristol at that time was second only to London in importance; it contained about 251,000 inhabitants, and some of the wealthiest merchants in the kingdom. It was well fortified for the time, though "situated in a hole," as the author I am about to quote describes it. Clifton was even then in being, and Prince Rupert held his quarters there during his brief siege.

The following account of his operations is somewhat lengthy, but it is so interesting in a military point of view, as well as, for the most part, in matter, that I do not feel myself justified in omitting it. It is the only siege described at any length in these memoirs, and I consider myself fortunate in having an eye-witness, whose relation has been never yet heard, to describe it for me. I have appended to the respective dates of the siege, a few of the more important letters, without comment.

THE JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF BRISTOL.

Taken in by his Highness Prince Rupert, on Wednesday, July 26th. Written by an Eye-witness.[1]

Sir William Waller, after his defeat at the Devizes by his Highness Prince Maurice, retiring towards Gloucester, it was judged at Oxford to be a fit opportunity to prosecute the reduction of the West of England to the obedience of his Majesty. For this purpose, his Highness Prince Rupert, then General of the Horse, upon Tuesday,

[1] A M.S. among Prince Rupert's papers.

July 18th, began his march from Oxford towards those parts. Fourteen regiments of foot, but all very weak, he carried along with him: divided into three Tertias;[1] my Lord Viscount Grandison being Colonel-General. The first Tertia was commanded by my Lord himself: which had these six regiments under it. 1. My Lord-General's, led by his Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Lunsford. 2. My Lord Rivers', under Lieutenant-Colonel Boyse. 3. My Lord Molineux's. 4. Sir Gilbert Gerard's. 5. Sir Ralph Dutton's. 6. Colonel Owen's: each led by his own Colonel. The second Tertia was commanded by Colonel Henry Wentworth: the Major to it, being Mr. Edward Littleton, Lieutenant-Colonel unto Colonel Bowles. Under this were the four regiments. 1. Of Sir Jacob Astley, commanded by his Major Bowes. 2. Of Colonel Sir Edward Fitton. 3. Of Colonel Bowles. 4. Of Colonel Richard Herbert, led by his Major Edward Williams. The third Tertia was committed to Colonel John Bellasis; and consisted—1. Of his own regiment. 2. Of Sir Edward Stradling's, led by his same Lieutenant-Colonel John Stradling. 3. Of Colonel Henry Lunsford's: and 4. Of Colonel Lloyd's, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Tirwhitt. The Major was Mr. Moyle, Lieutenant-Colonel unto Colonel Lunsford. And these were our foot forces.

The horse were not now divided into brigades, but wings: the right commanded by Sir Arthur Aston, Serjeant-Major-General of the Horse; and the left, by Colonel Charles Gerard. The Prince's troop of Life Guards, commanded by Sir Richard Crane, was still to wait upon his person. Of dragoons we had seven troops of Colonel Washington's regiment: and 2. Other troops of Sir Robert Howard's. In our train of artillery, were two demi-culverins, two whole culverins, two quarter cannons or twelve pounders, and two six pounders. The com-

[1] *Tertia* was used in the same sense as we now use "brigade," a term then applied only to cavalry.

manders of our fireworks were Monsieur de la Roche, and Captain Fawcett: and with these marched carriages and pioneers proportionable.

In this equipage, his Highness Prince Rupert advancing towards the West; on Thursday quartered at Hampton-road, ten miles from Gloucester. For to besiege this city was part indeed of the design: but upon intelligence that Sir William Waller, with five or six hundred of his lately defeated troops, was the night before gotten into the city; the Prince resolved by putting in betwixt him and Bristol, to cut off his getting back thither. But Waller, it seems, not loving to be cooped up in a siege, slipped away upon Thursday morning with fifteen pitiful weak troops of horse, towards Evesham.[1] That very morning, also, the Parliamenters quitted Malmsbury, and marched towards Bristol. From thence, Captain Theobald Gorges came into the Prince next morning, at Hampton-road. That Friday, a party of about one hundred horse of Gloucester, taking the boldness to shew themselves near our quarters, were chased home again by Colonel Washington.

Sir William Waller having thus parted with the West, the siege of Bristol was now thought the better design: and the march thereupon directed towards Chipping-Sodbury. In the way, Prince Maurice came to meet his brother: and after him, Colonel Horatio Cary, having left Sir William Waller's service, came in to the Prince.

On Sunday, July 23rd, the Prince quartered at Westbury College, two miles short of Bristol. That afternoon, about two or three o'clock, his Highness, accompanied by Sir Arthur Aston, some other officers, and his Life Guards, with Colonel Washington's dragoons, passed over Durdham Down, along the river Avon's side, on the right hand towards Clifton Church, close to the foot of Brandon hill upon the westward. This church, also, standing upon

[1] He thence hastened on to London. See the King's letter, dated on the 24th.

a hill, within musket shot of the fort, (two houses and a deep valley being between,) was adjudged the fittest place for the Prince to take view of their forts and line on that side: and for discovering some fit rising ground, to erect a battery. Being in the churchyard, the enemy's fort made two or three cannon shot at us: but hurt nobody. The place being found of some hopeful advantage, Colonel Washington, with his dragoons, two hundred musketeers, and one hundred pikes, were left there all night to guard the place; lest the enemy, having discovered our men there, should fall out, either to possess the church, or burn off the two houses, which sheltered us from the fort. That evening, Prince Maurice returned over the river Avon to his own quarters. Towards night, some twenty troopers, sallying out of the town, were beaten in, and one prisoner taken, by Major Marrow.

The Prince having thus begun to view the situation of the works, affords us a fit occasion to describe the rest of them on this northern side the town, for the better understanding of what was afterwards attempted at them. The City of Bristol stands in a hole: and upon the north side, towards Durdham Down, be three eminent knolls or rock hills, now crowned with so many forts. Next the river on the southern skirt of Brandon-hill is the water fort: and on the nape of the hill more northward is Brandon fort itself; some eighteen foot square, and as many high: its graff or mote but shallow and narrow, by reason of the rockiness of the ground. This is the highest of the fort hills. From whence the line or curtain runs eastward, down the hill, at the bottom of which stands the barn and spur, where we first entered: which is since called Washington's breach.

Thence trends the line still eastward, up St. Michael's hill: on the knoll of which stands the windmill fort, though not fully so lofty as Brandon-hill, yet within four hundred and twenty passes, by a line, of it. At the bot-

tom of this, and upon the highway side, stands Alderman Jones's house, with a battery cross the way: which the line crooks a little northward to fetch in. Up the hill, again, more easterly, and within musket shot, there is another redoubt some eighteen foot square: against which Colonel Bellasis' battery played. Within less than musket shot of this, is Prior's-hill foot: four square, each side twenty-four of my paces. And hence trends the line southerly, towards the town, where, in the bottom of the hill in the meadow, called Stokes' Croft, upon Gloucester highway, and within little more than half musket shot of Prior's fort, there is a great spur-work in the line, and a strong high traverse or fore work, watching and shutting up the highway, with a strong port of timber bars on the east side of it. And these be the main works we had to attack on our side; having in all five cavaliers or batteries: in the middle of every two of which, be also little ravelins or Tenailles, thrusting out sharp angles, to flanker and scour along the curtain, I measured no further, because we had to deal no further. These forts be all palisaded; but have no fauxbrayes or fore-defences: nor on some sides, not so much as a barn, corridore, or footbank. Their dry rock graffs be also narrow and shallow. These forts command all the valley towards Durdham Down, northwards; and back again over the whole city, southwards. Through all these forts, from river to river, runs a continued line or curtain of mean strength, and not comparable to those of Oxford. Its height, commonly, about a yard and a-half: or six feet where the highest. The thickness on the top, above a yard usually. The graff or ditch, commonly two yards broad, but somewhere a foot or two more. The depth scarce considerable; as being hardly five foot usually: and in many rocky places not so deep. The ditches about the redoubts, ordinarily, about eight or nine feet deep, and so much over.

And thus was the city fortified on our north side: but

the south side where Prince Maurice fell on, though it has not such forts, yet is the line there something stronger; besides that it is fenced with the river. The whole circumvallation is full five miles. The ground in most parts so rocky that it being at a Council of War debated whether to fall on by approaches or by storm, the former way, though the safer, was rejected, for that the stoniness admits nor mines nor sapping. Within the city is a large old castle; but weak still, notwithstanding the enemies had something repaired and fortified it. A moat was begun, and some houses pulled down for it. It is wet but in some places: nor hath it fauxbrayes on all sides; and towards the south next the river, a redoubt. The Governor of Bristol was Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, son to my Lord Say and Seale; who, to defend all these works, had some ninety-four iron pieces, sakers and others, besides two small brass two-pounders, and two four-pounders.[1]

In the castle was a long brass murderer: and diverse small iron hammered pieces before the castle, and in the forts and streets, mounted upon little carriages, about a yard and three-quarters long, of the bore of double rabbinetts or double hacques. They were made by a country smith, and shot a pound or more of musket-bullets, or one pound iron ball. The strength to man all these works was three hundred horse and fifteen hundred foot, besides townsmen. For so many, Colonel Fiennes himself in print confesses, complaining that Sir William Waller had lately drawn 2000*l.* and twelve hundred men out of Bristol, besides his own horsemen, now lately beaten; and these were our oppositions.

Colonel Washington, as we told you, being on Sunday night left at Clifton Church, had the two twelve-pounders

[1] These details, though very graphic, and those that follow may be passed over by those who are not interested in military, history. Finding these papers among Prince Rupert's manuscripts, I felt bound in my character *as Editor* to insert them.

sent him to keep in those of Brandon fort, and the redoubt next the water; which notwithstanding, they sallied in the night to burn off the two houses, but were beaten in again by our people. The shooting continued on both sides till Monday morning.[1]

That forenoon was our general rendezvous of all the horse and foot, upon Durdham Down: the whole little army marching with a very large front in battaglia, to the edge of the down, that the forts might see them. The like show was made on the other side of the town, by the Lord Marquess's army. About eleven this forenoon, the Prince sent Richard Deane, his trumpeter, in his own and my Lord Marquess's names, to summon the town for the King: to whom the Governor, in writing, returned answer to this effect:—that being intrusted to keep the town for the King and Parliament, he could not as yet relinquish that trust, till he were brought to more extremity. This answer being received, and the army still continuing in battaglia, two hundred musketeers and one hundred pikes of Colonel Bellasis' Tertia were drawn out and sent to possess two little houses that stood near the way below, over against Alderman Jones's house, and to line the hedges near unto the enemy's works. At which time, my Lord Grandison, Colonel Bellasis, Colonel Lunsford, Lieutenant-Colonel Moyle, Lieutenant-Colonel Stradling, with other officers, were sent abroad by the Prince, to discover some hill or rising ground fit to cast up a battery,

[1] When the Prince received the following letter from the King: NEPHEW,

We have had this night an alarm, a party of the rebels' horse (which was said to be about three thousand, but found to to be but fifty at most) being the cause of it; but it is certain that Essex is drawing towards Aylesbury, wherefore I desire you to hasten those brigades of horse you intended to send me, and as many regiments more as ye may spare, for I believe numbers of horse are not much useful for a siege. This is all for the present: so I rest, Your loving uncle and faithful friend, CHARLES R.

Oxford, 23rd July, 1643.

to play upon the Windmill fort on St. Michael's-hill. The place being agreed on, order was given for bringing up the materials: and, to countenance the work, Colonel Bellasis' whole Tertia was lodged under the hill, within musket-shot of the enemy. Some volleys and loose shot were still passing betwixt ours and the enemy: by which we lost Captain Nevile and some others.

This done, and ours being masters of the place, the Prince gave my Lord Grandison a troop of horse of the Queen's Guards, with some dragoons; and sent him towards the left hand, to discover some place of advantage for another battery, to wait upon Prior's fort, and the lesser works by it. A rising ground, by a stone style, behind a hedge, was made choice of, within some fourteen score of their fort, and at a lesser distance from the other redoubt on the right hand towards the Windmill, and some eight score of the line in some places. More westerly still, at some eighteen or twenty score distance, as I guessed, are the white houses and their batteries, against which Colonel Bellasis lay: and beyond that again, the Windmill fort, within half cannon-shot of our designed battery. Hither, now, were workmen and materials sent, for mounting our two demi-cannons: and to countenance the work, my Lord-General's Tertia was lodged under the hill. So that from thenceforward both sides continued volleying one at another.[1]

[1] CHARLES R.,

Most dear nephew, we greet you well. Since our last to you we have received certain advertisements that the Earl of Essex is come near Aylesbury; that he hath five hundred fresh horse come to him from London; that the Lord Grey is joined with him; and that Sir William Waller, being gotten to London, is to come thence presently with a very good strength, also, to increase the rebels' forces. Besides this, we have lately sent the Lord Percy's regiment into Hampshire, which makes us second our former letters to desire you to haste hither as many of the horse with you as may be possibly spared. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Given at our Court at Oxford, the 24th day of July, 1643.

That evening, Colonel Henry Wentworth, with his Tertia, was sent to relieve Colonel Washington at Clifton Church, and to erect a battery against Brandon fort. The place made choice of was the side of the hill below, on the right hand towards the river Avon, within half musket-shot of their lower redoubt next the river: upon this were our two twelve-pounders mounted. Colonel Wentworth now sent Lieutenant-Colonel Thelwall, of Colonel Fitton's regiment, with two hundred men, to lodge himself in the bottom of Brandon-hill: where he was well sheltered by the ferns and bushes, and bolstered by the two hills before and behind. The enemies made some sallies now and then, by twenties or thirties in a party, but were still repulsed by Lieutenant-Colonel Thelwall; yea, he often sent up some of his, to skirmish with the works, within pistol-shot. Our ordnance also sent them a bullet now and then, though with little effect upon their forts, the intent being only to awe and keep them in, that they did ours the less mischief; only, as we heard, one of their cannoneers, vapouring in his shirt on the top of the fort, was killed there for his foolhardiness.

Thus have you all our Tertias lodged at their designed posts, where they were to fall on afterwards, where from this time forward they were incessantly plied with great shot, case-shot, prick-shot, iron drugs, slugs, or anything, from all the works and along the curtain, with all which we received but little harm, our men as cheerfully repaying them again with leaden courtesies. Night coming on, the enemy lay very quiet till about midnight, at which time, upon a signal of two cannons, shot off from my Lord Grandison's quarters, those in the work by Prior's fort were roused by a hot alarm. The enemies answered it with case-shot as well as muskets, for they feared a storm presently. It was a beautiful piece of danger, to see so many fires incessantly in the dark, from the pieces on both sides, for a whole hour together; about which time,

Colonel Bellasis gave them such another wakening from his post, upon the work by the two houses in the highway. And in these military masquerades was this Monday night passed.

Upon Tuesday morning, Colonel Wentworth, perceiving little good to be done with his ordnance against their forts, about eleven o'clock drew them both off their batteries, and sent them to my Lord Grandison. By this time had he advanced his line within carbine-shot of the enemy; sheltering his men, as he could, behind it, with earth and bushes. The day was spent in skirmishes and volleys, at a very near distance, yet lost he but ten or twelve men in all that service.[1]

That morning the Prince went over the water to communicate and advise with the commanders of the Western army, where these orders were at a Council of War agreed upon, July 25th, 1643; where the question being put, whether it be best to assault, or approach the City of Bristol? the resolution was:—It is resolved by the whole Council of War, for divers reasons, that it shall be assaulted by both armies on all sides, according to the best skill and direction of the Commanders-in-Chief that are to

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

My lord duke, being to wait on the King and Queen abroad as this messenger was ready to be gone, desires me to make his excuse that he writes not by this despatch, and to advertise your Highness that he will not fail to write by the next in answer to your Highness's enclosure of the 25th. The money was sent to your Highness yesterday, and we hope is with you before this time. Colonel Hatkings hath freed himself, and beaten the rebels from before Tutbury Castle. In hint, the people begin to rise for the King in a considerable number (five or six thousand), and have taken some ordnance there. The Earl of Essex is come within two miles of Aylesbury, but Waller is gone to London. They raise men apace for him. God prosper your Highness with victory, so prayeth your Highness's

Most humble servant, EDW. NICHOLAS.

Oxon, 24th July, 1643.

fall on. Orders:—It is ordered that the hour appointed for them to fall on shall be to-morrow morning, just at the break of day. The word for the soldiers to be "Oxford;" and the sign between the two armies to know one another, to be green colours, either bows or such like; and that every officer and soldier be without any band or handkerchief about his neck. 2. That the Colonels of the several brigades, as soon as they shall have entered the enemy's works, shall presently appoint some to throw down the breastworks, and fill up the ditches in several places where they enter, or other places more convenient for the entrance of our horse, if occasion require. 3. That the Commanders-in-Chief of the several brigades do agree between themselves in what manner Redcliff Church shall be possessed; and if possessed, how maintained; and that they appoint several officers for that purpose. 4. That the General of the Ordnance give special order, that all the soldiers be furnished with all kind of ammunition, and that several officers be appointed to attend the several brigades with ammunition during the assault; as also that the artillery, and the officers thereto belonging, be ordered to be ready upon all commands: and this was the agreement of both armies.

In the Prince's absence, our batteries went still forward at the two other posts. Just at three o'clock were they both finished; the two demi-cannons being mounted against Prior's fort, at my Lord Grandison's post, and our two culverins, with the two six-pounders, against the two houses and the side fort, where Colonel Bellasis and his Tertia guarded. Our demi-cannon tore Prior's fort shrewdly, they answering again with three pieces, which still shot over us. Before night, Mr. Busy, our skilful cannoneer, was slain, and one of their pieces silenced. These cannonades continued on both sides, till night parted them. The like was done at Colonel Bellasis' battery. About evening, Captain Fawcett planted his mortar-piece

upon the battery, and much tore the fort against him with grenades.

In the evening, the Prince being returned, sent for my Lord Grandison, Sir Arthur Aston, Colonel Wentworth, Colonel Bellasis, and other field-officers, to his quarter, at Captain Hill's house, at Redland, by Durdham Down's side, to advise with them concerning the time and order of a general assault next morning, according to the former agreement with the Western army. Each Tertia was to attack their own posts, either by falling upon the forts, spurs, or line, as they found most convenient. Presently upon this the orders were sent to all the foot officers. Directions were also given to entertain the enemy with alarms all night: and when they heard the losing or signal shot off, with the two demi-cannons from my Lord Grandison's post, they should fall on generally. And thus Tuesday ended.

Next Wednesday morning, July 26th, 1643, the time designed for the general assault was anticipated or prevented by the Cornish on the other side the town,—out of a military ambition, I suppose, to win the works first. Their firings we saw, and their volleys we heard to our side, something before three in the morning; which giving us the alarm, the Prince sent to have the signal shot. Which done, his Highness drew up his own troop, and disposed of the other regiments of horse in such convenient places under the hills, as they might be best at hand to back the foot in the assault, to beat off sallies, and to be ready to enter wherever the foot could make way for them.

This done, his Highness gave order for the assault, and that my Lord Grandison should make trial whether, with forty men, he could storm the fort; and if he gained that, to conjoin his Tertia with Colonel Bellasis', to assault those works also. But here, seeing we cannot tell all at once what all at once did in their three several posts, let

us begin with the elder Tertia and chief officer of the field, on the left; and so go on orderly to the right.

My Lord Grandison began his assault thus: first, he sent a lieutenant of my Lord Rivers's regiment, with fifty musketeers, to begin the alarm upon the line on the right hand of Prior's fort, and another lieutenant, with fifty more, to fall down the hill to the left hand, and nearer to the town, upon the works in Stoke's Croft, in Gloucester highways. Here was a double ravelin, or spur, on the left hand upon the line, with a traverse, or high fore-work, to barricade up the highway, made fast with an open port or gate of strong bars of timber. Lieutenant-Colonel Lunsford went first on with three hundred men, to fall upon the curtain or line of that work; but found it so well defended, that he was fain to draw off to the line towards Prior's fort. Major Sanders, Major Perkins, Major Burgess, the two Captain Astons, Captain Nowell, and some two hundred and fifty men, fell directly upon the spur itself, came up to pistol and push of pike with the defendants through the bars, and threw nine hand-grenades into the work; after which, Captain Fawcett, who behaved himself skilfully and stoutly in all this service, fastens a petard upon the port, which, though it blew well enough, yet it only broke two or three bars, but made no way for entrance. Plainly, both works and line were so well defended, that ours, being able to do no more than give testimony of their valour, and having lost Captain Nowell and nineteen men, after an hour-and-a-half's fight, perceived there was no more good to be done upon them. This my Lord Grandison observing, drew them up the hill to the fort itself, having before well marked that the line ran not close home to it, nor the way to be made up with palisades. The soldiers very cheerfully fell into the very ditch of Prior's fort with him, but the scaling-ladders being not yet come up, by reason the assault began sooner than was concluded by the orders,

and the place made too hot with shot and stones out of the fort, with muskets and case-shot from the line and other batteries, our men were forced to quit it: some of them ran along by the line, others retreating down the hill, and others standing to their arms, and shooting gallantly. Colonel Sir Ralph Dutton that day leading on the pikes, being gotten with one in his hand into the ditch, charged upon the foot with it. In the meantime, his pikes being fallen back from the foot, he went out to bring them on again; when, finding my Lord Grandison, who behaved himself most gallantly all that day, persuading with them to return, he brought them up after him. Colonel Lunsford finding a ladder of the enemy's in the field, got up the fort with it as high as the palisades; which not being able to get over, he was fain to come down again. Lieutenant Ellis had once gotten upon the line, but receiving two shots, fell off again.

Our men retreating, my Lord Grandison again took horse, to fetch them up the third time, which they obeyed very willingly, following even to the very ditch. Into this, since our retreat, some of the defendants were descended, and by one of them was my Lord Grandison shot in the right leg, who, thus hurt, desired Colonel Owen to lead on the men, which he doing, was presently shot in the face; whereupon, the soldiers perceiving two of their chief commanders hurt, pressed on no further, but retreated. This hot service having lasted about an hour and a half, news was brought my lord from the Prince, that Colonel Wentworth, Colonel Fitton, and Colonel Washington had entered the enemy's line; whereupon the General's Tertia was immediately drawn off this post. My Lord Grandison and Colonel Owen then rode back to the Prince's quarters to be dressed; Sir Gilbert Gerard, with the rest of the Tertia, according to the Prince's command, marching up to conjoin with Colonel Bellasis, who all this morning had been in as hot service,

his post or place of falling on being the line and works upon the left hand of the Windmill fort. For his forlorn hope, he sent before a lieutenant of Colonel Stradling's regiment, with thirty musketeers, six fire-pikes, and as many hand-grenades. These were presently seconded by Colonel Bellasis' and Colonel Lunsford's regiments on the right hand, and Colonel Stradling's upon the left, Colonel Lloyd's being left behind for a reserve. All these advancing as fast as they could well run, to the very trench or ditch of the spur-work, and finding there an impossibility of entering, for that they wanted fagots to fill up the ditch, and ladders to scale the work, were fain to fall down upon the line, to the right hand of the Windmill fort, to a stone wall. And now came Major Legge, with news of Colonel Wentworth's Tertia entering the suburbs; upon which, Lieutenant-Colonel Moyle, crying, "They run! they run!" encouraged our men on again. Divers others of this Tertia, being otherwhere met by the Prince in their retreat, were by him led on again, up into the enemy's works. Thence his Highness returning to fetch up his own troop, his horse's eye was shot out under him; after which, without even so much as mending his pace, he marched off on foot leisurely, till another horse was brought him. In the meantime, the retreaters, whom he had even now put into the enemy's works, were there conjoined to their colonel with the rest of the Tertia, that is, at the breach where the second Tertia had before entered, who were now marched hence into the suburbs.

For the Tertia of Colonel Wentworth's were the men that had the honour and happiness of the day first of all to beat the enemy out of their strength,—first of all to get over the line, and to make way for the rest of the army. And this was the manner of it. About twelve the night before, by a council of the officers of the Tertia, the line between the two forts of Brandon-hill and the Windmill fort was resolved to be first fallen upon. The way to the

designed place, though a hill of itself, yet in respect of the forts, was a hollow bottom at the foot of both the hills. At the north end whereof, towards the town, stands a barn of stone within a spur-work, within half musket-shot of Brandon fort. The second Tertia, with Colonel Washington's and Sir Robert Howard's dragoons, was to have been divided into van, battle, and rear,—Sir Jacob Astley's and Sir Edward Fitton's regiments being ordered to lead, Colonel Bowles and Colonel Herbert to follow, and Colonel Washington to bring up the rear. But the furze and unevenness of the ground not suffering them to observe the agreed order, every man, according as his courage served him, fell on as he could come at it. In the advance up, being full under the command of both forts, they were saluted with iron slugs, pike-shot, and what they pleased, from their cannon. Here were Lieutenant Stapleton and Ancient Middleton shot, and four or five soldiers killed. This made our men run close up to the works, as fast as they could: Colonel Wentworth, Sir Edward Fitton, Colonel Washington, Lieutenant-Colonel Thelwall, and other brave commanders, leading the way gallantly. Having recovered up to the line, they were almost in covert under St. Michael's-hill, and so under the hill, that the Windmill fort could not see them; yea, the spur and barn on their right hand sheltered the forwardest of them from Brandon fort also. Being gotten to the line, Lieutenant Wright, Lieutenant Baxter, with others, throwing hand-grenades over among the enemies, made them stagger and recoil a little: so that ours more courageously coming on to storm over the line, the enemies quitted it, and ran towards the town. Ours, thereupon, helping over one another, fell presently to fling down the work with their hands, halberts, and partisans, as they could, to let in their fellows. In the meantime, Lieutenant-Colonel Littleton, riding along the inside of the line with a fire-pike, quite cleared the place of the defendants: some of them crying

out wildfire. Thus was the line cleared for a great way together. And here, as is affirmed in Governor Fiennes' printed relation, Serjeant-Major Langrish was appointed to charge our men so soon as they should enter; but the horse did not charge, saith he, as they were commanded, and by others entreated. But whoever it was that did charge, most sure it is that by that time some two or three hundred of ours had gotten over, ere ever they could well rank themselves into order; charged they were by a troop of horse, which Governor Fiennes says were his troop. Our pikes staggered at the charge; but some fifty or sixty musketeers from a hedge giving them a round salvo, they retreated with some loss. By that we had ranked the men already gotten over the line, the enemy's horse rallied again; so that wheeling on the side of the Windmill-hill, they gave us another charge. Our pikes, which should have staved them off, could not yet be made stand: but some six of our dragoons firing on them, and other musketeers first discharging and then laying at them with their musket-stocks, they again retreated. But the truth is, Captain Clerk, Ancient Hodgkinson, and some others, running upon them with fire-pikes, neither men nor horses were able to endure it. These fire-pikes did the feat. And here Captain Henry Norwood, a volunteer under Colonel Washington, having charged in among them, was shot in the face with powder by the enemy's captain, whom in recompense he killed upon the place. Mr. Green, likewise, with other volunteers and gentlemen, charging stoutly with their swords, gave courage and example to our soldiers.

And thus was the enemy's line won presently by fine force and valour of our men. Nor can the enemy's beating from it be altogether excused, as Governor Fiennes fain would; for that their works were not quite perfected, the ditch not being made withoutside, nor the footbank withinside the work, and there being but a weak guard

in that place. But plainly the line was as high, and the ditch as broad and deep there, for aught we observed, as ordinarily in other parts; though to confess the truth the line was but weak everywhere. However, the place was stronger by a great spur-work, and the stone barn filled with defendants, just on the right hand, where we entered. So that the conquest is not to be attributed so much to the weakness of the place as to God's blessing, or our soldiers' courage; and this was done in half-an-hour, and by four in the morning. But whether the next passage be to be ascribed either to the valour or to the fortune of some others of this Tertia, let themselves or the readers judge. A heap of them now newly gotten over the line, and being there charged by the enemy's horse before they could rank themselves into order, made up all together with much (good) speed into a lane towards the town, the enemy retreating still before them. And here (all unknown to ours) the enemy had a strong work; and they in it suspecting our men's running haste to be the courage of such as pursued the victory, and were resolved to carry all before them, with as much haste ran out of it. Essex-work they call this, which lies loftily in the very entrance into the suburbs, and overlooks them and the quay. News soon brought of this, Colonel Wentworth and Colonel Washington presently marched up towards it, through a lane betwixt two garden walls, at the end of which, near Essex-work, finding a transverse ditch crossed the street, it was our men's first business to fill up that, and make way for the horse. Here the enemy from the town and houses shot fiercely, killing Sir Edward Fitton's Captain, Lieutenant Davenport, and some others. But the work and lane were for all this maintained, till Colonel Bellasis' Tertia marched up to relieve the first enterers.

These were by and by seconded by my Lord Andover's and Sir Arthur Aston's horse, who brought four cornets of his own, with Major Savage's and Captain Hanbury's

out of Colonel Samuel Sandys' regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Bunckle was left behind for a reserve. These first six troops being anon advanced into the suburbs, Colonel Sandys', and after a while, Colonel Ever's horse regiments marched up into their places.

Our former colonels now marched up to the College Green, manning the cathedral and the two next churches; thence played they upon a little work, and a house where the enemies had a piece of cannon, which, after a while, ours beat them from; Colonel Washington also sending Lieutenant Bellamy to the Queen's house, annoyed the enemies for a while, till a piece of ordnance, turned upon it from the quay, forced ours to quit it. Lieutenant-Colonel Moyle also commanded a lieutenant of Colonel Bowles, with thirty musketeers, into another house, which much annoyed the enemies, so that hereabouts the fight was like scolding at one another out of windows. Ours on the College Green were galled by the redoubt below Brandon-hill, next the water's side, and in other places; the enemy also shot freely out of the houses: and here Lieutenant-Colonel Thelwall received a shot upon the bar of his head-piece, and the bullet, having first slightly hurt him, afterwards shot a captain in the arm. By this time was our second Tertia so near the quay, that they might either have forced their way over it into the city, or at least have fired the ships, and endangered that part of the town by them, and so sent they word to the Prince; but his Highness, setting all his mind to preserve the city, gave no allowance to it. Here also were our men so near the enemy's works, that were now in skirmish with my Lord of Hertford's and Prince Maurice's men on the other side the water, that they could range their bullets to them, and so far trouble the way betwixt the town and them, as to hinder them from bringing more pieces.

By this time Colonel Bellasis' foot, with Sir Arthur Aston's horse, being advanced towards Frome gate next

the city, the enemies sallied both with horse and foot, others still shooting out at the windows. Here, in two hours' space, were two or three brisk bouts, for Sir Arthur Aston's, Major Marrow's, and other horse now sent by my Lord Andover (Serjeant-Major of that wing), had several charges with them. Here, upon steps (since called Lunsford's stairs), was the gallant Colonel Lunsford shot through the heart, who had that day before been shot through the arm ; Colonel Bellasis, also, was slightly hurt in the forehead. A party of Colonel Washington's and Colonel Stradling's men going on, Lieutenant Blunt and Lieutenant Ward were both shot through the thighs. The fight grew hard, and our men much tired, when, by the coming in of Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Lunsford, with part of the Lord-General's Tertia of foot, and others, with fresh horse, the enemies were beaten down the stairs again, through the Frome gate into the town. Here was Lieutenant-Colonel Moyle shot through the bladder, of which he died afterwards. In this conflict we lost many brave officers and soldiers, the enemy also being paid soundly; and this made them think of nothing but parley, for now, they knew, could we, without interruption, have brought our cannon or petards up to the very ports, or might have fired the ships and houses, or have mined.

Whilst all this was doing, his Highness having recovered another horse, rode up and down from place to place, where most need was of his presence, here directing and encouraging some, and there leading up others; generally it is confessed by the commanders, that had not the Prince been there, the assault, through mere despair, had been in danger to be given over in many places. After a while, when all our forces were drawing towards the suburbs, thither went his Highness also, along betwixt Brandon and the Windmill forts, up to the barn and spur, where the line had been first entered. There

stayed he to receive intelligence from all parts, and to send back directions. His Highness's troop was all this morning in a meadow at the bottom of the hill, within sight and musket-shot of both forts. Some two or three strangers were there wounded, but not one soldier slain. The rest of the horse forces were all under the hill's side, to second the foot upon occasion. After some hours, notwithstanding our men were still going and riding between, within half musket-shot, the two forts disturbed us but seldom with their volleys; for their line being taken, they knew their retreat and reliefs were quite cut off from the town, and that by shooting they should but make their conditions harder.

Ours being thus engaged in skirmishing in the suburbs, the Prince sent over the water to his brother Prince Maurice, to command thither one thousand Cornish foot. Of these, two hundred came at first, and, after a while, Prince Maurice himself with five hundred more: but by that time they were marched up into the suburbs, the fight was done, and the enemy beaten into the town. Then thought the Prince to employ them to take in Brandon fort, having already given order for one hundred to follow him. Now, also, had his Highness sent for Hendrick, the fireworker, to bring his petards for blowing open the fort gate. At the same time, also, his Highness was giving commands for his men to force their way over the haven and ships into the city: when lo! the enemies prevented all this, by sending out a drum to desire a parley. This his Highness, for saving of blood and the town, was willing to condescend unto, upon condition, the governor should send out hostages of good quality, and that the parley should last but two hours. And this answer his Highness sent in by a trumpet, commanding his men to give over shooting.

And here let me insert, out of Governor Fiennes' printed relation, the reasons that enforced him to parley.

His men, he says, being thus retreated into the town, began to be disheartened, and to draw from their colours and guards: so that of fourteen companies commanded to appear in the marsh, there met not above one hundred men. Then consulting about retiring into the castle, and to fire the town, it was overswayed; for that their three hundred horse, near half their foot, and most of their friends, could not be contained in it. Besides which, they could not hold it above two or three days; for that they had not above fifty barrels of powder, no match; nor hope to be relieved. In the meantime, they saw our [forces] so near, that we could have waded over the quay into the city, now at low water. This made them treat. Towards which, whilst all things are preparing, it will not disturb our method to relate briefly, what was all this while attempted by my Lord Marquess Hertford's western army, on the other side the water.

His Excellency's foot forces were thus commanded. The first Tertia, by Colonel Buck: consisting of the Marquis's, Prince Maurice's, and Colonel Buck's regiments. The second Tertia was Sir Nicholas Slanning's, and under it, his own, my Lord Mohun's, and Colonel Trevanion's regiments. The third Tertia was Colonel Basset's, consisting of Sir Bevil Grenville's, and Colonel Godolphin's regiments. His Highness Prince Maurice was Lieutenant-General of the army, Sir Ralph Hopton, Field-marshal, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lieutenant-General of the horse, the Earl of Crauford, Serjeant-Major-General of the horse, and Colonel Wagstaff, Major-General of the foot. And this the Cornish would have styled the Cornish army, which on Monday, July 24th, advancing over the Avon at Keinsham-bridge, to the west and south sides of Bristol; first sent out a forlorn hope of musketeers to beat in the sallying enemies; and to possess themselves of Pine-hill against Temple-gate: where upon the highway, they after put up their battery. That day they cut several gaps for

passages through the hedges: quartered two Tertias behind the Battery-hill, and lodged Colonel Basset's Tertia in Bedminster, hard by Bristol. That day they gave several alarms to the town: even up to the very ports. On Tuesday, they prepared for the assault next day: all day giving and receiving many alarms and cannonades from the town; and skirmishing with their musketeers in the hedges. At night they gave a hot alarm into the town: as Prince Rupert's also did on the other side.

Their order for the falling-on was thus: Sir Nicholas Slanning with his Cornish was to fall on first, and to have the middle ward: Colonel Buck with the first Tertia being to close him upon the right hand; and Colonel Basset's Tertia upon the left. His Highness Prince Maurice stayed in his proper place, with the reserve at the battery. Being now to fall on, it was Major-General Wagstaff's desire to drive carts or waggons before them into the graff or ditch, that the soldiers might pass over them; but the ditch was found too deep for the carts: so that plot failed; which Prince Maurice misdoubting, had commanded the soldiers to take faggots to fill the ditches, and ladders to scale the fort. And Sir Richard Cave was sent by the Prince to the Tertia that fell on first, to tell them the two other Tertias had provided these materials; but whether it were for haste or upon mistake, the alarm was given so suddenly that these helps were left behind. The Cornish fell on resolutely; but being not able to scale the fort, after half-an-hour's hot fight, were beaten off with stones as well as bullets. Being retreated to the hedges, they thence so long maintained the skirmish, till Prince Rupert sent over for the thousand Cornish before spoken of. In time of the retreat, Prince Maurice went from regiment to regiment encouraging the soldiers, desiring the officers to keep their companies by their colours; telling them he believed his brother had already made his entrance on the other side. Instantly thereupon Prince

Rupert indeed sent him word of it. The Cornish, both commanders and soldiers, behaved themselves gallantly, as may be collected by their losses; for in the first Tertia Colonel Buck was slain, Colonel Astley shot through the thigh, and some twelve or fourteen soldiers killed: in the second Tertia Sir Nicholas Slanning had his thigh broken with a case-shot, whereof he died three weeks after. Colonel Trevanion's thigh being shot, it swelled, grew black, and stank; whereof he died about midnight: his Major, Kendall, was slain, and Captain Rich, besides some forty others killed and wounded. In the third Tertia, Colonel Basset himself was lightly hurt; with Captain and Lieutenant Fords, brothers: some fifteen or twenty more were slain in and about the ditch, and about as many more wounded. Thus, you see, though the Cornish could not enter the line, yet they put on gallantly for it, all the commanders of their Tertias being thus sorely mauled.

And now to the parley, which being desired by the Governor, Major Langrish, and another captain being sent out for hostages about it, the two Princes and our other chiefs giving them a meeting at a garden-house right against Essex-work; Colonel Charles Gerard and Adjutant William Tyringham were sent into the city to capitulate with the Governor, about five in the evening. At length, Colonel Gerard willing to condescend to any reason in favour of the city, but pinching as hard as might be upon the soldiers, these following articles were concluded on:—

Articles agreed on at the City of Bristol, between Colonel Charles Gerard and Captain William Tyringham, for and on behalf of Prince Rupert and the Lord Marquis Hertford, of the one part, and Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, Governor of Bristol, on the other part, the 26th of July, 1643.

1. That the Governor, Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, together with all the officers, both of horse and foot, now

within the City of Bristol, castle and forts, may march out to-morrow morning by nine o'clock, with their full arms, horses, bag and baggage, provided it be their own goods; and the common foot-soldiers shall march out without arms, and the troopers with their horses and swords, leaving their other arms behind them, with a safe convoy to Warminster; and after, not to be molested in their march by any of the King's forces, for the space of three days.

2. That there may be carriages allowed and provided to carry away their bag and baggage, and sick and hurt soldiers.

3. That the King's soldiers march not into the town till the Parliament forces are marched out, which is nine of the clock.

4. That all prisoners in the city be delivered up, and that Captain Eyres and Captain Gookin, who were taken at the Devizes, be released.

5. That Sir John Horner, Sir John Seymour, Mr. Edward Stephens, and all other knights, gentlemen, citizens, and other persons that are now in the city, may, if they please, with their goods, wives, families, bag and baggage, have free liberty to repair to their own houses or elsewhere, and there to rest in safety, or ride or travel with the governor and forces: and such of them or their families as shall be left behind by reason of sickness or other cause, may have liberty as soon as they can conveniently, to depart the town with safety; provided, that all the gentlemen and other persons shall have three days' liberty to reside here, or depart with their goods, which they please.

6. That all the inhabitants of this city shall be secured in their persons, families, and estates, from plundering, and all other violence and wrong whatsoever.

7. That the charters and liberties of the city be preserved, and that the ancient government thereof, and present governors and officers may remain and continue

in their former condition, according to his Majesty's charter pleasure thereon.

8. That for avoiding of inconveniencies and distractions, the quartering of soldiers be referred and left to the mayor and governor of the same city, for the time being.

9. That all such as have carried any goods into the castle, may have free liberty to carry the same forth.

10. That the forces that are to march out, are to leave behind them all their cannon and ammunition, with their colours, and such arms as is before expressed.

NATHANIEL FIENNES.
CHA. GERARD.
WILLIAM TYRINGHAM.

Besides all these articles, the six horse-captains in the town consented each man to give Colonel Gerard and Captain Tyringham his best horse, as an acknowledgment that their regiment was broken: but they desired this might not be set down in the articles, because of the disgrace.

For making good this agreement on our part, Colonel Gerard was ready next morning by nine o'clock at the ports with the Prince's protection and convoy. But whereas men in the like case use to borrow rather an hour after the time agreed, these now marched out two hours sooner. The less marvel, then, that some were plundered out of the town; seeing our officers, who should have restrained their soldiers, were not yet come. It was their fault, also, to open the ports before the convoy could be there to secure them. But the little plundering was done by stragglers and sharks, that follow armies merely for spoil and booty. Prisoners, likewise, too soon let loose, and some wronged townsmen, now fell upon the Parliamentarians to take from them their own goods and horses. Some Reading soldiers also were got in among, whom the enemy had before so used. And all these were the more incensed by a

Parliamentarian's shooting a Cavalier in the streets. Divers of them also offered to carry away their pistols in their cloak-bags: others had sold their swords and muskets, broken their pikes, and spoiled their ammunition in the castle, driven iron slugs to close some of their greater ordnance, and lastly, carried away divers of their colours; and all this contrary to articles. However, some of ours, in requital, now plundered some of theirs; the *Prince who uses, not only in point of honour but of religion too, to make good his word,* was so passionately offended at the disorder, that some of them felt how sharp his sword was; and indeed Governor Fiennes himself hath excused and justified the Princes. The Parliamentarians being marched out, the King's forces were received in.[1]

And thus the fair City of Bristol being by Prince Rupert reduced to the King's obedience, there was great hope of rigging out a fleet also for his Majesty's service.

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have sent my lieutenant-colonel back to Bristol to fetch back those men of these brigades who are stayed behind, and went this morning in so great numbers, that there are very few left with the colours, the reason whereof is their discontent, in that they think they are sent away at this time to lose their shares in the pillage of Bristol. I shall therefore humbly beseech your Highness that I may have authority from you to assure them, that though they be absent by your Highness's command, yet they shall have their parts as well as others; and that upon this assurance your Highness would please to issue a proclamation, to command all who belong to those two brigades immediately to repair to their colours upon pain of death; and truly, sir, unless this be done, I shall carry as few back to Oxford as if I had received a defeat. Sir, I should not have troubled your Highness in this busy time, but that I see a mutiny like to arise amongst the soldiers unless they receive some benefit of your Highness's great victory at Bristol, wherein, I doubt not, but your Highness will excuse, sure it is only out of zeal to your service, this boldness in your Highness's

Most humble and most faithful servant,

JOHN BYRON.

July 27th, 1643.

For this purpose, Mr. Fitzherbert, a merchant of Bristol, came, the Sunday before, to the Prince, at Clifton, with an overture of divers ships in Kingsroad (the harbour of Bristol) likely to return to their obedience. Next day, also, Mr. William Bevan, merchant, of Bristol, brought word unto the Prince, how that by virtue of a commission from my Lord of Hertford, directed to himself and some others, the owners and masters of eight ships being treated with, had surrendered themselves to his Majesty's obedience joyfully. In sign whereof, they then shot off above sixty pieces from aboard; which they desired might be answered by a general volley from the army. Divers other ships imitated these; and one of "the King's whelps" came in to begin a fleet, with which Sir John Pennington was left to command.

Bristol thus taken, Forbes forsook Berkeley Castle; and upon my Lord of Carnarvon's marching with four hundred horse and fifty dragoons into Dorsetshire, to relieve Corfe Castle, Dorchester and Weymouth surrendered upon summons, and the isles of Purbeck and Portland were quitted. In all these places were taken fifteen hundred arms, one hundred and twenty barrels of powder, and sixty pieces of ordnance. And, indeed, upon the judgment of Colonel Fiennes and the gentlemen of Gloucester and Somersetshires (since printed), these happy consequences for the King were likely to come, upon the taking of Bristol:—1. Much money and arms will there be gotten. 2. He will soon subdue Gloucester, and become master of all that tract between Shrewsbury and the Lizard's Point in Cornwall. 3. He will become master of all the traffic of that inland sea the Severn; and make all the shipping of the Welsh and English coasts his own. 4. His neighbourhood to Wales will from time to time supply him with a body of foot. 5. The Parliament shall lose a port-town very important for the service of Ireland; and fit to give landing to the rebels of that place, or any other

enemy. Indeed, all these advantages might the King have made, had the conquest being well managed. This weak town was so well defended, that we wondered why Colonel Fiennes should be banished.[1]

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[1] This paper appears to have been drawn up by Baron de Gomme for the intended biography of Rupert. In the Prince's naval career there are several more voluminous episodes. My impression is that the work was undertaken during the voyage to the West Indies, and intended to have been finished when access could be had to the histories of the time, such as Baker's "Chronicle" and Sir Edward Walker's "Discourses." The Cavaliers would have considered it very much beneath them to consult May, Whitelocke, Rushworth, or any Roundhead authority.

The following extract contains some matters of various interest relating not only to the siege, but to this history; wherefore, even at the risk of exhausting the reader's patience, I am induced to subjoin it :—

"A true relation of the taking of Bristol, the several circumstances as it was sent in a letter by an eye-witness to the Governor at Oxford, July 30; together with his Excellency's propositions to both Houses of Parliament, August 1st.

"At the assault of Bristol the outworks were made very strong, and cost near five hundred common men's lives on the King's side. Colonel Herbert Lunsford was slain, and the Lord Viscount Grandison shot, and Master Bellasis wounded in the head by his own sword, which was struck to his head by a musket when they rushed in upon the works, neither of them in very great danger. It was the hottest service that ever was in this kingdom since the war began. In his Majesty's army there was at least one thousand four hundred armed men; some other gentlemen were lost in the service, whose names we shall know hereafter. The city was surrendered upon Wednesday on this composition: the commanders were permitted to ride out with swords, and the common men marched out with sticks in their hands, so many as were pleased to go; but at least a thousand of the garrison soldiers very willingly remain in the castle to serve his Majesty. Colonel Jones marched out without molestation or hurt, who attempted before to escape, but was stopped by the sailors, which are his Majesty's friends. The Royalists found in the city one thousand seven hundred barrels of gunpowder, with match and bullets proportionable, sixty brass pieces of good ordnance and all the arms,

This great triumph for the King was sullied by the manner in which the victors retaliated on the vanquished their own insults at Reading. It was also saddened by the loss of some of the best and bravest Cavaliers, both officers and men. Of the latter, at least five hundred "tried and incompara-

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eighteen good ships in the river belonging to merchants, and four ships belonging to the Earl of Warwick, that came lately to relieve it, which have good store of ammunition in them. The city gives 140,000*l.* by way of composition to save them from plundering; upon which his Majesty hath sent a proposition strictly to prevent it, that it shall be death for any soldier to plunder. Sir Arthur Aston came post to Oxford on Friday, to inform his Majesty of the state of things there; upon which the Council of War and the Council of State agreed to send away Sir John Pennington speedily to Bristol, to have the command of the ships, and a proclamation to all that are willing to serve the King to this effect,—that they shall have their pardons that have served under the Earl of Warwick, and also the pay that is due from him presently paid at Bristol, and his Majesty's pay and his favour for the future.

"It is thought that Sir Ralph Hopton or Sir Arthur Aston will be governor or commander-in-chief at Bristol, and we think the King will remove his Court thither. The Queen was abroad on Saturday last: she looks very ill. Oxford is very strongly fortified; but they die daily there of a calenture, which is a burning fever. It is reported that Lord Essex is much incensed with the City, for Saturday's business, for making Sir William Waller a general, and for their neglect and slight of him. He sent Sir Philip Stapleton the last night to the houses with a letter, shewing how much he is undervalued and abused, together with some propositions to them, and some resolutions of his own. Some of the lords are also discontented: if not prevented, they are likely to be of the Earl of Essex's opinion, and be ready to side with him in that course which he intends ere long. God direct him and them! Informations, July 31, of the Bristol taking, Exeter shaking, Gloucester quaking. The report is that Bristol is to pay but 9000*l.* in money for composition, but that they were also to clothe fifteen thousand of the King's soldiers according to their quality, all common men allowed 3*l.* a suit, and gentlemen or commanders 6*l.* If this be so, it amounts to

ble foot;" of the former, Major Kendall, Colonel Buck, "a brave and modest commander," Colonel Harry Lunsford (not to be confounded with the notorious Sir Thomas), "an officer of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage," the "excellent" Colonel Moyle, and "the pure and faultless" Lord Grandison, one of the brightest characters that has escaped renown.[1] Almost equally regretted were two young and gallant friends, Sir Nicholas Slanning, and Colonel John Trevanion; "of entire friend-

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little less than 140,000*l.*, according to the former intelligence. There was found in the castle of Bristol much money, 100,000*l.* as is reported.

"Five propositions from his Excellency to both Houses of Parliament:—

"1. That he should have the arrearages paid to his soldiers.

"2. His army to be recruited.

"3. To have four hundred horse pressed, and afterwards two hundred a month.

"4. That he will have satisfaction from some citizens, whom he shall nominate, that have scandalised and disparaged him.

"5. That he will have no army raised but with his commission and authority."—*Oxford, printed* 1643.

[1] I subjoin probably one of the last letters he ever wrote: it contains an important hint concerning Gloucester, which proves that Rupert had already been making inquiries concerning it:—

SIR,—I did forget to tell your Highness that the best way to enter the town of Gloucester will be by putting some of the garrison of Worcester into boats, to fall down the river to that side of Gloucester which lieth most open, and will be very easy to them to master, whilst we assault on this side, and that Vavasour, with his force, come off the forest side from Hereford. I cannot easily believe your Highness hath not already ordered this, yet venture to give you the trouble of hearing it from,

Your Highness's most humble servant, GRANDISON.

Farington, 17th July.

There may be boats to send from Worcester for us to put men in, upon any occasion.

ship with each other," and with Sir Bevil Grenville; they were buried in the same grave with their last-named chivalrous comrade.

It is only just to the unfortunate governor who surrendered Bristol to say, that his defence before Parliament may entirely acquit him of pusillanimity in dispassionate minds, as being hopeless of relief; and finding it only possible to postpone for a few days the capture of the town, at the expense of its being stormed and plundered afterwards. It is true that heroic examples have shewn that no defence is hopeless, and that mere shells of starved cities have proved unconquered and unconquerable; but Nathaniel Fiennes cared for the citizens, as well as for their city, which is a great drawback to all but a thorough-going man of war. Fiennes deplores the want of faith and courtesy observed towards the surrendering soldiers; but he honourably acquits Prince Rupert of any share in the disgraceful transaction:—

"I must do this right to the Princes," he says, "contrary to what I find in a printed pamphlet, that they were so far from sitting on their horses, triumphing and rejoicing at these disorders, that they did ride among the plunderers with their swords, hacking and slashing them, and that Prince Rupert did excuse it to me in a very fair way, and with expressions as if he were much troubled at it."[1]

[1] See also p. 262 in this volume; A Relation made to the House of Commons by Colonel Nat. Fiennes, London, August 5, 1643. A pamphlet in Mr. Bentley's possession.

A few days were passed in the captured city in re-organizing the troops, and drafting such of the prisoners as volunteered to take arms for the King into new regiments: the important matter of ransoms and contributions was also to be arranged. Unfortunately, I do not anywhere find Prince Rupert's own report of his actions to the King: I have sought diligently for them in the State Paper Office, but in vain: wherever they may be, they are probably together, for no traces are elsewhere discoverable; and that the Prince *could* write, and freely and eloquently too, we shall have proof hereafter. The subjoined letter from the King[1] acknowledges Prince Rupert's success. I find from the Diary that the Prince of Wales's regiment was sent to be recruited at Bristol: whenever a garrison was conquered an enlistment took place, more or less freely,

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[1] NEPHEW,

I did not write to you yesternight, because I employed that time in doing that which I thought more necessary, to wit, recalling of the Marquis Hertford, about my necessary affairs, and commanding your brother to stay with that army; for I know you do not expect compliments from me, yet I must not be so forgetful, as now that I have time, not only to congratulate with you for this last happy success of the taking of Bristol, but to acknowledge *the chief thanks thereof to belong to you*, which, I assure you, *adds to my contentment*.

That which I desire you to remember is, first, to settle the contributions, and otherways for raising of monies; then to take care to have a good account of all the arms and ammunition, but especially the powder; and, lastly, to settle some way for the recruiting both of my horse and foot.

Your most loving uncle and faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

Oxford, July 28th, 1643.

from those who had been just contending in mortal strife against their new recruiting officers. A serious misunderstanding now arose between the Princes Rupert and Maurice and Lord Hertford, which the King himself found it necessary to visit Bristol in order to allay.[1] The fault at first was probably on the side of Prince Maurice, who seems to have been of a singularly negative character, and there-

[1] The facts seem to have been, that there had long been a just jealousy on Lord Hertford's part of the assumption of Prince Maurice, who was only his lieut.-general, yet he frequently affected an independent command.* On the other hand, when Bristol was taken by the Prince's forces, and surrendered to him, Lord Hertford claimed the right of disposing of its government, as being within the limits of his command, and he thereupon, without consulting the Prince, appointed Sir Ralph Hopton to be governor. Rupert, who highly esteemed the latter, not only as a gallant soldier but as his mother's friend, would not set up any of his own army in opposition to him, but claimed from the King the governorship for himself. To this the King assented, before he heard from Lord Hertford. He then perceived how delicate a predicament he was placed in, and hence his expedition to Bristol. His presence calmed the passionate strife between the two parties. Prince Rupert at once offered to make Hopton his lieutenant-governor, which the latter, only desirous of serving the son of the Queen of Hearts, willingly accepted, and then the Prince assured him he would soon resign to him his own command. Rupert's enemies found in this transaction an opportunity of inveighing against the Prince's ambition and overbearing nature, as they termed it: his friends asserted, and with more reason, that to refuse him so reasonable a request would dispirit his army, "whose eyes being upon his Highness, whose name was become a terror to the enemy, and his courage and conduct had been very prosperous to the King." Lord Clarendon relates the whole affair (iv. 163, &c.) with admirable tact and gracefulness, throwing especially a bright light on Hopton's nobly disinterested character.

* For all that can be said against Prince Maurice, *see* Appendix to Clarendon's Rebellion, vol. iv.

fore proportionally difficult to deal with. He had the most resolute courage, and an unfaltering affection for his brother, and beyond these traits I know of nothing to his advantage, and as little to his discredit. On the 31st of July the King writes to announce his approach; and there are several letters from my Lord Herbert concerning supplies for the garrison, and one announcing "a brace of Ragland stags for his Highness's own use."

At Oxford there were great rejoicings for the capture of Bristol, and solemn thanksgiving to God: in London great tribulation, but no thought of peace. A mission to the Scots for succour was resolved upon, and a committee of both Houses was deputed for that purpose; but the Earl of Rutland and the Lord Grey of Wark, the two appointed deputies from the Upper House, declined the office. Therefore the Commoners, Sir William Armyne, Sir Harry Vane, and two others, with Messrs. Marshall and Nye, militant divines, were sent alone. There were many objections and remonstrances made against calling in the *foreign* aid of the Scot; at the price, too, of confirming, if not introducing, the foreign faith of presbytery: for, it was urged how much they had themselves profited by merely spreading a report that the King had sought aid from Ireland, on the promise of tolerating the Roman Catholic faith. But there appeared to the Parliamentary leaders to be no alternative; their own strength had been tried to the uttermost, and

failed; every day brought more menacing prospects; success to either side throughout the war always came in tides, and now their fortunes seemed at a rapid ebb. Dorchester surrendered to the Earl of Carnarvon; Portland, Weymouth, and Melcombe-Regis followed, the next day. Fairfax was defeated at Adderton Moor on the 30th of June, and was now cooped up in Hull. The only event on the other side was the defeat of a small force at Gainsborough by Cromwell, "who now began to appear in the world:"[1] the forces defeated were trifling; but the loss of the brave young Charles Cavendish was greatly mourned.[2] The Newark Cavaliers soon recovered Gainsborough, and blotted it out from the list of Roundhead triumphs. Lord Essex himself wrote to the Parliament, to advise negotiations for peace, and Lords Holland, Bedford, and Clare, fairly went over to the King. Colonel Blagge (Mrs. Godolphin's father) received the conscientious converts at Wallingford, and forwarded them, with an escort of honour, to the Court. Prince Rupert was then with the King at Oxford, and appears already to have begun to advise and desire an honourable peace. He had seen enough of this civil war, though he still counselled the most decisive measures in the field; and this, I think,

[1] Whitelocke's Memorial [ed. 1732], 72.

[2] Cromwell relates that his officer "slew him with a thrust under the short ribs;" and Mr. Carlyle relates how "he dared to kill this honourable person."—*Cromwell's Letters*, ii. 186.

several circumstances in the ensuing transactions will prove. It is apparent, from a note in his own Diary, that the three Earls now proceeded straight to the quarters of the Prince, and were by him presented to the King. The note runs thus:—

"At this time the Lords Clare, Holland, and Bedford, came over to the Prince, and would have rendered; *but the Queen would not hear of it*, and was angry that the Prince brought them to kiss the King's hand."[1]

But this was on August 25th, and we next return to the Council of War at Bristol on the 3rd; where the King presided at a momentous debate as to the next move.[2]

The war-party was for a march upon London, straight; others, especially Sir John Culpepper, suggested the siege of Gloucester, in order to gain time: the latter were obliged to urge military considera-

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[1] Hyde was very desirous that these wavering nobles should be favourably received and conciliated. Worthless in themselves, their names were influential before the public, and would decide many other waverers according to the reception they saw bestowed on them. Lord Clarendon makes the following profound observation on this matter:—"For a body that is not formed by policy, with any avowed and fixed principles of government, but by the distempered affections, ambition, and discontent of particular persons, who rather agree against a common adversary than are united to one just interest, cannot so easily be dissolved as by treating with particular persons, and rending those branches from the trunk, whose beauty and advantage consists only in the spreading."—*Clarendon's Rebellion*, iv. 334.

[2] This summary, since Bristol's capture, is from Whitelocke, p. 70, &c.; Baker's Chronicle, p. 546; May, Parl. Hist. 76, &c.; Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 152; Prince Rupert's Diary and Note Book.

tions however, in order to gain their ruinous ends. The Welsh forces were considerable, amounting to nearly five thousand men; they were willing and eager to attack Gloucester, but refused to march beyond the Severn. It was considered important to allow the Oxford forces some rest, and leisure to recruit and train new levies, while the Cornish men were wanted in the South. And then there was the fatal vanity of leaving no enemy's standard flying in their rear; a vanity not peculiar to these Generals or this war. Essex was moving at last, with his usual lingering pace, to Gloucester,[1] but the flushed forces of the King were confident of capturing the town before he could relieve it. The deciding cause in the debate seems to have been that Colonel Massey, the Governor of Gloucester, had given some hopes of surrendering his charge to Will. Legge, under

[1] LORD WILMOT TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The last night, Essex lay himself with his foot at Chilton, and his horse at Wotton; this day, I am informed, his rendezvous is near Bicester. I shall not fail to attend him with as much diligence as I am capable of, and daily to give your Highness an account of his and my motions. The Kentish, Hampshire, and Sussex forces joined last night with Essex. A party of mine met with their *avant-couriers*, took five prisoners, and killed more. I learned of them that they were not, *in all*, horse and foot, two thousand five hundred. I most humbly kiss your Highness's hands.

Your Highness's most humble and most faithful servant,

WILMOT.

Blelchington, Aug. 3rd, 1643.

whose command he had formerly served.[1] As soon as this fatal move was resolved upon, the King set himself anxiously to work to neutralize the dangerous dissensions in his camp. The Cornish forces shewed great unwillingness to join with the King's forces, so they were despatched away to the South; Lord Carnarvon, whose grave and thoughtful habits suited these steady men, led a division of their cavalry against Dorchester; Prince Maurice was to follow with the rest—the foot and the artillery. The Welsh forces were ordered to concentrate themselves upon Gloucester, under Vavasour; Lord Her-

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[1] Several such intimations were received, from which I select the following:—

MY MUCH HONOURED LORD,

By my last I advised your lordship that Forbes was come from Berkeley to Gloucester, which was the fact, but now he is gone from Gloucester towards Warwi[ck]. Old Hill, the town-clerk of Tewkesbury, went so soon as I sent to him (since I waited on your lordship) to Gloucester, to persuade, as he pretends, the citizens and soldiers to deliver up the town, and is there laid up in prison, but I fear it is by his own consent. We have taken his son, Nat. Hill, who was under-sheriff, and a great collector for the Parliament, and a cornet in their army: he promises to do the King good service in information against the rebels. I desire to know your Lordship's pleasure, whether he shall continue here with the provost-marshal of our regiment, or that you will have him sent up to you. I am very confident the City of Gloucester will yield, if it be demanded; for the soldiers that come forth tell me the town-soldiers have resolved not to strike a stroke against the King. And this is all that for the present I can trouble your Lordship, saving that I am,

Your Lordship's most humble and faithful servant,

WILLIAM MORTON.

Winchcombe, 3rd Aug. 1643.

bert being content to resign for the present, aware of his unpopularity as a Roman Catholic.[1] The King declared that he could not spare the Marquis of Hertford from his own councils: he took this faithful and powerful servant honestly into his confidence, but frankly confessed to him, at the same time, the motives of his conduct.[2] Finally, he created Sir Ralph, Lord Hopton of Stratton, and leaving him at Bristol to recover of his wounds, he marched away to Gloucester.

On the 8th or 9th, the Prince received the following inflated letter of compliment from the Earl of Newcastle, which it seems expedient, for future reasons, to print here.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

No creature is more overjoyed to hear of your victories than myself, nor doth more heartily congratulate them to you, but I must tell you truly, as they are too big for anybody else, so they appear too little for you, your name is grown so triumphant, and the world's expectation to look for more from you than man can do; but that is their fault, sir, and not yours. Long may you live a terror to your uncle's enemies, and a preserver of his servants, and then I beseech you, sir, think of me, being your Highness's greatest admirer, W. NEWCASTLE.

Lincoln, the 7th of Aug. 1643.

Prince Rupert, finding that there was to be a regular siege, and that an assault was objected to on account of the terrible loss it had caused at Bristol,

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 181. [2] *Ibid.* 172.

declined to command the besieging force. General Lord Ruthven (now Earl of Forth and Brentford) was sent for to Oxford to conduct the operations. The Prince busied himself in reorganizing and increasing his cavalry, which was soon "a noble body, and upwards of six thousand strong."[1] Wilmot was ordered to attend closely upon Lord Essex's movements; and Sir Arthur Aston, with his dragoons, was drawn near to the beleaguered city. From the latter, Prince Rupert received, at Oxford, the following letter on the 7th or 8th, by which Clarendon's narration of Legge's correspondence with Massey is confirmed.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

From Major Legge you will understand the resolution of the Governor of Gloucester, wherefore I conceive that the summoning of him to surrender the city will be to little purpose, as yet, until we can put him to some distress. I am forced to keep our horse upon perpetual duty for the want of foot, the country being so generally evil affected unto his Majesty, and besides so full of hedges and enclosures that our horse are not able to do anything against them, albeit the country people do themselves assault some of our quarters, as Major Legge can inform your Highness. But if I can by any means light upon them they shall pay dear for it. May it please your Highness, as I remember you said that Colonel Tillaye, and the other Colonel, who joins with him, should march back unto the Lieutenant-General's brigade, but they are still here with Colonel Gerard, and his own regiment is likewise come to him, herein I desire your Highness's resolution. More-

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 194.

over, sir, here is one Samuel Webb, a clothier, who both hath and doth assist the Parliament against the King, and yet, by what means I know not, he has obtained lately a protection from his Highness Prince Maurice; I conceive upon the information of some man, for his own particular advantage, contrary to his Highness's knowledge: this Webb hath a good quantity of scarlet and other cloth in his house. But having the Prince's protection, until further orders from your Highness, I would not let any man meddle with him, albeit I have noticed that he has sent a great quantity of cloth into Gloucester; and indeed there is scarcely one of all these clothiers but have both lent money, and do maintain soldiers upon their own charges against his Majesty. I beseech your Highness be pleased to send me your Highness's directions herein. I understand your Highness doth not intend to come hither, I must confess that I have neither desire nor affection to wait upon any other General. And yet I cannot choose but approve of your Highness's absence in this business, being that there is a great deal of reason others should do something to the service as well as you, who have hitherto done all yourself. But I am afraid we shall proceed but very sleepily without you, and for my particular I shall desire nothing more than still to be honoured with your commands, the which shall ever, to the utmost of my endeavours, be punctually observed by

Your Highness's most humble and
most faithful servant,

ARTHUR ASTON.[1]

Panswick, three miles from Gloucester,
this 7th Aug. 1643.

P.S.—May it please your Highness, my Lord Chandos' regiment is lying near here.

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[1] Massey appears to have furnished great hopes to the Royalists, as this, amongst other letters, may prove. It will be ob-

A vessel, about this time, had reached Bristol, laden with arms for the Queen;[1] and the Prince had gone back to Oxford to inquire about it. Meanwhile, on Wednesday,[2] the 10th, the King had ranged his whole army on a fair hill, in a clear

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served how many private letters to the King are forwarded to the Prince.

SECRETARY NICHOLAS TO THE KING.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

This gentleman, Captain Presland Molineux, hath this day been with the Lords here, and told them that he is an ancient and intimate acquaintance of Captain Massey, who is Governor of Gloucester, that he knows Massey's affections are to serve your Majesty, and that he had put himself into your service, but that he was refused the employment he desired; that Massey, his father, is a prisoner now in Cheshire for your Majesty. This Captain Molineux doubts not, but if he may be permitted to go to Massey, he shall persuade him to render himself and Gloucester into your Majesty's hands.

The Lords thought there might be [good use] made of this for your Majesty's service, and therefore have thought good to send him to your Majesty, leaving him to your royal consideration. God prosper your Majesty's designs; so prayeth your sacred

Majesty's most humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

Oxford, 8th August, 1643.

[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I thought it my duty to advertise your Highness, that here is come in a frigate, by the Queen's procurement, with great store of arms, especially pistols, and good store of hand-grenades and round shot. But because she came by her Majesty's care, the captain that brings them is gone to Oxford, and desires first to acquaint her Majesty with it, that the first news of it might come from there; but it being here generally known in this town, I thought it my duty to give your Highness this private advertisement, that the last news of it may not come from me.

Your Highness's most humble and faithful servant,

RALPH HOPTON.

Bristol, Aug. 15, 1643.

[2] Lord Clarendon says that it was *Thursday*.

view of the city, and "within less than two miles of it." He thence sent a "trumpet" to offer the garrison and citizens free pardon without exception, and perfect security for their persons and estates. "Two citizens promptly returned with the trumpeter from the town, with lean, sharp, and bald visages, indeed faces so strange and unusual, and in such garb and gesture, that at once made the most severe countenances merry. . . . . In a pert, shrill, undismayed accent, these strange ambassadors announced abruptly that they had brought an answer from the godly city of Gloucester." It was a defiance, couched in civil, and even loyal language, yet the godly city scarcely mustered five thousand inhabitants,[1] and was only defended by an indifferent moat and an old wall.[2] The King struggled for

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[1] Macaulay's England, i. 339.

[2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. The following extract from a Parliamentary pamphlet in the King's Collection, British Museum, gives a different account: — "The strength of the Parliamentary forces in Gloucester was no more than two regiments of foot, one hundred horse, and the trained bands, with some reformadoes, besides one hundred horse from Berkeley Castle, altogether about fifteen hundred. The works large and imperfect. Marshy grounds from the north to the west gate. The west is defended by the river; to the south a firm but haste work; the ditches narrow but full of water. The King had been hovering some days on the heights. August 10th he approached the town, and by two heralds summoned it to surrender, and awaited their answer drawn up before the town attended by Prince Charles, the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, and General Ruthven, with about eight thousand horse and foot. Presently the mayor returned this message, similar to that he had given to Prince Rupert, 'That he held the city for the King according to the command of Parliament, and by his oath of allegiance he still considered himself

some time with his advisers and his destiny to avoid this siege, but finally he gave himself up to it, notwithstanding the opposition of the Queen. At the same time, Newcastle sat down before Hull.

I find among the Prince's papers the following particulars of this siege, which being hitherto unpublished, will prove more interesting than any details to be derived from the well-canvassed histories: it shews the singular fidelity of Lord Clarendon's narrative. It is entitled

A JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF GLOUCESTER.

Governor Massey wrote to Major Legge, that if the King came before the town, he would bring him in with a thousand men.

Upon Wednesday night, August 9, 1643, his Majesty quartered five miles short of Bristol, and the Prince at Princenage, three miles off Bristol; upon downs betwixt both places, my Lord-General's forces from Oxford and one mortar met our Bristol soldiers with their eight pieces.

Thursday morning, the army was drawn up within a mile of the town, on the south. The rebels set fire on Highnam-house; and by-and-by, on another house at the ——— end of the suburbs. The Prince, Sir Arthur Aston, Sir Jacob Astley, Major Legge, and divers other

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bound to keep it.' The next day hostilities began, the Royalists having entrenched during the night on the south and east parts, from whence some sallies were made with loss on both sides. Meanwhile various detachments of the enemy advanced into the suburbs, to the east and south, where the ports were dammed up and rammed with earth cannon-proof, and the walls from port to port lined to the battlements, the chief shock being expected on this side."

commanders, rode with the engineers to view the town. When they returned, the King sent one of his trumpeters with Phillipott, Somerset Herald, and George Owen, York Herald, in their coats of arms, with offer of pardon, into the city. After four hours they returned, brought Major [illegible][1] and Mr. Jordan, a bookbinder, [Lord Clarendon's "lean-visaged men"] into the field. The Major, just as he came at the King, slightly kneeling, tendered him their brief answer in writing. Their backs turned scarce thirty yards, on clap they their caps in the King's presence, with orange ribbons in them. They had been so long about it purposely to gain time, not to deliberate what to say. This they were soon resolved on, for whilst the heralds were within the town, the [besiegers] set fire to more houses. In treaty some of ours went to turnpikes, and soldiers swore if they knew the King were in the field, though their officers made them shoot, they would drop their bullets, and vowed to drink the King's health on their knees.

Their messengers returned, the suburbs fired in three places, and burnt quite off.

Forbes also quitting the Vineyard, a mile off, fired that too.

Towards evening, ours were drawn on two sides of the town: the enemy shot at them with small and great shot fiercely. Sir Jacob Astley was shot at first, in the arm, and [illegible].

In the beginning of the night, our approaches began; in which few were hurt.

On Friday, Sir William Vavasour, with the Welsh, came to the Vineyard. Saturday, a sally, and at night they fired more houses: Sunday, about eleven, two demi-cannons and a twelve-pounder mounted shooting all day: the Prince was all night in the approaches.

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[1] Serjeant-major Pudsey; May, Hist. Parl. iii. 96.

On Tuesday, grenades were thrown into our trenches, and the Prince was narrowly missed.

Wednesday, a little before sunset, a desperate sally on the General's quarters. They left twenty-four blue-coats in one ditch, besides wounded men. They brought out a drake, killed four of ours that ran over the field: Major Legge commanded in the trenches.

The King went that morning to Oxford; the Prince returned on Thursday, about ten in the night: another shorter sally.

Friday morning, betwixt seven and eight, a sally upon the Welsh: rebels nailed one cannon, killed eleven, took one, hurt sixteen, lost ten on foreside works, and seventeen on the other side, and nine prisoners. The rebels beat the Welsh out of the works, and threw down part of them; but the Welsh retreating to the second guard, both together returned and beat in the rebels.

Of these, one hundred and fifty foot and forty horse sallying out at the same south, fell on our horse and Astley's foot, killed a servant, and were then beaten in. At night, the Prince had a blow on his pot [helmet] with a stone from the walls.

Saturday, about ten: Our batteries played till night; we lost cannoneers Berkeley, Scott, and others; through our works, we dismounted two of their small pieces.

Sallies both Saturday and Sunday mornings by break of day: Sunday, a cannoneer came out of Gloucester.

Monday: A foolish parley; they suffered us to fetch off three dead men: about five that evening, they, from the walls near our easternmost battery, in the General's quarter, desired another parley, and sent a drum into the trenches, blindfolded, but it being only to exchange some prisoners, the Prince and General would not hear of so sleeveless an errand. They called for Kentish and Lincolnshire men, and for Sir Gilbert Gerard. A piece of the battlement fell down, and almost Major Ferrar with

it. They shot Captain Medcalf, in the trenches, a dragoon captain.

They sallied and were much beaten next morning, by sunrise.

Wednesday morning: A sally; at twelve at night the enemy fell out, and fired some hay-stacks; a rainy night.

Thursday: All quiet.

Friday night, about twelve: Colonel Gerard's brigade of horse marched to Cheltenham-hill, three or four miles from Gloucester, and feigned to skirmish with one another, and made fires. This was done to draw out the besieged, upon intelligence that it was believed in Gloucester that Waller would come thither that night and give signs of it by fires; but they stirred not out of town; for Massey knew he had but gulled his soldiers with the hopes of it, to hold out.

The departure of the King for Oxford, alluded to in this paper, is ascribed to the Queen's state of temper. She imagined that there was a conspiracy, headed by Prince Rupert, to lessen her influence over the King, and she thought she saw in the siege of Gloucester a proof of the influence of the conspirators. The ill-fated King had great difficulty in pacifying her Majesty; but he did little else by his forced and fatiguing march to Oxford. He gave an audience to the three repentant Earls, however, and returned the next day to the siege before Gloucester.

The siege went on but slowly; the cavalry were eager and vigilant, and sometimes cut off parties of the enemy, who made frequent sallies: these fellows were generally drunk, and they confessed that Colo-

nel Massey, the Governor of the godly city, made them so, before he sent them on their dangerous duty.[1] But the King felt daily how capital his error was, in not having marched at once upon London when there were no armies able to oppose him, and his own were entire and flushed with victory.[2] Lamentable licence began to prevail amongst his troops at the leaguer, "so that thousands of sheep were slain besides those brought in by the Commissaries." And this spirit so extended even to the Royal armies in the south, that the highminded Earl of Carnarvon threw up his command there in disgust, and returned to the King. It is almost inconceivable how the besiegers were baffled by a garrison of fifteen hundred men; though they laboriously mined the mouldering old walls,[3] and kept up a perpetual fire "of grenades and fireballs out of their mortar-pieces, which flew through the air like so many falling-stars." And all this time, the Parliament was growing strong in spirit and in means. Even Essex roused himself from his long apathy, especially when he heard that Waller was appointed to relieve Gloucester. The Lord-General

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[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 226. "Colonel Massey stripped churches in Gloucestershire with more than ordinary enthusiasm, selling communion plate and tearing prayer-books, while his soldiers wore the surplices over their arms."—*Life of Jeremy Taylor; Whitelocke.*

[2] May, iii. 90, 91; Warwick, 261.

[3] Their engineering must have been as contemptible as their artillery; yet Chillingworth practised in the former.

had always been the darling of the soldiers and the citizens, notwithstanding his stern and ascetic manner; and now, when his proposal to march to the West was announced, the City regiments and auxiliaries came cheerfully forward, and suddenly recruited the poor remnant of his wasted army.[1]

On the 24th of August the Lord-General mustered his forces on Hounslow Heath, whither all the Roundhead members came out to view their forlorn-hope of safety and success. Then, moving on by Colebrook and Beaconsfield, May says that "he came to Beerton, where he clothed his army," which seems a singular interlude in a forced and momentous march. On the 1st of September he was at Brackley Heath: then he proceeded by Bicester and Ayward, Chipping-Norton, and Stow-in-the-Wold. On the 5th of September he appeared on the Presbury Hills, where he signified his arrival to the beleaguered city by four guns. He found himself sorely pressed by want of provisions, however, and was obliged to move on to Cheltenham, whence, on the 8th, he marched triumphantly into Gloucester.[2] This march was one of the most able performances of Essex during the whole war. His troops were raw and ill-disciplined; the greater part of the way he was in an enemy's country, and from Brackley to Presbury Hills, Wilmot, with four other commanders,

[1] May, Hist. Parl. iii. 102.
[2] May, Parl. Hist. iii. 104; Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 230-1.

was hanging on his rear. On these hills he encountered Rupert, who made a desperate effort to cut off his advanced guard, but in vain.[1] The defeated King lay at Sudely Castle, about eight miles from Gloucester, anxiously observing the motions of the enemy, his own intentions being by no means clear to this day.[2] The Lord-General rested three

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[1] It would appear from the following observation of Lord Orrery's, that there was more of a fight here than the historians have declared :—"In our sinful times in England, when Essex marched to relieve Gloucester, Prince Rupert, whose high genius in war, admirable valour, and great judgment has made him to be justly esteemed both by friends and enemies as a General of the very first form, advanced with his cavalry to meet the relieving army on the Downs: which doubtless he had defeated, had not some brigades of Essex's infantry done wonders on that day." —*Orrery's Art of War*, p. 180.

[2] Since writing the above I found the following letter from the King, which expresses an intimation to fight Essex when he could. Yet he must have had every opportunity and the choice of ground, and the Lord-General comes and goes without let or hinderance: Lord Clarendon describes the King as staying quiet at Sudely Castle, anxiously hoping that "Essex may return the way he came." Here is his Majesty's letter, written the day before Essex appeared :

NEPHEW,

The General is of opinion that we shall do little good upon this town, for they begin to countermine us, which will make it a work of time; wherefore he is of opinion, to which I fully concur, that we should endeavour to fight with Essex as soon as may be, after we have gotten our forces together, which I hope will be to-morrow, those from Bristol being already come;* the greatest

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* Lord Hopton during this time had not only sent out all his garrison to the King's assistance, but with zealous ingenuity had raised considerable forces from Bristol.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have with all the expedition that may be sent your High-

days in Gloucester, and then retired unmolested to Tewkesbury. Thence he moved unexpectedly to the south, and surprised Cirencester, with a great store of ammunition and provisions.[1] The King

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care will be to meet with him before he can reach the hedges: now if this be your opinion, as it is ours, which I desire to know with all speed, I desire you to do all things in order to it, that no time be lost, so I rest,

Your loving uncle and most faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

Matson, 5th Sept. 10 morning.

[1] This letter will shew in some degree what the Roundheads gained at Cirencester; besides large store of provisions; of which they were in deadly want:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The letter I wrote to your Highness by my servant, that was forced for his own security to cast it away, was to advertise your Highness of the foot and horse I had sent according to your commands, which are I perceive safe come to your army, and with the first supply of eight barrels of powder, but the supply I sent yesterday morning by wains of twenty-two barrels of powder, two thousand eight hundred of match, and two thousand of musket-bullets, I am in some fear of. I directed it to Cirencester, and sent such a convoy as I could, a lieutenant with a few horse, all I had: I much long to hear it has come safe. This gentleman brings the certain news of his Highness Prince Maurice being within Exeter by surrender. I humbly rest,

Your Highness's most humble and faithful servant,

RALPH HOPTON.

Bristol, Sept. 6, 1643.

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ness the five regiments of foot and one of horse, according to your orders, and I hope your Highness will receive them in time, they are a handsome body of men, the foot marched by our commissary's muster sixteen hundred men, besides officers, and the lieutenant-colonel assures me the horse are four hundred besides officers, so they may modestly pass for two thousand foot and five hundred horse. I humbly rest,

Your Highness's most faithful servant,

RALPH HOPTON.

now moved slowly after the enemy; but was outmanœuvred by him for want of intelligence. Rupert had sent notice of his movements, but his Majesty believed himself better informed, and allowed Essex twenty-four hours' advantage before he moved after him. The Prince had ordered his cavalry to muster for immediate pursuit on Broadway Down, and, having waited until dark in vain for orders, he at length went to seek the King himself. He was attended by one gentleman and a page as he rode across the line of the enemy's march, uncertain where he should find the Royal quarters; at length, espying a light in a window, he stole up to reconnoitre whether the house was tenanted by friend or foe: peeping cautiously in, he saw the King quietly seated by the fire, playing a game of picquet with Lord Percy, while General Lord Forth looked on at the pasteboard battle![1] The Prince then entered, and explained to the King and his generals that a very different matter claimed their urgent attention. He insisted on the necessity there was of overtaking Essex before he should get so far in advance as to form a junction with Waller's army, which was daily expected to leave London. He informed them that his cavalry were at that moment in the saddle only a few miles distant, and that he was ready to press on during the night, and keep the enemy engaged

[1] This sounds very strangely, perhaps, but it is told with all these circumstances in the note to Prince Rupert's Diary; and these notes betray no signs whatever of imaginativeness.

until the King should come up. The King, as usual, left it to others to speak first, and Percy and Forth both objected to such a hazardous undertaking; but the Prince persisted, and the King assenting, ordered George Lisle and one thousand musketeers to follow the Prince as soon as they could be got under arms. The next moment Rupert was away to his Horse: with them he marched all that night and the next day, as far as Farringdon, yet was unable to overtake the enemy.[1] Whilst resting his weary troops here, he sent on Sir John Hurry[2] to reconnoitre, and soon learned that Essex was passing over Auborn Chase, and expecting to enter Newbury that night. He now felt rewarded for "the indefatigable pains" with which he had pursued the enemy, and his troops at once revived at the prospect of a conflict.[3] Instantly mustering,

[1] Notes to Prince Rupert's Diary. [2] Or Urrie, *Ibid.*

[3] This was on the 18th. The King was still some distance off, as this letter will shew :—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

His Majesty hath commanded me to let your Highness know that he hath altered his resolution of quartering this night at Burford, and now intends to quarter at Alnesscott, at the Lady Ashcome's house, where he will be better furnished with provisions for his army; and, being the straighter way, will save three or four miles' march. It is within five miles of Farrington, whither his Majesty desires you would advertise him this night of your proceedings. With my humble service presented, I kiss your Highness's hand, and am,

Sir, your most humble servant,

Northleach, 12 of the clock, Sept. 17, 1643. JOHN ASHBURNHAM.

The same evening the King writes again, by Lord Digby, as follows :—

they marched cautiously through the woodlands, and the Prince riding forwards, caught sight of his enemy. With the characteristic incautiousness of the time, their cavalry were observed to march some miles apart from the foot, and the whole army moved along as carelessly as if the timid deer were their only companions on the hills. Their fatal enemies, meanwhile, were moving silently along the turf, and no sound but the song of birds might have

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MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The King hath received your Highness's letter written from Stamford, at five of the clock this evening, and commands me thereupon to let your Highness know, that since it appears by your intelligence that my Lord of Essex is not so far out of reach as was feared, he is desirous to make all haste towards him; his Majesty's army being all, except stragglers, well up hither to Alnescott; his Majesty's desire therefore is, that if your intelligence of the rebels being advanced not much further than Cricklade continue true, your Highness will be pleased to send speedily your opinion which way, and to what place it will be fit for the King to march with his army to-morrow; as we look upon the map here, supposing that Essex points to Reading, we conceive that Wantage will be the aptest place: but in this his Majesty conceives he is to be governed wholly by directions from your Highness, according to your discoveries of their motions, or the impressions you shall make upon them, and, therefore, he desires your Highness to send him speedy advertisements of what you shall conceive best.

Your Highness's most humble servant,

GEORGE DIGBY.

Alnescott, at 8 at night this Sunday,

I am commanded to add, that you should consider to allow the foot here as much rest as can well be without losing the opportunity.

Sept. 17, 1643. Digby.

It appears from the following letter that Rupert had speedily fulfilled his promise of resigning the governorship to Lord Hopton: we find the latter at this date asking for a lieutenant-governor:—

been heard among the forest glades as Rupert moved forward with Byron's division against the Roundhead cavalry; while Gerrard fell back, to wait for their loitering musketeers. Then, suddenly the Royal trumpets rang out cheerily through the old forest, and before the astonished Roundheads could form, the fierce squadrons of the Prince were in upon them, eager and furious after their long pursuit.[1] Their enemy rallied bravely after the first shock, and

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MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I find the business of this garrison to be so great and many, and to go on so slowly by reason of the want of money, that I want much the help of a lieutenant-governor, for which place I have considered of a gentleman, I think without exception, for a soldier and an honest man, to his Majesty's service, and a humble servant of your Highness;—it is Sir Francis Hawley, who being likewise this countryman, his alliance will assist me in raising the contribution and many assistances which cannot be so well effected by any that were not this country man. Colonel Cary went out this morning, and is persuaded he shall bring four hundred horse, though I must confess myself much mistaken if he have half the number; he brought me an order from his Majesty to pay him out of this contribution,—if he comes he shall have his part of what comes in, but that is yet so little, as I protest I am in great doubt whether I shall be able to keep the garrison together: whereas, if I were supplied, I would not doubt in a very short time to raise a very good body of foot and horse. Prince Maurice hath sent me six troops of horse and four of dragoons, whereof four of the horse and two of the dragoons are mine own; but all are very weak and wholly disarmed. It is inconceivable what these fellows were always doing with their arms; they appear to be expended as fast as their ammunition. I have likewise two new troops more here something stronger, but not armed, and many offer to horse and foot, but for arming and paying they are out of my reach. I humbly rest,

Your Highness's most humble and faithful servant,

Bristol, Sept. 17, 1643. RALPH HOPTON.

[1] Notes to Prince Rupert's Diary; Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 233; Warwick, 262.

effected a junction with their foot, in spite of the desperate efforts made to prevent them: numerous and stout as they were, however, they retreated hastily, and with all the aspect of defeat, to Hungerford, so that the King was enabled to reach Newbury before them. Lord Jermyn and Lord Digby were wounded in this action, and the Marquis of Vieuville, a French amateur, was killed: when struck down by a pole-axe, and offered quarter, he only said, "*Vous voyez ici un grand Marquis mourant.*" It was said that the King ransomed the body for three hundred gold pieces.

The King now appeared to have all the advantage: his army was in comfortable quarters, while the enemy was in want and shelterless. His Majesty was also between the enemy and London, in a position very difficult to attack; and even Prince Rupert strongly advised passive resistance, instead of active measures.[1] But the King was overpersuaded by his inexperienced courtiers, and doubtless desired to make some brilliant effort for his character's sake after such a long and unprofitable siege and pursuit. Ever since the arrival of the Queen and her servants, Rupert's influence seems to have been declining, and he was now overruled. Early the next morning, the 20th of September, the King marched out of the town to an adjoining heath; Essex being admirably posted on Bigg's Hill.

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[1] Rupert's Diary.

This first battle of Newbury, as it is called, proved a most fatal day for the King; yet never had his best and bravest chivalry fought round him in such numbers, or more devotedly. Even Holland fought well that day, on the King's side, to regain his favour, and Lord Herbert's "regiment of priests" as Prince Rupert's biographer calls them, did their best. The battle was as confused in its action as in its narrations; we find no traces of tactics on the King's side, where there were so many generals; or any order of battle deserving the name. The King's artillery was almost useless, but the Roundheads' was well served, under Sir John Merrick. The City regiments, raw and inexperienced as they were, stood stoutly to their arms, as if made veterans by instinct; their pikes, especially, proved themselves indeed, "the fortress of the field," out of whose keen and glittering "palisadoes" flashed fast a steady and fatal fire from their musketry. But Rupert, with followers as fearless as himself, rode recklessly through the storm of bullets, up to the very points of the pikes, charging on until their horse recoiled from the human wall. Again and again, with dauntless spirit and vigorous arms they strove to break those English ranks; they were as firm as the ground that bore them. Their cavalry had been swept away at the first onset, but these gallant men maintained their post till night, "which parted them when nothing else could;" then they retired towards Reading, having right manfully

won their "right of way."[1] It was a mournful evening for the King: the very best of his nobles lay dead upon that fruitless field, with many a brave follower of lesser note. Here Falkland found that peace for which his gallant and generous heart had long and vainly yearned. He was killed by a musket shot while charging in the front rank of Lord Byron's regiment. "So fell that incomparable young man," says his wise, and world-worn old friend, "in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whosoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him."[2]

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[1] There is a very striking description of this battle given in Mr. Foster's Statesmen, iv. 110. May's History of the Parliament gives many particulars.

[2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 257. When before Gloucester he exposed himself in the breaches to great danger. Falkland pleaded that "as Secretary-of-War he ought to be present in the greatest secret of danger;" and more seriously added, "that it concerned him more to be active in hazard than other men; that they might see his impatiency for peace proceeded not from fear to adventure his own person."—*Clarendon's Life*, i. 42. Lord Falkland's stature was low and smaller than most men; his motion not graceful, and his aspect so far from inviting that it had in it somewhat of simplicity, and his voice was the worst of the three... Yet that little person of his contained a great heart, ... and that untuned voice, supplied and governed by such wit and understanding, that all he said carried a lusture and admiration with it... His disposition and nature was so gentle and obliging, and so much delighted in courtesy, kindness and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him—*Ibid.* p. 50. On the morning of the battle he appeared in good spirits, as was his wont only upon such days, and he said to those about

On that day fell also the young Earl of Sunderland; scarcely three-and-twenty years of age, yet wise and thoughtful, as he was impetuously brave: he was slain by a cannon-ball as he was gathering up his reins to charge in the King's troop. The Earl of Carnarvon also received his death-wound upon this field: he was run through the body, and gently removed from the *mêlée*, by his friends: then, as he lay dying on the heath, they asked him if he had no request to prefer to the King, whom he had served so well? "No," he replied, "in an hour like this, I have no prayer but to the King of Heaven." His was a character on which the imagination might delight to exercise itself: it presents as fine a portrait of chivalry as even our history can furnish. Brave, generous, devout,—he stood aloof from every vice that stained his gallant cause: his was the heroism of character as well as conduct: from the witty profligates of the army he stood aloof; but when the hour of danger came, his valour was conspicuous even above their desperate courage. When he first entered upon life, he had been caught by the temptations of a licentious age, and his high nature stooped for a time to a life of pleasure. The

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him "that he should be out of his misery ere night."—*Whitelocke's Memoirs*, p. 73. He had been latterly very negligent in his person, but he now dressed himself with care, and put on that "clean shirt" that has attracted so much observation. Those who have known by experience what forced marches are will not be surprised to find that such a luxury was not a matter of daily occurrence in this hard campaign.

depravity of King James's reign had left foul traces on the manners of that which followed, and sensuality and libertinism thrived even under the decorous eyes of Charles. It was a period of strong light and shadow — the greatest virtues and the grossest crimes. Most of the young nobility leant towards the evil fashion, recommended as it was by wit and "good-fellowship;"[1] and Lord Carnarvon was one of that number. He soon broke away from a life of pleasure to its best corrective—foreign and laborious travels. He visited that Spain which his descendant has so well described, and passed to Italy, Turkey, and the far East; a region then requiring all the courage of a Crusader to explore. On his return to England, he found the civil war begun; and that great catastrophe seems at once to have converted him, together with Lord Northampton and many others, from habits of thoughtlessness and sensuality, to solemn convictions and heroic effort.[2] He,

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, p. 160.

[2] Clarendon's Rebellion; Warwick, p. 260, &c. Robert Dormer, first Earl of Carnarvon, succeeded to the barony of Dormer at the death of his grandfather, 1616, and was advanced to the earldom by Charles I. 1629. In his youth he was given to some excesses, especially to gaming; but his biographer Lloyd adds, "that he hated drunkenness perfectly." It seems to have been on the question of Strafford's impeachment that he first manifested the party in public affairs which he proposed to espouse, by using his utmost endeavours to save that great person. When the Buckinghamshire men were, in 1642, incited to insurrection by Hampden, he used his utmost endeavours to restore order in that county, where his estates chiefly lay, and concerted with other loyalists the means of raising and arming forces for the approaching crisis. He attended Charles to York and signed

Sunderland, and Falkland left none to fill their places: thenceforth the camp, in its proverbial form, predominates in the Court, and at length the licentious though gallant supporters of King Charles see their noble cause give way before the earnest and solemn energies of fanatics.

As soon as darkness fell upon the bloody field of Newbury, it was deserted by both armies; the Earl led his troops to an uneasy bivouac till early morning; and the King withdrew his shattered forces within the town. Every soldier who could move had crept away into some shelter, "the weary to rest, and the wounded to die."[1] All slept, or seemed to sleep, except the restless Rupert. He went from place to place in search of such men as were still able to sit a horse, and such horses as were able to

the famous declaration of June the 10th. "He was a person," says Clarendon, "with whose parts and virtues the world was not enough acquainted. Before the war, though his education was adorned by travel, and an exact observation of the manners of more nations than our common travellers used to visit, he spent some time in Turkey and those eastern countries; he seemed to be wholly delighted with those looser exercises of pleasure, hunting, hawking, and the like, in which the nobility of that time too much delighted to excel. After the troubles began, those infirmities and that licence which he had formerly indulged to himself he put off with severity when others held them excusable under the notion of a soldier. He was a great lover of justice, and practised it then most deliberately when he had a power to do wrong; and so strict in the observation of his word and promise as a commander, that he could not be persuaded to stay in the West when he found it not in his power to perform the agreement which he had made with Dorchester and Weymouth. If he had lived he would have proved a great ornament to that profession, and an excellent soldier, and by his death the King found a sensible weakness in his army.

[1] It appears that Jeremy Taylor was busied in consoling them.

bear them. Long before dawn, the spoilers of the dead were startled by the issue of a column of cavalry under the indomitable Rupert, it moved away without sound of trumpet, and took up a position unperceived by the enemy in advance of him. Even when daylight came, and the wearied but proud columns of Essex were straggling on to their nearest friendly town, there was no danger to be seen. But now the open country is left behind, and the Roundhead masses defile in one long line along a narrow road among thick enclosures and between high fences on either side. Another hour, and they have all entered. Then sounded the terrible trumpet of Prince Rupert in their ears, and his column of cavalry comes charging on—in, and over, and through—the crowded and embarrassed masses, so huddled up with their enemies that every struggle, every movement was itself a wound. At the same time, George Lisle's "thousand musketeers" spread themselves along the hedges, and pour a deadly volley into the dense columns struggling desperately, but resolutely onward. The Prince's wearied cavalry are soon obliged to desist from slaughter; there is no force to support him, and so he is fain to fall back upon the main army, while Essex pushes on to Reading.[1]

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 237; Prince Rupert's Diary. In this action, the Diary informs us, the Prince lost three hundred men of his brigade, and thirty out of his own troop, which probably only contained about sixty troopers: the Prince was in the

All this time, Sir William Waller was lying tranquilly at Windsor, with two thousand horse, and as many foot; as unconcerned for what might befall the Earl of Essex at Newbury, as the Earl had formerly been on his behalf at Roundway Down. If these great men could sully their fair fame by such ignoble jealousies, far worse was the condition of things at Oxford; where envy, intrigue, recrimination, and discontent were rife in the distracted Court, to the exclusion of every nobler and more necessary aim.[1]

The siege of Gloucester was the great subject of complaint; every man who was kept away from his country-house or his London "lodgings;" every lady who desired a change from the monotony of Oxford; every soldier who wished to excuse a fault; every statesman who had errors to justify,—all laid their accusations upon this unlucky siege. "If the King had but marched at once to London!" they exclaimed. "And if he had done so," it was retorted, "would he have found the trainbands and the general less difficult to conquer before Turnham Green, than when wearied with long marches and with want, on Presbury Hills or Newbury Heath?" No: it was the disuniting of his army to conciliate private and petty interests; it was the licence, demoralization, and want of discipline in his forces;

saddle the whole night, continually pressing on the enemy, until he drew off in order to surprise them on their march.

[1] Lord Clarendon draws a most humiliating picture of his friends and enemies at this period, vol. iv. 260.

it was the want of one far-reaching, resolute, and commanding mind, to rouse, concentrate, and direct the vast energies and powerful elements combined in the Royal army, that were truly wanting. Gustavus Adolphus would have prayed and fought his way to London within a week after the capture of Bristol; Cromwell would have preached and hewed his way thither; William III. would have negotiated, if possible, or otherwise openly won his way; but a camp of courtiers, lords, and coxcomb pretenders to command, required a far other leader than the gentle Charles to direct their way to such a victory.

But it was the Queen's arrival at Oxford that finally destroyed all prospect of either a happy peace or a successful war. If the Parliament had known their true interests, they would not only have restrained the ruffianly assault of Batten, but forwarded this fatal lady to her King by every means in her power. At all times jealous of her power and influence, she now laid claim to unbounded authority on the strength of her supplies and her "own army." In proportion as her authority increased, the number of her creatures swarmed about her, to the exclusion of all that was wise, or good, or truly noble, in the Court. Every vacated post became a cause of contention between her and the King; that one of *her* courtiers should win or lose it involved her triumph or defeat. Her Majesty not only held a separate Court, but a separate

residence from that of the King. Merton College was honoured with her presence; and from thence the newly-created Lord Jermyn was seen perpetually issuing on some unlucky errand of intrigue; to supplant some King's officer, or negotiate for some already promised place. One instance may suffice to shew the character of these intrigues. It will be remembered how faithfully and successfully the Marquis of Hertford had served the King; how dutifully he had surrendered the command of his own army to a rival; and had yielded the government of Bristol at the King's first wish. The King had then promised to appoint him his groom of the stole, and now seemed called upon to fulfil his promise. But the Queen looked upon the King's patronage as an infringement of her rights; she was indignant that such a promise should have been made without her consent, and she now endeavoured to have it broken. At this time her Majesty's quondam favourite, Lord Holland, had come to Oxford, with cowardly and hypocritical penitence for past transgressions; he soon re-established himself in favour at Merton Lodge, and for this double traitor and twice-perjured ingrate, the Queen solicited the appointment that had been promised to the loyal and honourable Hertford. The vanity and presumption of Holland, however, were equal to his pusillanimity, ambition, and avarice, and he so long hesitated to make the required submission, that the King refused to encourage him. At the same time,

he himself perceiving, probably, not only the poverty of the Court, but the little likelihood there was that such a government could ultimately prevail, stole away one night, and appeared the next day in Parliament. He told the House, with unblushing effrontery, that he could not remain with the King after he had granted a cessation of arms to the Irish Papists, and that he was now ready to live or die with the Parliament. This was an unmeaning oratorical expression then much in vogue. He enjoyed its latter alternative, and polluted their murderous scaffold, already consecrated by loyal and honourable blood.

Another of the Queen's favourites was Lord Digby, who devoted himself to her party from the moment her Majesty arrived at Oxford; and through her influence this most dangerous man had been appointed to fill up Falkland's place as State-secretary, conjointly with old Nicholas. Wilmot was another of the Queen's favourites; and, in the same degree that these men rose in her favour they became enemies of Prince Rupert. Henceforth he was as little at Oxford as his duties permitted; but the enmity of the Queen's party pursued him everywhere. I must now return to his correspondence.

Prince Maurice had been active, and Sir John Berkeley successful all this time in the South and West. We have already seen how Lord Carnarvon had taken Dorchester and Weymouth without

a blow.[1] On the arrival of Prince Maurice to support him, much time was lost in mere arrangements, during which the soldiers fell to plundering. Lord Carnarvon then left them in disgust, seeing his promises of safety broken by the encouraged soldiery. Lyme and Poole now strengthened themselves in fortifications and in spirit, against the Cavaliers, and Prince Maurice found it necessary to pass them by. Thence he proceeded to Exeter, where Sir John Berkeley was closely besieging the Earl of Stamford. The former, a zealous officer, had shewn as much soldier-like skill in repelling Lord Warwick's relief of that city, as gentlemanlike tact in conciliating the people of the country. Sir John Digby had been despatched by him to observe the garrisons of Bideford and Barnstaple, and had fought a very successful action with them at Torrington.[2] As soon as Prince Maurice had relieved Sir John Berkeley, he pressed on to Polesloe, near Barnstaple, and summoned the town, while it was still under the influence of the defeat at Torrington. Subjoined are the terms offered, after a very long and elaborate address which I omit.[3] I

[1] By the mere terror of his name: a Mr. Strode, who had been at Bristol, was engaged by the Dorchester authorities to examine their elaborate civic defences: "these," he said, "might keep out the Cavaliers for half an hour... I have seen them running up walls twenty feet high: no defences can keep them out."—*Clarendon's Rebellion*, iv. 214.

[2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 218.

[3] I do hereby promise and undertake, on my honour in the word of a Prince,—

also subjoin the reply of the Mayor and Corporation: it is a good sample, and shall be the only one offered of many such among Prince Rupert's papers.[1]

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1. That you all, and the rest who, at the date hereof, are within your walls or jurisdiction, shall be freely and fully pardoned.

2. That no man shall be permitted to plunder or violate your persons, goods, or estates.

3. That your town shall be left unto yourselves, free from any garrison, to be governed as formerly by the Mayor and his brethren.

4. That you shall not be burthened with any fines or extraordinary rates and taxes, but only in a due proportion with the rest of the county. MAURICE.

Given at my Quarter at Polesloe,
the 27th August, 1643.

[1] To the most excellent Prince Maurice, the humble submission and thankful acceptation of the Mayor and Corporation of Barnstaple.

MOST NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS PRINCE,

On Monday last, towards the end of the day, we received the pledge of your Highness's favour in the propositions of peace which you were graciously pleased to send unto us, both for ourselves and all the rest who at the date of that writing were within our walls or jurisdiction, and accordingly, with the best and greatest expedition we could, we did all meet about it the next morning, where your Highness's expressions of grace were made known unto us, and with all humble and due respect considered of by us; the close and upshot of all being this, our cheerful submission to what was therein required, and our thankful acceptation of what is thereby granted unto us. May it please you therefore, most excellent Prince, to understand that, indeed, our intentions have always been, are now, and, by the grace of God, ever shall be real, to live in all due obedience to his Majesty and the laws of the land, and to submit to the discipline of the Church of England established by law; and that in testimony hereof we have already disbanded and dismissed all our extraordinary forces, and shall certainly abstain from all military actions not warranted by his Majesty's authority; and, thereupon, do now most humbly beseech that your Highness's offers of grace, under the supposal of these things by us performed, may come freely and effectually to us with that fulness of confirmation which the

In order to complete the transaction, I also give the King's letter to Prince Maurice, which he received at Exeter.[1] That "rich and pleasant town" surrendered to the Prince on the 4th of September, and suffered more inconvenience from its occupation by the Cavaliers than it had previously done from their siege. Sir John Digby was now sent with three thousand foot and eight hundred horse, to besiege Plymouth: these forces

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cause requireth and your noble justice shall direct; and that his Majesty's forces in these parts may be certified of these things in such a way that, without any their let or molestation, we may enjoy the fruit and comfort of this blessed reconciliation. And we, according to our bounden duty, shall always pray to the God of Heaven for his blessings in all kinds to rest upon the person of our dear Sovereign, his royal Consort, their royal Issue, and the noble Princes of his blood, among whom your Highness is so endeared to us, that we shall account it a good part of our happiness to find the opportunity of manifesting ourselves such as we do profess ourselves really to be, your Highness's most humble and thankful servants.

[1] Extract of a letter from his Majesty to Prince Maurice, 5th September, 1643:—

CHARLES R.,

Right dear and right entirely beloved nephew, &c., whereas we received in a letter from you the conditions made by you with our town of Barnstaple, we do hereby signify to you, and wish you to declare as much to that our town, that we do very well approve of them, and shall be very careful to see the same observed. And particularly for as much as concerns the article of pardon; and if any particular person concerned in that agreement shall think it fit to take out our pardon in a more formal manner under our Great Seal, we have given order to both our principal Secretaries of State, that upon their address unto them within the space of a month after the date hereof, with sufficient certificate that he was at the time of the agreement within the jurisdiction of that our town, he shall forthwith prepare a warrant for our hand to give order for the passing of his pardon in the manner aforesaid, &c.

had been raised principally by himself, and attracted to his standard by his gallantry and generous nature. Plymouth proved too strong for them, even when reinforced by Prince Maurice;[1] and the siege was ultimately turned into an equally unsuccessful blockade under Sir Richard Grenville.[2] Before leaving this district, I may add that Prince Maurice

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[1] On his way to Plymouth, Prince Maurice waited nearly a month before Dartmouth. He had previously sent the following instructions concerning it to the officers herein named :—

PRINCE MAURICE TO SIR EDMUND FORTESCUE, KNT., AND EDWARD SEYMOUR, ESQ.*

You shall demand in my name, for his Majesty's use and service, the castle, town, and block-house of Dartmouth, to be presently surrendered, with all arms, ordnance, ensigns, ammunition, and all other warlike provisions whatever, and that before the fourteenth of this present month. The garrison to march out to some place as you shall agree : and you are to grant to them a free pardon and a safe convoy if required. And you are to see all the prisoners set free before the garrison march forth. Thus far you are to insist upon ; but, howsoever, you are to conclude upon these or other accidental conditions, besides what are here specified, for the best advantage of his Majesty's service. And for so doing this shall be your warrant.

Given at Exeter, under my hand and seal at arms, this the 10th of September, 1643.

MAURICE.

When Dartmouth was at length rendered, Colonel Seymour was appointed its governor. This gentleman was one of the Duke of Somerset's ancestors: I am indebted to his Grace for this letter.

[2] Sir Alexander Carew commanded here for the Parliament, but was now anxious to play Hotham's game, and to surrender to the King. He suffered Hotham's fate, having first narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by the women, who were great politicians in those evil days.—*Whitelocke, Mem.* p. 72.

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* "A gentleman of principal account and interest in Devonshire."—*Clar. Reb.* iv. 323.

soon afterwards fell dangerously ill; Prince Rupert sent his own physician to assist in attendance on him, and received the subjoined report. As the reader has already perused almost every species of document relating to these times, a medical paper may not be uninteresting.[1]

In the North, Lord Newcastle had found another

[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

This last night arrived here, at Milton, Dr. Harvey and Dr. Smith, and this morning they, with the other two doctors, having seen and spoken with his Highness your brother, intreated me to write as followeth.

That his sickness is the ordinary raging disease of the army, a slow fever with great dejection of strength, and since Friday he hath talked idly and slept not, but very unquietly, yet the last night he began to sleep of himself, and took his rest so quietly, that this present morning when Dr. Harvey came to him he knew him, and welcomed Dr. Smith respectively; and upon Dr. Harvey's expression of his Majesty's sorrow for and great care of him, he shewed an humble, thankful sense thereof. Dr. Harvey asking his Highness how he did, he answered that he was very weak; and he seemed to be very glad to hear of and from your Highness, as now delivered by Dr. Harvey. Now the doctors, having conferred and computed the time, have good hopes of his recovery; yet, by reason that the disease is very dangerous and fraudulent, they dare not yet give credit to this alteration; and, concluding the disease to be venomous, they do resolve to give very little physic, only a regular diet and cordial antidotes. The doctors present their most humble service to your Highness, and subscribe themselves, sir,

Your Highness's most humble servants,

WILLIAM HARVEY,
ROBERT VILVAIN,
EDMUND SMITH,
JO. KING.

Milton, Oct. 17th, 1643.

The army marcheth this present morning towards Plymouth. Your Highness may be pleased to intreat his Majesty to send a power to some of the officers in chief here to treat with Plymouth if occasion should require. The Earl of Marlborough is not well. Here are the two serjeant-major-generals, Colonel Digby and Sir William Courtney. I went yesterday with the two major-generals

Gloucester in the town of Hull. The number of sieges that have proved fatal to the success of armies would form a large list. About this time Sir Philip Warwick visits the Earl, with a brief, but important commission ("a few words on a piece of white sarsnet"), to discover whether this powerful subject would be pleased to march to his Majesty's assistance: he was much wanted, as Lord Denbigh was strong in the central associated counties, and Lord Manchester, with Cromwell, began to stir. Sir Philip found Lord Newcastle as much averse as the other Cavaliers to serve his Majesty in any but his own fashion; "there was nothing he apprehended more than to be joined to the King's army, or to serve under Prince Rupert; for he designed himself to be the man who should turn the scale, and to be a distinct and self-subsisting army wherever he was."[1] Nevertheless, at the

to the Lord of Marlborough, with the King's letter to your brother, which they have answered. About two or three days hence, at the farthest, the doctors intend to send new information. I most humbly take leave, sir, your Highness's

Most humbly devoted servant,

Milton, 1643, for your Highness. RICHARD CAVE.*

[1] Warwick's Memoirs, 243. Sir Philip also implies that his lordship had no desire to come under the Queen's control, of which probably he had more than was agreeable to him during her Majesty's residence at York. "He (Lord Newcastle), with great savour, related to me a story of the arch-rebel Tyrone, who was brought prisoner to Queen Elizabeth by the Lord-Deputy Mountjoy: perceiving that the deputy was kept waiting among the crowd for an audience, he exclaimed, "I am ashamed to have been taken prisoner by a man who makes himself thus low and ommon as to wait thus upon a woman."

* Afterwards killed at Naseby.

very time that he thus impressed Sir Philip, he writes the following fulsome letter to the Palatine:—

THE EARL OF NEWCASTLE TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

You are the more victorious that you will not give me leave to tell you of your victories, but all the world knows them, and will speak of them, whether your Highness will or no: as great a Prince as you are, sir. In this they will not suffer you to have your will, but derive it to posterity, to your everlasting fame. For my particular, to see that I am so happy as to be in your favour and good opinion, is a thing that overjoys me, and may I not live if I do not study to deserve it, and ever acknowledge it as a bounty to

Your Highness's most faithful and obliged servant,

W. NEWCASTLE.

Beverley, 29th August, 1643.

When Sir Philip came near Hull, he found the Earl looking very busy and important among some of the most contemptible trenches and ill-fangled approaches. Sir Philip could not help observing, that it would take a long time to release so strong a town, by such weak means: the Earl jestingly replied, "You have heard us termed a popish army, but you see we trust not in our good works." Cromwell soon began to bestir himself when he found the northern array fascinated before Hull, and Lord Newcastle writes as below to our Prince.[1]

[1] NOBLE SIR,

My Lord Willoughby [of Parham], Cromwell, and their adherents are now got abroad, taking the advantage of our

The Scots, soon after the Earl's intelligence, crossed the Tyne and garrisoned Berwick and Carlisle. The Marquis of Hamilton, in pursuance of his ambidextrous tactics, posted straight to Oxford to account for all his errors and treacheries to the King. This time, however, he counted too much on the King's credulity; the proofs of his guilt were too evident: he was imprisoned, and his post of Master of the Horse was, in April following, conferred upon Prince Rupert. His brother, the Earl

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engagements here, with thirty-four troops of horse and some foot: to such a number, if it be true, that Sir John Henderson will not be able to meet them in the field and his garrisons safe; and therefore I have thought meet to propose to you to send him to his assistance as many horse and foot as you can spare towards Newark, and so to join with Sir John Henderson in that service. Wherein, sir, you may do a very great service to his Majesty, and oblige me to remain as I am, sir,

Your very faithful friend and humble servant,

W. NEWCASTLE.*

Cottingham, 18th Sept. 1643.

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* This letter is followed by one of different note :—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

God give you joy of your late great victory, which I am confident the rebels will never recover: so that upon the matter one may salute the King, King again, and only by your hand, sir. We are daily threatened here with the Scots coming in; and, certainly, were it not for this army, I think they would: and should this [army] move from hence, I assure your Highness there would be a great army raised here besides. God preserve your Highness.

Your Highness's most faithful, obliged servant,

W. NEWCASTLE.

Cottingham, 3rd Oct. 1643.

I am not in despair in time of Hull.

[Compare this letter with "Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs," p. 267.]

of Lanerick, an equally mischievous but more honest man, accompanied him and escaped better.[1]

When Essex returned to London, on the 25th of September, he was received with all honour by the Parliament, and a formal and official reconciliation between him and Waller was effected and proclaimed. Massey was rewarded for his defence of Gloucester, with a "gaudy letter of thanks," and one thousand pounds, and all his garrison received a month's pay as a gratuity: their defence had indeed been the turning point of the Parliamentary fortunes. The Close Committee now managed the revenues of England as they formed their own private estates, and they were bound to allow some trifling per-centage to those who preserved not only their property but their lives.

The Scots had stipulated for the taking of *their* covenant, the formal and final abolition of episcopacy, and the establishment of a church on principles "founded on the word of God;" a rule which every sectarian adapted, of course, to his own peculiar

[1] William, Earl of Lanerick, and ultimately second Duke of Hamilton, was brother to the first, and ten years his junior. Upon being refused the appointment of Master of the Horse to the Queen, he felt himself so much aggrieved, that he was only prevented, by a promise of the King's to give him immediate preferment, from withdrawing to France in 1638. In 1639 he was created Earl of Lanerick, and in the following year appointed Secretary of State for Scotland. For more than two years after his entrance into his office he was alternately occupied in beseeching the King to bend to the humiliating demands of the Covenanters, and in endeavouring to dissuade them from actual rebellion, and failed in both.—*Lodge.*

schism. Sir Harry Vane was the author of that comprehensive expression. The Parliament received the Scottish stipulation with humble thankfulness; the treaty was concluded; 100,000*l.* was paid to sustain their religious zeal; its first fruits were, as we have seen, the occupation of Berwick and Carlisle by the Covenanters. The associated counties are now mustering strong forces, with great resources to draw upon in the affections, forced or real, of the yeomen and Roundhead gentry. Basil, Earl of Denbigh, whose father died for the King at Birmingham, was appointed General-in-Chief of the Central Association, in January 19, this year, and the subjoined note will shew how zealously he was bestirring himself for the Parliament, even to the imposing of the Scottish Covenant.[1] The Earl of Manchester,

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[1] A DECLARATION BY BASIL EARL OF DENBIGH.

"Mr. Mayor, and the rest of the gentlemen of Coventry, Whereas it hath pleased the two Houses of Parliament and the Lord-General to make me Commander-in-chief for this shire, this city, this county, together with the three other associated shires, for the command of the forces in the said counties for raising men, horses, and money for the said service; and whereas, upon my declaration of myself for this purpose, some of you have readily brought in their horse, and others, I doubt not, will as forwardly contribute and bring in their horse to this common and public work. These are therefore, first, to give you thanks for what you have done, or shall do, in setting forward the service of the State. Secondly, these are to declare and assure you, that mine eyes shall be ever vigilant for protection of you and this shire, being my native country, whether I be present with you or absent in any other parts of the association; and that I shall be ready to administer justice equally to all, without respect of persons, so that neither shall your city's privileges be invaded by my military, nor in least way infringed with my privity or con-

another Roundhead son of a Cavalier sire, is appointed Serjeant-Major-General of the Eastern Associated Counties, in "order to be a terror to the Northern Papists,[1] Newarkers, and Newcastles," if they advance southwards; but not a man will pass the boundaries of his own county, at present. The "Ironsides" are now training in mind and body, under Cromwell, in these Eastern Counties, and had

sent, but the laudable usages and immunity of this honourable city shall be by me cherished and defended upon true and just information from one or both of your council-houses, presuming you will expect no further from me than agrees with religion and laws established for the defence of the King and Parliament, and my authority derived from both the Houses and my Lord-General. Thirdly, whereas I am informed by the committee that the citizens in this city are much malignant, these therefore are to entreat you, if there be any amongst you that doubt of the just proceedings of the two Houses of Parliament, to apply yourselves unto some pious, learned, and able divine or others for satisfaction and resolution. In the meantime I desire you to use the common test appointed by both the Houses, which is the National Covenant, whereunto I shall desire to be informed by you all in particular, whether you have subscribed, or your resolution to subscribe immediately if ye have not yet done it. Lastly, for such as have taken the National Covenant, I shall desire that such amongst you will be assisting to me in understanding the state of your city, the number, names, and quality of the malignants, and upon all occasions to represent unto me the ways of better security and protection of your city, which in my presence I shall diligently intend, and in my absence shall charge upon Colonel Barker and the rest of the committee as their duty and care; in the meantime, let us maintain a mutual, constant confidence in one another, and yield a mutual concurrence in power and endeavours to advance that cause whereunto we are covenanted. Mr. Mayor and the rest, let us be faithful and cordial in so good a cause we have in hand; my life and fortunes shall all be at stake for the public service and for you."

From the Earl of Denbigh's MSS., to which I am otherwise largely indebted.

[1] Whitelocke says that many of Lord Newcastle's men deserted when they heard of the cessation with the Irish Papists.

already fleshed their swords at Winceby in the Wolds, Lincolnshire.[1]

After the battle of Newbury, Donnington Castle had been garrisoned,[2] and Reading retaken for the King, and Sir Jacob Astley was made governor of the latter. During the remainder of this year, there is no action of importance, but the Prince's letters continue as numerous as ever. It is somewhat sad to observe how many of our old correspondents have dropped off: Lindsey,[3] Aubigny,[3] Northampton,[4] Denbigh,[5] Bevil Grenville,[6] Grandison,[7] Carnarvon,[8] Falkland,[8] Sunderland,[8] Charles Cavendish,[9]—all these have fallen within six months; all, without exception, among the best and worthiest

[1] Carlyle's Cromwell, i. 190–5.

[2] The following commission is without superscription, but Lord Clarendon's "History" shews that Colonel Boys was the person thus addressed. This castle appears conspicuously hereafter, or I should not have introduced this document, and it was once the abode of Geoffrey Chaucer:—

CHARLES R.

Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. Whereas we have thought fit, for the defence and security of this part of our county of Berks, to leave a considerable number of soldiers in Donnington Castle, we have made choice of your foot and dragooners, and of the dragooners of Sir Robert Howard. Wherefore our will and pleasure is that you forthwith repair with the said forces into the said castle, there to continue and to keep the same for our use, and to command all the officers and soldiers therein as you shall find fit for our service. And for your so doing these shall be your sufficient warrant.

Given under our sign-manual at our Court at Newbury, this 22nd September, 1643.

[3] At Edgehill.
[4] At Hopton Heath.
[5] At Birmingham.
[6] At Lansdowne.
[7] At Bristol.
[8] At Newbury.
[9] At Winceby.

of the Royal army: while Goring, Wilmot, Digby, Lunsford, Jermyn, and other reprobates, live on merrily, and write pertinaciously. "It is merciful, that when men's days are evil, they should be likewise few."

The King's situation at this period must have been very painful to his sensitive and retiring disposition. Within his little Court, the basest intrigues, the most rapacious claimants, the most insatiable avarice and ambition seemed to have taken possession of all men's minds. His domestic happiness, dearer to him than all else on earth, perpetually sacrificed, if not betrayed, to parasites and flatterers; his wife as jealous of his poor remains of power as his bitterest enemies. Truly, but for her sex, her sorrows, and her Crown, this lady had little to win the regard or reverence of an honest man: she was the most fatal Sovereign that France or Rome ever gave to England. Her presence at Oxford immensely increased the King's expenses, as well as his other difficulties; want of money began to be severely felt, and there were no apparent means left of a supply. The Scots were lowering on the northern frontier; the Parliament daily increasing in influence and strength; the sufferings of the Royalists hourly extending. The character, too, of the King's adherents was gradually sinking: to use Lord Clarendon's apt metaphor, it seemed as in some scuffle, where weapons are wrenched from men's hands, and others take them up, so that each

side fights with the arms of the other: even thus the Cavaliers had parted with the discipline, the high religious tone, the gentleness and dignity with which they had begun the war, and the Puritans had become possessed of all these except the two last. The hatred of hypocrisy, and desire to avoid everything that savoured of Puritanism had encouraged a very evil habit of swearing, and no small measure of profanity.[1] The Courtiers most in favour in the Court, as well as the most dashing in the field,

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[1] I have spoken freely of the blasphemies and hypocrisies of many of the Puritans; I have no wish to screen the Cavaliers. There was but too much *foundation* for the Puritan accusations, but their exaggerations were enormous. Hugh Peters, in his sermon before the Parliament, asserted that the Cavaliers gave a reward of four shillings to every one who could invent a new oath, and attributed to them such expressions as it was equally offensive to repeat, (much less to imagine,) as to make use of. In "Marborough's Miseries" we find a "favourite song" invented for the Cavaliers, the burden of which is

> "G— d— me, ram me, sink me down to hell,
> If ever in Marlborough do any Roundhead dwell."

Another pamphlet asserts of them that "they out-swear the French, out-drink the Dutch, and out-paramour the Turk."—*King's Coll.* xc. 83. Another calls them "Bold sons of Belial by the daughters of Anak, whose mouth is full of cursing." Sir Edward Peyton (a libeller, it is true) says that James I. "brought swearing into fashion, cursing his people with all the plagues of Egypt." King Charles, indeed, "gave 12*d.* an oath to Robert Lashly, but still the great courtiers garnished their mouths with God dammees, as if they desired damnation rather than salvation."—*Secret History of James I.*, ii. 382. Cromwell asserted that there were English Cavaliers with the Scotch who attacked him at Musselburgh in 1650, because one of them as he was slain cried out with his last breath, "D—me, I go to my King."—*Relation of the Great Campaign*, Edinb. 1806. So long ago as the days of Joan of Arc, when that heroic girl was visited by Lord Warwick in her cell, she said to them (Dr. Henry tells

were notorious profligates, and profligacy became the fashion.

In such society, how sensibly must the refined mind of Charles have felt the loss of his old companions—of those who had died for him. No more pleasant strolls with Falkland in the Bodleian,[1] or the meadow of Christ Church! No more conversation with the grave Carnarvon about the wonders of distant lands, especially those of the Holy Sepulchre, where his kingly ancestors had fought. All

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us), "I know that you English will put me to death, and then think that you can conquer France. I tell you, though there were 600,000 God-dammees more in France than there are, they could never conquer us." It would be as easy to add to this unpleasant note, as it is difficult to treat of such a subject without offensiveness. It seems that under Charles II. the coxcombs tried to refine upon this strange luxury of swearing, for which Buckingham used to "D—n their diminutive oaths."

[1] Most of my readers will remember the anecdote of King Charles and Lord Falkland consulting the "Sortes Virgilianæ," by opening the book at random and taking for a prophecy the first lines that met their eyes: when the King did so, he encountered Dido's imprecation on Æneas:—

> "First let him see his friends in battle slain,
> And their untimely fate lament in vain;
> And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
> On hard conditions let him buy his peace.
> Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
> But fall untimely by some hostile hand."
>
> *Æneid*, Book iv. ver. 613.

Lord Falkland observing that the King seemed moved at this ominous selection, smilingly opened the book, in order to remove the King's impression, and lighted upon the Æneid also, book xi. v. 152:—

> "I warned thee but in vain, for well I knew
> What perils youthful ardour will pursue:
> O curst assay of arms, disastrous doom,
> Preludes of bloody fields and fights to come."
>
> *Dr. Welwood's Mem.* p. 98; *Jesse.*

that was most disinterested and cultivated and true-hearted seemed to have passed away, and left him a prey to rapacious Courtiers and ungovernable soldiers. It is true that Hyde still remained to him, wise in counsel and faithful to his cause. The Duke of Richmond still proved that disinterested affection was not impossible towards Kings; old Nicholas, too, was faithful and single-minded, and Prince Rupert, when intrigues from within or services from without permitted his presence, was ever a welcome guest, frank, loyal, and straightforward. Archbishop Usher, also, Hammond, and Jeremy Taylor, may have afforded congenial society to a King who loved the letter as well as the spirit of Divinity; and doubtless, the romantic cloisters of All Souls, where Sheldon was then Warden, were often visited by the pensive King. But nothing that remained could atone for that which once had been: it is not to the poet or the maiden only that Schiller's lines apply—"the beautiful is vanished, and returns not."

But there was abundance of practical business pressing on every hour of the day to distract the Royal mind from sentimental sorrows. Digby, for ever fertile in unlucky ingenuities, had arranged, through the Queen, the recall of the French ambassador who had exhibited very Roundhead predilections. In his place, the Count or Prince[1] Harcourt was sent, under the ostensible task of mediating

[1] Whitelocke.

between the King and his Parliament. Nothing was further from the base and cunning mind of Mazarine; yet in order to encourage the Queen's confidence in his ambassador, he spread a report that twenty thousand men were ready to embark at St. Malo's, if his mediation were rejected.[1] The ambassador was received with all honour by the Parliament, but rudely searched by their rough soldiery. He was welcomed warmly at Oxford, where he remained long enough to learn the misfortunes of the Court, with which he soon returned in triumph into his own country. About the same time, Lord Leicester, who had long been the nominal Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, refused to sign the declaration of the Peers at Oxford, in answer to the Scottish Covenant. He then withdrew from Oxford, and the great Ormond was appointed to command in Ireland; the most judicious choice ever made by Charles. One of the immediate consequences was a cessation of arms, or rather, of slaughter with the Irish rebels, at which the Parliament were very indignant;[2] the more so, perhaps, as their own negotiations with Scotland were then pending.

The King made at the same time the very inconsiderate appointment of the incapable Earl of Berkshire as governor of Prince Charles. He conceived it at the time to be an unimportant matter; "as," said he, "The Queen and I will be his real governors:"

[1] Whitelocke, 73.

[2] *Ibid.*

soon afterwards, when obliged to part with his son, and for ever, he felt that nothing can be unimportant, even for a moment, that relates to the education of a man, whether he be a prince or a peasant.

It is now full time to return to Prince Rupert's correspondence, and his personal achievements. Henceforth, I shall touch but briefly on the historical events in politics, or in the field; except such of the former as are absolutely necessary to the connection of the parts of the great tragedy, and to explain the letters; and of the latter, I shall only endeavour to describe the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby.

The cessation of arms in Ireland produced the following letter from Lord Taafe; the forces he alludes to arrived safely, and fought well; but were ultimately cut off almost to a man.[1]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The highest of my desires now is to attend you in England, the affairs of this kingdom being now in a likely way to peace, the cessation having quieted all for the present, and no likelihood of breach or disturbance, but from the Scots, from whom we cannot be secure, without we have liberty to destroy them.

Sir, here are four thousand foot ready to be sent unto you, if they were provided with shipping, which I hope very speedily to procure, being now going to agree for all those that be in the power of the Irish; Sir Charles Vavasour takes shipping on Wednesday next, and brings two thousand of the forces in Munster along with him. Sir,

[1] Whitelocke's Memoirs.

if these be too few, send me commission and I will furnish your Highness with as many Irish well-armed, as you please, thus craving your pardon for this presumption, I remain,

Your Highness's most faithful humble servant,

TAAFFE.

Dublin, 16th October, 1643.

The Prince was now on his way to Bedford, which he took, and wrote to the King to send some forces from Reading to check the enemy, while Sir Lewis Dives was fortifying Newport-Pagnel.[1] Rupert had hoped thus to cut off the communication between London and the North; but some obscure orders from Oxford drew Sir Lewis Dives from

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[1] This letter proves the perpetual care and management the King was obliged to use to conciliate his unreasonable and unreasoning officers:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

His Majesty hath commanded me to advertise your Highness, that order is sent to Reading for the fifteen hundred foot to march presently thence towards Newport-Pagnel, and when they shall be on their way your Highness shall have notice thereof from my Lord-General. The King doth think fit that Colonel Charles Floyd shall come along with them; as well because he may be of use for perfecting the fortifications at Newport-Pagnel, as to avoid a dispute that might otherwise happen between Colonel Bellasis and Colonel Gerrard (to whom his Majesty promised the command of the foot that were to attend your Highness), for that Gerrard is the junior colonel; but if your Highness can think of an expedient to accommodate that question, then Bellasis shall be sent to your Highness. If your Highness please to send your commands hither on any occasion, to my Lord-General or myself, you shall from time receive such despatches as shall be requisite; and I humbly assure your Highness that there is none . . . . you or that is more ambitious to serve you than, sir, Your Highness's most humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

Oxford, 27th October, 1643.

Newport, and the Parliamentary forces possessed themselves of the town and its raw fortifications without opposition,[1] Sir Lewis with some difficulty saving his own ammunition and baggage. Concerning this matter there is a long correspondence, which is here omitted, but may be found abstracted in the Index. Many unimportant letters follow; they prove that the Prince was ever in the field; ever striving assiduously to do his duty, and ever thwarted by Lord Digby and the Queen's party when it was possible. Respectable old Secretary Nicholas remains faithful to his interests, and endeavours somewhat vainly to transact straightfor-

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

His Majesty and your Highness's servants here, who met upon occasion of the letters that came now from you and Sir Lewis Dives, approve extremely well of your Highness's resolution expressed in yours to my Lord Duke. What was done by Sir Lewis Dives, was done, as appears, upon Sir Frederick Cornwallis's mistake of his Majesty's directions, whereof his Majesty is sensible, and will for the future be more careful by whom he conveys his orders. The King hath sent again to quicken the Lord Hopton, and to get him to march with all diligence. We here are told that the Earl of Essex's going to Hitchin was so much out of his way to Newport-Pagnel, as it is believed he may possibly incline to draw his forces to join with the Earl of Manchester; before he approach nearer to Newport, but of this your Highness is likely to have the most certain advertisements. The King hath added to this committee the Earl of Lindsey [lately Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and a prisoner to the Parliament since his father's death at Edgehill], wherewith his Majesty hath commanded me to acquaint your Highness. I wrote to your Highness yesterday by an express, who, I hope, came safe to your Highness. As I had written thus far, there came an express from Sir Jacob Astley, with the letters enclosed to my Lord-General.

Oxon, 28th Oct. 1643.

ward business, in spite of his tortuous colleague. On the 30th he thus writes:—

. . . . . There is order given for making of 50*l.* worth of bread, which shall be sent hence on Wednesday or Thursday next; and the committee desires your Highness to direct what proportion of victuals you will have here provided from time to time; but in regard of the distance and difficulty to procure carriages, it is desired that you would take order to have provisions from Buckingham and Bicester, where it is said good store may be had.

As to your Highness's going [ciphers]; your proposition is so general that the committee [in imitation of the Parliament, Digby and some others have formed themselves into a close committee from which the General Privy Council is excluded] cannot tell what to say to it; neither are they inclining to it; but if your Highness please to propose to them [ciphers] . . . My Lord Duke [of Richmond] is most affectionately solicitous here in all that concerns your Highness; he is now preparing a cipher for you, and for that reason desires to be excused, that he writes not by this bearer.

This is the fourth letter I have sent to your Highness since your departure, and shall be glad to hear that they are all come safe to your Highness's hands, as three of yours are to your Highness's most humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLAS.

Sir Jacob Astley writes that he hears eight hundred of Sir William Waller's men are run from him: he is about Farnham. The Lord Ranelagh died here the last night.

Oxford, 30th Oct. 1643,
at one o'clock in the afternoon.

It appears from the following letter that Prince Rupert was at Cirencester on the 31st of October.

I found it in the State Paper Office, without the date of year, and misplaced by chance in the bundle, marked 1647 in the office.

"PRINCE RUPERT TO GENERAL GORING.

"SIR,

"I shall not trouble you with any great business, supposing that Secretary Nicholas hath orders to acquaint you with all particulars, only this, that (cipher) as soon as possibly you can. We are in much better condition since you have brought us so many gallant men, and among them yourself, in whose safety and welfare I have a great interest, being Your very faithful friend to serve you,

Cirencester, Oct. 31st. "RUPERT."

In a postscript to another letter of the following day, he adds:—

The French Ambassador [Harcourt] saith he hath received letters from the French Queen about the release of Walter Montague [The King's Ambassador to Paris, who had been arrested lately, on his way to Oxford, by the Parliament, it is supposed by the instigation of Mazarini]. Whereupon he intends shortly to go to London.

It appears now, from numerous letters of Lord Wilmot's, that he was quartered about Buckingham, the Brill, and Bostall, with Lords Carlisle and Byron's and Sir Thomas Aston's regiments of horse. But soon afterwards I find the Prince moving towards Cirencester, as I presume from a letter [dated Nov. 1st] requesting him to order bread to be baked

at Banbury for his troops, as Oxford finds a difficulty in providing carriages, and the rain may spoil provisions on their march. On the same day Nicholas writes this information concerning the enemy's movements, and other matters:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have spoken to his Majesty that your Highness might be supplied with the train of artillery and other necessaries, expressed in the note which the Lord Byron brought from your Highness, and his Majesty having given it to the Lord Percy, his lordship hath undertaken to give your Highness satisfaction in it. Monday last, Waller sat down before Basing-house, and Wednesday last he drew off his ordnance and forces to Basingstoke, a mile from Basing-house, where he now lies with all his forces and threatens to return thither to assault that house again; and hath sent for scaling ladders to Windsor for that purpose. The Marquis of Winchester writes cheerfully, saith he hath four hundred men, and three weeks' victualling, and that he hath killed divers of the rebels, and lost only one man and one hurt. Mount Stamford being taken by his Majesty's forces near Plymouth, we hope that place will not hold out long. Sir F. Berkeley was, Wednesday last, at Huntington, twenty miles on this side Exeter, with four regiments of foot, and will, we hope, be at Winchester Monday next.

The King understanding that your Highness wants officers, hath given order to Sir Arthur Aston to provide some to wait on your Highness, Monday or Tuesday next. I shall add no more to this, but that I am,

Your Highness's most humble servant,

Oxon, 1st Nov. 1643. EDWARD NICHOLAS.

P.S.—The Marquis of Ormond is to be shortly Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

It appears that Lord Hopton is now marching to relieve Winchester.[1] Richard Cave writes word on the 4th of November that Prince Maurice is somewhat better in health, but unable to assist at the camp before Plymouth in person: the army there is stated to be rather slack in its siege operations. Wilmot is fallen ill at Brackley, and Sir John Byron writes for him that Ashburnham writes word there is no pay to be had for their troopers, so their regiment must disband! It seems that even thus early the Prince proposed to the King to send Lord Byron to the North, with any troops that could be spared, to relieve Lathom House, to check Manchester, relieve Newark, and strengthen the Earl (now the Marquis) of Newcastle. To this the subjoined letter applies, and its postscript is deserving

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

This day there went from hence 35*l.* worth of bread, and 2400 weight of cheese, which will be this night at Brackley; and there is order given for making up of more biscuit. We hear that the Lord Hopton will be this night, with part of his forces, at Stockbridge, which is about seven miles from Winchester. The Earl of Essex is, by order from London, to make his winter quarters at St. Alban's and Newport-Pagnel, and there are now at Cambridge three thousand of the Norfolk and Suffolk men, and at Hickam, two thousand of the trained hands of Bedford and Hertfordshire. Sir William Waller hath drawn some of his forces towards Winchester, and sent parties to try what might be done against Colonel Gerrard there, but durst not make any attempt; and now it is written from Basing, that he will try what he can do upon that place.

I am really and humbly,
Your Highness's most humble servant,
EDW. NICHOLAS.

Oxon, 3rd Nov. 1643.

of notice on other accounts.[1] The next letter, dated the 7th, alludes to Waller being reinforced before Basing House, from which he was soon afterwards

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

His Majesty having no time himself, hath commanded me to give your Highness this answer to your's of yesterday's date, that he is very glad that your Highness's judgment concurs with his, concerning the Lancashire propositions, and doth much approve of your two animadversions in your Highness's enclosed, which he doth suppose will be easily satisfied. As for the first, his Majesty doubts not but that his forces will be strong enough in horse against Waller, when those three regiments are taken away, they being much the weakest of all his Majesty's forces in those parts, and having lately sent two stronger regiments to supply them, and resolving to draw down other two regiments that way, in case there shall be need. As for your second, his Majesty saith your Highness hath answered yourself, for his intent ever was, that Charles Gerrard should have the remainders of his own and the Lord Byron's brigade, to keep him still in the same quality he is; only, his Majesty doth not like that Sir Thomas Aston and Butler's regiments should go to that service, the first being so obnoxious in those counties, and the other having so ill a reputation for a plunderer, would very much disadvantage that service. As for Sir Thomas Aston being an elder colonel than Charles Gerrard, his Majesty conceives it to be no argument why he should not be content to serve under him, he being a brigadier, which the other never was. Thus his Majesty hopes that he hath satisfied your Highness's queries, which he acknowledgeth to be very substantial; therefore his Majesty desires you to send my Lord Byron presently to him, if your Highness can possibly spare him, that this great design may be presently adjusted, for his Majesty thinks it of that weight, that without it not only those counties will be in hazard to be irrecoverably lost, but likewise my Lord of Newcastle's army will be put into very great straits, as also the Scots are likely to come in with very great disadvantage to the King's service, if this design be not effectually prevented. To this I shall only add, that I am really

Your Highness most humble servant,

EDW. NICHOLAS.

Oxon, 6th Nov. 1643.

His Majesty desires your Highness to send the five hundred cattle which you have taken, to Oxford, that they may be there

driven by Hopton. His next exploit was the recapture of Arundel and its castle, in January, 1644. Here Chillingworth was taken prisoner, and it was falsely stated by the Royalists that his death was caused by his cruel usage; it is true, however, that his exulting persecutor, Cheynell, flung this great controversialist's work into his grave, and "bid them both rot together." I find a letter also dated on the 7th, from Sir John (now Lord) Byron, accepting very gratefully the Prince's appointment of him as General "in Lancashire and those parts;" at the same time he requests Prince Rupert to have him made governor to the Prince of Wales instead of Lord Hertford.[1] Lord Byron writes a letter with too much incident to be passed over. It seems that he and Ogle have been tampering with the governor at Aylesbury and other places.[2]

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sold to the best advantage, which he promiseth your Highness shall be sent back to you, *every penny*, in money, to be distributed as your Highness pleaseth, without accounting it as any part of pay.

[1] He was afterwards made governor to the Duke of York.

[2] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

Sir—My Lord Wilmot's sickness increased so upon him, that he was forced yesterday to go to Oxford, with an intention to return hither within a few days, but I fear he will not be able. The business of Hisbury is discovered to the governor himself who hath sent the poor woman that was employed betwixt us, prisoner to my Lord of Essex, at Great Alban's, where, I believe, she is hanged by this time. I suppose our failing of Newport made him doubt of the possibility of effecting the other, and consequently, by this means, to ingratiate himself with his master: howsoever, I am sure he hath declared himself both a fool and a knave. All our quarters hereabouts are so eaten up, that there will be no possibility of subsisting here above three or four days

On the 11th, we have the results of Prince Rupert's recommendation in the following commis sion to Lord Byron, who was soon afterwards made governor of Chester and Shropshire. The best part of the Anglo-Irish army, landing at Chester, was by his earnest request placed under his orders. He marched them in January against Nantwich, the only Roundhead town in those parts, and there he was severely defeated by Sir William Brereton:—

CHARLES R.,

Right trusty and right entirely beloved nephew, we greet you well. Whereas we have newly received information of the hazardous condition of our affairs in Cheshire and Lancashire, unless a speedy supply of some fresh forces be sent thither, we having formerly designed our right trusty, &c., the Lord Byron unto that employment. Our will and pleasure is, that immediately upon sight hereof, you give order unto the said Lord Byron to march with his regiment toward our City of Chester. We having likewise commanded all the other Lancashire regiments to march away also with all expedition, to join themselves

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at the most, which I humbly beseech your Highness to take into your consideration; as likewise, I may have the pay that was promised me for my regiment at my return, without which I must ride as a volunteer in your Highness's troop, for I am sure I shall have no regiment to command; and truly, sir, it would be much for the King's service, in my opinion, if your old tried regiments might have rest this winter, that they may be strong and well recruited against the spring, and let the new levied troops learn their duty; for my own particular, if I may have but rest and pay for three months, I will undertake to make up my regiment in that time four hundred horse effective. I have given orders for the speedy bringing of all the shovels and spades in those parts to, I am, Sir,

Your Highness's most humble and most obliged servant,

JOHN BYRON.

Brackley, 9th Nov. 1643.

unto the said Lord Byron's regiment, at such place as he shall judge fit to appoint.

Given at our Court at Oxford, this eleventh of November, 1643. By his Majesty's command.

GEORGE DIGBY.

Of the same date we have a letter from Sir Jacob Astley, asking for ammunition for Reading, and complaining of Colonel Blagge's plundering propensities; "in sooth he is a notable griper," he says. A letter of advice concerning Cheshire, Waller, Cromwell, and a treaty follows,[1] with some indifferent communications on other matters. Then Secretary Nicholas writes on the 16th, that Sir John Lucas and the Earl of Carlisle's regiment are to be sent to

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

There being an express come from the Lord Capel, advertising that the rebels have taken the Holt, a place and passage near Chester, which so straitens that town as they can have no provisions brought to the same, and opening a way for the rebels to go into North Wales, his Majesty hath thought it necessary to hasten away the Lord Byron with all diligence, and hath commanded me to give notice to your Highness that Sir Arthur Aston shall not fail to attend you to-morrow, that by the Lord Byron's absence your Highness may not have your number of officers diminished. Sir William Waller was on Friday morning in Basingstoke, and gave forth that he intended to assault again Basing House, to which end he got some cart-loads of ladders, but it is thought he will not get his men to attempt it. The Earl of Manchester is still at London, and his forces at Cambridge; and Cromwell is at Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, with his forces.

The Earl of —— and Mr. Will. Murray came to this town last night. If there be any treat at London, I am confident it will not succeed; but I assure your Highness I know of none at all. God bless your Highness's endeavours with a happy success; so prayeth, Your Highness's most humble servant,

EDW. NICHOLAS.

Oxon, 12th Nov. 1643.

him instead of those which Byron has taken to the North, and that "the young Earl of Carnarvon was by his tutor carried to London on Saturday last." Then follow several letters, the sum of whose intelligence is, that Lord Digby's spies have ascertained that Essex and Waller are still at feud, and that their soldiers or trainbands desert from one to the other. That Essex is threatening Tossiter [Towcester], and yet making a depôt at Aylesbury. Monmouth, in Wales, with St. Pierre, and other places, has been recovered for the King. On the 27th, Aston reports that he is diligently fortifying Towcester, and preparing provisions according to the Prince's orders. I fear to weary the reader's patience with the twentieth part of the communications that now pour in upon the Prince; complaints, compliments,[1] applications for promotion, accusations, remonstrances, and other subjects of very ephemeral interest, even to those who have been sleeping soundly for two hundred years. I shall confine myself to the contents of a very few, in

[1] This one I am tempted to introduce from its quaintness:—

SIR,

My hopes to be drawn near to your Highness's commands, emboldens me to present unto you this rude testimony of my ambition. As I have been happy in your smiles, so I beg the honour of your service. I am, with my firelocks, zealous in desire to wait on your pleasure: it is not advance of title I covet, but your commission to reduce me to my old duty, which shall really testify that I am, Sir,

Your Highness's faithful servant,

THOMAS SUDFORD.

From my Garrison in Briston Castle,
Nov. 30, 1643.

order to finish the correspondence of 1643. On the 1st of December Lord Wilmot reports that Essex has moved from Bicester to Gloucester, and that his cavalry are so wearied he cannot pursue or observe the enemy's motions. The subjoined letter from Vavasour, as it contains notices of intrigues against the Prince, and also some hope of strength for the following year, I insert.[1] The following letter from Lord Hopton breathes the brave old spirit, that redeems so many of the faults and vices of the Cavaliers:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

Your Highness's commands concerning Colonel Gerrard's regiment, as all other your commands, I shall ever

[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

Sir—Your gracious and kind expressions is a reward for all that I have endeavoured, or shall be hereafter capable to deserve of your Highness. I am infinitely well satisfied that your Highness hath put off the designs, for though I durst not be so confident as to deliver myself upon uncertainties, yet I did conceive it an intended plot laid to your disadvantage, and, I fear, consented to by some of credit with your Highness. Sir, I am now in a very good way, *if no alteration come from Court.* I hope this winter to block up Gloucester round, and to present a handsome army to your Highness by the spring. I can have men and arms enough, and hope, by the 16th of this month, to have eight thousand before hand: if the counties perform what they lately subscribed to, I shall march on Thursday next from hence, and intend to fortify Panswick, and then to Tewkesbury, which will be a handsome garrison for the soldiers, from whence I can hold correspondence with the forces I intend in the forest of Dean; when I am Your Highness's most faithful servant,

W. VAVASOUR.*

Bristol, Dec. 4, 1643.

* Sir William writes soon afterwards to say, that all his designs have been crossed from Oxford, and that he cannot blockade Gloucester.

be most ready to obey. I shall only offer to your Highness my present difficulty, which is, that we being here, near the enemy, and our horse decreasing much, I am doubtful, lest in sparing a good old regiment, I may give the enemy too great an advantage upon me in this champaign country; unless your Highness will please to do me the favour to send me some other good regiment that hath had rest, till this be recreated. The truth is, the duty of the service here were unsupportable, were it not in this cause, where there is so great a necessity either of prevailing through all difficulties, or suffering them to prevail, which cannot be thought of in good English; therefore, if your Highness resume the horse regiment, I should be glad to give these some ease as I could. I rest, in all humility and faithfulness,

Your Highness's most humbly devoted Servant,

RALPH HOPTON.

Alresford, Dec. 12, 1643.

Sir Nicholas Byron writes, on the 12th, that Lord "Ormond's army" has arrived,[1] in which Colonel

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[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

Hardinge [Harden] Castle being as poorly surrendered by composition as it was basely betrayed at first, gives us assurance of our good success against the rebels who are in very great distraction: we are able to march four thousand foot, and very near one thousand horse, besides my Lord Capel's, which continue in Shropshire. This day is appointed our march out of Chester, into those parts, have been most useful to the rebels, and where we come upon the place, shall dispose of ourselves according to the best opportunity, we shall meet withall: this being, my Lord of Ormond's army, I am only a volunteer for the present, till his Lordship's pleasure be further known upon all occasions. I shall take the boldness to acquaint your Highness with the occurrences of these parts, and endeavour to express myself

Your Highness's humblest of servants,

N. BYRON.

Chester, 12th Dec. 1643.

Monk held a commission. He was taken prisoner, not unwillingly, by the Parliament's forces at Nantwich: after some confinement, for appearance sake, he received a commission from his quondam enemies, and acted as their servant, until finally he crushed them. Lord Howley writes on the 14th from Bristol, requesting to be made "General-in-chief" of two or three straggling regiments in Somersetshire, under Colonels Windibank and Sir Robert Welch.

On the 16th of December there occurs a letter, which throws considerable light on the manner in which these numerous forces were maintained by a King without money, credit, or resources. A warrant[1] (a sort of indemnity for plundering) was issued

[1] At a Council of War, held Nov. 30, 1643, his Majesty being present, the inhabitants of Wilts agreed to pay to the King, by way of loan, for the space of one month, a weekly contribution of 1200*l.* towards the maintenance of the King's army out of that county—to be proportionably laid upon all parts of the said county. That each soldier shall pay for his horse's provision these rates following:—oats 1*s.* 6*d.* per bushel, pease and beans 2*s.* the bushel, hay 5*d.* the tod, grass 2*s.* 6*d.* per week. That no officer shall press or take any horses or other cattle, or any of their provisions or other goods; and in case of such loss or damage, the party suffering to be repaid out of the weekly loan. That no manner of free quarter or billeting shall be taken by any horse or foot soldier without present payment for the same, except only for house-room, according to the quality of the person billeted, and of the person in whose house he is billeted, and except for this and candle, such as the master, mistress, or dame use for themselves and their own family. That there be no more soldiers billeted in one house than the said house will conveniently receive, and that no quartermaster shall quarter any men in any house without the assistance of the officer of that place. That no women, boys, or children following the army

to the commanding-officer, giving him so many hundreds, or parishes, as the case might be, as the Romans gave provinces for pay. The jealousy of each commanding-officer caused the boundaries of his own district to be strictly observed, and was their only security from unlimited spoliation.

SIR,

I have encountered many difficulties in the establishing of this garrison, but now I am redacted to greater perplexities than before; since those hundreds which were by your Highness allotted for the maintenance of this garrison, are by his Majesty's express order withdrawn, and assigned to my Lord of Northampton for the entertainment of the garrison of Banbury, and nothing left to me but the Hundreds of Clely, Towcester and Norton, the two last whereof are so ruined by the long abode of the horse amongst them, that they can contribute little or nothing. Clely is possessed by Sir John Digby, and nothing can be exacted from thence till he be removed; and when he is removed, the contributions that can be levied here will not pay the half of that which is requisite, so that unless there be means found to supply this garrison with a weekly supply of three hundred pounds, it will be altogether impossible to preserve it. Neither is it to be expected that soldiers will remain here, where they are tied to a perpetual duty, unless they be duly paid. If a competent entertainment be afforded it, I hope this place shall prove advantageous for his Majesty's affairs, otherwise it will be impossible to keep a soldier here. I expect another week's pay from Mr. Ashburnham, according to promise, and after that such weekly supply as may make

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be permitted from henceforth to have house-room, unless it be by consent and by composition with the owner of the house.—*From a Pamphlet in the Sutherland Collection.*

up with the contributions due pay to the garrison. I expect your Highness's favourable resolution. In the mean time, I rest your Highness's most humble and most

Obedient Servant,

J. COCHRANE.

Towcester, 16th Dec. 1643.

There was another source of revenue, of which we have an amusing instance in the following letter. A prisoner was an important part of the booty, and represented so much prize-money in proportion to his rank. Impoverished as most men, except Parliamentary leaders, were in these times, a man's freedom, nevertheless, was always worth a considerable purchase. As regarded soldiers of fortune, they were only detained as prisoners, in order to be a ransom for each other. But, when some man of wealth was taken, his needy captor made the most of him, and priced him according to his known resources, or the affection of his family. There is something almost touching in the appeal that Gerrard makes to the Prince concerning his "Sumner;" he was probably worth from three to four hundred gold pieces. I find no traces elsewhere of this precious prisoner; he was probably some rich merchant, who was tempted by vanity or enthusiasm to "ride a coloneling" in those days.

SIR GILBERT GERRARD TO PRINCE RUPERT.

SIR,

I must crave your pardon for giving your Highness so often trouble. Being at this present informed that some make use of what means they can for the getting of Sum-

ner's release, which his Majesty and your Highness bestowed upon me, my humble request to your Highness is, that your Highness will be pleased to give me leave to remove him hither. This Sumner was the man that I took in Buckinghamshire, I mean to make no other use of him, but to get so much money as will raise your Highness three or four troops. Yet I should be very well contented to resign my interest in him for the releasement of Sir Edward Stradling, or Sir Thomas Lunsford,[1] or Sir John

[1] This is the notorious Lunsford whom the King made lieutenant of the Tower in the critical days of the Army Plot. He was taken prisoner at Edgehill, and being allowed some indulgence, was detected by Lord Denbigh in a secret correspondence. He thus writes in justification:

SIR THOMAS LUNSFORD TO THE EARL OF DENBIGH.

[Extract.]

"It is true I wrote a letter in characters [ciphers]; it was touching mine own fortune, the secrets of which, together with mine affection, I have ever been unwilling to expose to the knowledge of any whom they do not concern, though at that time I had to expostulate upon both. Although it be lawful for any prisoner of war, upon whom the assurance of a guard is preferred before that of the honour and faith of a gentleman and soldier, to advertise what advantage he can to his party, yet, I assure your lordship, that letter contained nothing but mine own particular interests, neither can I believe the King's army, the only one in the world so barren of intelligence as to be advantaged by that of a close prisoner. I have been thus large upon this subject, to give your lordship satisfaction."

March 22, 1644.

The following letter throws light on the treatment of prisoners in this war:—

LORD CHOLMONDELEY* TO CAPTAIN HORTON,

Commander of the Coventry horse. May 24, 1644.—[Extract.]

"I much wonder you will make the prisoners which you have to sit at table with you, and be your companions, who are rebels. I hold it fitter you put them into some chamber close

* I believe this ought to be *Colonel* Cholmondeley.

Digby, who I hear is prisoner. The rebels are before Sir Thomas Holt's house, near Birmingham.

I rest your Highness's, &c.,

GILBERT GERRARD.

Worcester, 29th Dec. 1643.

Difficult as it was for the King's officers to obtain money, it is almost inconceivable how the King himself obtained means to maintain even the shrunken state to which the Roundheads had reduced him. His revenues were all appropriated by the Parliament; his wealthier subjects were themselves impoverished; his clergy were utterly ruined, and the worthier part of them expelled their livings; the Queen's treasure long since exhausted. The only seaports of importance in his possession were Bristol, Newcastle, Barnstaple, and Dartmouth. The customs of the former were appropriated to the support of their garrison. No efforts were spared to make the most of the few resources that were left him. To Colonel Seymour, governor of Dartmouth, a royal rescript is thus addressed about this time:—

"KING CHARLES TO COL. EDWARD SEYMOUR.

"CHARLES R.

"TRUSTY and well beloved, we greet you well. Whereas, by reason of the disorders occasioned by

locked up, for they use ours so hardly, they will allow them no meat, but Mr. Brereton is almost damned amongst them, and yet you must be so kind-hearted to use them well for their base usage of our men: I wonder you can have so little sense to do so."—*The Earl of Denbigh's MSS.*

this unnatural rebellion, our customs and duties in the several ports have not been duly answered and paid unto us for goods exported and imported. And that the necessity of our affairs doth require the same should be duly answered unto us, and exactly managed for our best advantage, which cannot be if the officers and collectors in our said ports shall be interrupted in that service, and not aided and assisted by our superior orders and governors there, or that the monies so collected should be by any means diverted from such uses as the lord-treasurer and our under-treasurer shall from time to time direct and appoint. We have therefore, thought fitting, and do hereby straitly charge and command you that upon all occasions for that our service, you be aiding and assisting unto such our servants and ministers as shall be appointed for that our service in these ports and creeks whereof you are now governor, and not to intermeddle in the disposing or diverting of any of those monies which shall be due, and collected from the merchants for duties inward and outward. And herein we require you to be very careful, as that which very nearly concerns our service. Given at our Court at Oxford, this 29th day of December, 1643. By His Majesty's command,

"EDW. NICHOLAS."

To our trusty and well-beloved
Edward Seymour, Esq., Governor of Dartmouth.[1]

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[1] From his Grace the Duke of Somerset's collection. To the

This year's correspondence closes with the following proclamation by Prince Rupert, placing the resources of Oxfordshire in the hands of William Legge, now sergeant (or brigade) major :—

"AN ORDER FROM THE 'COUNCIL OF WAR.'

"WHEREAS it was ordered by a council of war, held at Oxford the 17th of this month, his Majesty being then present, that in respect of the contributions of the County of Oxford were not paid, according to the agreement of that county, I should assign several hundreds for the quartering of the respective regiments of horse which are to be paid out of the contribution of those counties of Oxford and Berkshire." [The Prince then authorises William Legge to quarter his own and Prince Maurice's regiment of horse in the county of Berks, and not to allow any other officers or soldiers to levy contributions there. He also orders William Legge,

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same Officer the following order from Prince Maurice is addressed about the same time.

PRINCE MAURICE TO EDWARD SEYMOUR, ESQ.

SIR,

You are immediately upon sight hereof to get carriages in a readiness, and to send away with all speed all the powder, which was in the Dunkirk frigate, and match proportionable; you are likewise to send away the men you speak to me of, to be at Plympton with all haste. Hereof you are not to fail, as you tender his Majesty's Service. Given at Whitely, the 4th of December, 1643.

MAURICE.

To Edward Seamour, Esq., Governor of Dartmouth.

or his deputy, to call once a week, or oftener, a council of war, to hear petitions and complaints of the county, and to punish offenders, as well as to demand necessaries from the County.]

To Serjeant-major W. Legge,
of my brigade of Horse.
Oxford, 29th Dec. 1643.

"RUPERT."[1]

Henceforth the war becomes more interesting as it increases in intensity. From this time, too, we have Prince Rupert's own letters to enliven our pages, and confer individuality upon one who constantly seems to evade our scrutiny while yet he is constantly before us. Looking back upon this troubled year, we scarcely indeed, see anything in much clearness or distinctness; "all England is in a hot but very dim state, and the country is all writhing in dim conflict, suffering manifold distress. And from his Majesty's head-quarters ever and anon there darts out, now hither, now thither, across the dim smoke-element, a swift, fierce Prince Rupert, too like a streak of sudden fire."[2] Before his swift, and fierce, and fiery career is done we shall know him better, and recognize perhaps some other and nobler elements in his nature than those which distorting fame has represented.

[1] Before taking leave of these subsidising matters, I may mention that I found in the State Paper Office two Royal proclamations, besides several military orders, issued this year from Oxford, most sternly prohibiting plunder, or taking anything whatsoever from its owner "without payment." Also rigid orders against duelling, "on pain of death, without mercy."

[2] Carlyle's Cromwell, ii. 167.

About this time the Elector-Palatine arrived in London, and devoted himself to the Parliament. They, in return, paid him the income of twelve thousand pounds a year which the King had formerly allowed him, and admitted him to sit in the Assembly of Divines. It has been said that he attached himself to the Roundheads with the King's consent; and it is probable that Charles had no objection to any arrangement that saved such an incumbrance to his own slender finances, whilst his annuitant would have been perfectly useless. There is little doubt that the unworthy Elector speculated on the probability of being placed on the throne, if his uncle and his family had been set aside: he was the son of a Queen still dear to English hearts, and the next in succession to the Crown in case the Stuart line should fail.

The principal political events since we last looked round from our portfolio has been the inoculation of England with the Scottish Covenant; some of the Lords, and some even of the Commons at Westminster, endeavoured to escape it, but in vain. None who desired to avoid the suspicion of malignancy could avoid it: ministers imposed it on their flocks, fathers on their sons, mothers on their children, generals on their soldiers.[1] It was judi-

[1] DECLARATION OF LORD DENBIGH.

First, I declare and require all my officers and soldiers to repair unto the church of St. Michael, in Coventry, there to take the Covenant lately published by both the Houses of Parliament,

ciously calculated that its promotion would widen the breach between the King and his people, and draw the line of demarcation ineffaceably between the two contending parties. Those on whom it fell with most severity (as was intended) were the clergy of the Church of England. Their property afforded by far the easiest spoil, and wealth was much wanted, not only for public purposes, but for private encouragement.[1] There were then nine thousand benefices in England; and there were thirty thousand persons in holy orders,[2] all more or less dependent on them. Amongst these were many profligate and unworthy ministers, no doubt; but they were supplanted by Covenanting divines, who were far more ignorant, as Milton himself scornfully declared. If there were many worthless and

immediately after the sermon to-morrow, before some minister of the place, whom I desire to be present and see them subscribe their names, and send them to me, being resolved none shall serve under me but such as have subscribed the Covenant. Nov. 26, 1643.—*From the Earl of Denbigh's MS. Collection.*

[1] The Puritans shared the spoils of the Church among themselves and their adherents by lavish grants, or such sales as were little more than nominal. Sir Arthur Hazelrigg secured so large a portion that he was called "the Bishop of Durham;" Dr. Cornelius Burgess also made great acquisitions.—*Southey's Book of the Church*, 507.

Sir John Hotham writes in a postscript to "Sir Matthew Boynton and Master Rye, preacher of God's word, these: 'There is three good livings of malignant priests within ten miles of Hull. . . . . If there be any good to be done for the sequestration of these livings, Master Rye, my cousin Saltmarsh, and my son, Charles, might well supply those three places; the livings are Bainton, Elton, Lockington.'"—*From a Pamphlet published in* 1643, *in Mr. Bentley's Collection.*

[2] Diary of the Rev. J. Ward, 1668.

faithless ministers of the Church of England, there were many whose characters required only the persecution they underwent to render them worthy of martyrs' honours. Hall, Jeremy Taylor, Walton, Andrewes, Hammond, Usher, Prideaux,[1] Morley, nay, Laud, with all his errors and his converts; Chillingworth with all his faults; these men, and a thousand others as worthy, though less renowned, were sacrificed to the spirit of democracy as uttered in this Covenant.

In the excited mood of the people at that period, it was a relief to the minds, especially of women and children, to have something to pledge themselves to; something palpable and visible to swear upon. A perfect furor seized the Scotch on this subject: many wept as they signed; some drew their blood, to render the record of their vow more vital; and women sometimes remained in the kirks from Friday to Sunday, in order to hear the Cove-

[1] Prideaux,* Bishop of Worcester, was reduced to such distress, that in his will he could bequeath his children nothing but "pious poverty, God's blessing, and a father's prayers." He used to say in his later days, that though he and Laud could never understand one another till too late, he now reverenced no man more, for that prelate had wisely foreseen what lay hid to many others.—*Southey's Book of the Church*, 475.

* It was this prelate who, being asked how he did, replied, "Never better in my life, only I have too great a stomach, for I have eaten that little plate which the sequestrators have left me; I have eaten a great library of excellent books, and have eaten a great deal of linen, much of my brass, some of my pewter, and now I am come to eat iron; and what will come next I know not."—*Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy*, pt. ii. p. 78.

nant preached about.[1] Little pieces of sheepskin parchment were circulated in all directions to receive the names of those who could write, or, more generally, the asterisks of those who would not. Thus the Covenant was called, in a pasquil of the time, "The constellation on the back of Aries."

The Covenanters of the North were now quite ready to indulge their national instinct by marching south. The Earl of Lanerick had affixed his signet to the instrument by which their army had been assembled, yet he was now (on the 16th of December) at Oxford, in the presence of the King. But the great Montrose was there likewise, and had fatally proved his guilt and that of his brother, the Duke of Hamilton. The latter was transferred to the castle of Bristol, and finally to that of Pendennis, whilst Lord Lanerick fled to London, and there "shared the chamber and the bed" of the Covenanting Baillie. Arthur Trevor, the future correspondent of Prince Rupert, (who seems to have written elaborate articles rather than letters for great persons in that time, as he might do for great journals now,) thus writes to the Marquis of Ormond on the Duke's first arrival in England: — "The alarm of the Scots invasion heightens; and I do believe more of it since the Marquis [he was only lately made a Duke] is come to Newcastle; and he is a constant apparition before the rising of that

[1] Napier's Montrose, vol. i. 151.

people, and their swelling over Tweed."[1] It is worthy of remark that the Queen seems to have disliked Montrose as much as Rupert, so entirely subservient was her policy to her prejudices.

While the Scots were hovering on the Borders, the Marquis of Newcastle was indulging himself with a vain hope of repose in winter quarters at York. As we shall have the Royal army to follow afterwards, we may notice here that this Marquis, sensualist as he may have been, roused himself manfully as soon as the Scots were over the Border, and distressed them sorely, until Fairfax, by his victory at Selby, recalled him to the defence of York. It was on the 19th of January, 1644, that the Scots crossed the Tweed. It was not until the 20th of April that they formed a junction with Fairfax at Wetherby, and proceeded to besiege, or rather, to blockade the City of York. Soon afterwards they were joined by Manchester and Cromwell, with the newly-raised and inspired levies of the latter.

In the midland counties the successes of both parties had been pretty equally balanced. For instance, on the 27th of November we find that Sir Gervas Lucas and Sir Richard Byron, governor of Newark, made a dash at Melton Mowbray, and took "six or seven hundred men, arms, &c., toge-

[1] For a detailed account of the Covenant and its incidents I must refer the reader to Napier's "Montrose," ii. 200, &c. Also Sir Philip Warwick's "Memoirs," 268; and Baillie always when a Scot is mentioned.

ther with the committee of Leicester, viz., Staveley, Hazelrigg, and Captain Hacker (who had made a vow to pistol his own brother because he would not turn rebel, and was afterwards hanged for commanding the guard at the King's trial). Sir Edward Hartopp's cornet alone escaped. "The committee had come to gather up the rents of all such as were not so perfect rebels as themselves:" they were all taken to Belvoir Castle.[1] On the other hand we hear that "Colonel Wayte assailed the cormorants of Belvoir on a foraging expedition, killed Plunket, the veriest villain of them all, and a notorious Irish rebel, but now fighting for the Protestant religion, and wounded Lucas."[2] Hastings, Lord Loughborough, is perpetually active, and still hankering after "the wealthy town of Derby;" but he is not strong enough for aught but guerilla warfare, and in that state he keeps himself and his enemies in constant excitement. On the 13th of September Captain Sandford took Beeston Castle, in Cheshire; its governor, Captain Steel, escaped only to be shot by the Parliament's order, for his poor defence. At Oxford there has been little doing, except an unsuccessful sally of Prince Rupert's on Christmas Eve to relieve Grafton House. The Earl of Forth, or Brentford, had paid a soldier's visit to Hopton to assist him, as an amateur, against Waller, and they had been beaten in Sussex. Lord Ruthven returned to Ox-

[1] Mercurius Aulicus, p. 690.

[2] Vicars, 110.

ford, and addicted himself a good deal to wine, and other indulgences that soon rendered him incapable of any further service in the field, or elsewhere.

At Court, except the stir caused by the Duke of Hamilton's affair, there was little doing: the men, probably, hunted with hawk and beagles, and occasionally attended a parade or thronged the "Quad" at Christchurch to learn the news when an express came in: the ladies, for whom field-sports were then dangerous, probably played on the spinnet,[1] or

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[1] See a pleasant letter in the "Fairfax Correspondence," vol. iv. p. 151. There is a fine old ballad in the "Roxburghe Ballads, descriptive of hunting about this time; it begins thus:—

"O! 'tis a gallant thing,
In the prime time of the spring,
To hear the huntsman now and then
His bugle for to blow,
And the hounds run all a row.

"To hear the beagle cry,
And to see the falcon fly,
And the hare trip over the plain,
While the huntsman and the hound
Make hill and dale resound."

Hitherto, the fox had been held to be mere vermin, as Mr. Macaulay, whom nothing escapes, has noticed in his "England." This only wild beast that remains to us is now far more scarce, although carefully preserved, than he was then, when hundreds of the peasantry used to assemble to destroy him, and thinned his race by hundreds in a single day. Wild boars were still preserved in the royal forests, and wolves certainly still lived in Ireland, as Howell's anecdote may prove: "A Scotch piper being allowed to leave his regiment on furlough had to pass through a wood, wherein, being weary, he sat down to rest, and produced his dinner from his haversack. Just then a wolf rushed out of the covert, and the Scot, climbing up hastily into a tree, saw the wolf dining at his expense. Nor was the brute's appetite then satisfied: for having long wistfully watched the soldier, he lay down at the foot of the tree to bide his descent. The Scotchman began to play his pipes to amuse himself, whereupon

amused themselves with some tough intrigue of the Queen's, or some more tender one of their own. The natural result of idleness and close quarters was some quarrelling. Sir Nicholas Crispe, notwithstanding vigorous orders against duelling, on pain of death, fought with and killed Sir Frederick Aunion: in consideration of his intended services, however, in Waller's plot, he was acquitted. About Christmas there was some repose; and the troops, except Hopton's, rested in their quarters.

As to the London news, it may be compressed in the memoranda in the note below,[1] and in the one

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the disgusted wolf fled away and left the field to the soldier. 'If I had known thy taste for music,' said he, 'thou shouldst have heard my tune before dinner.'"

[1] Monsieur de Cressy comes over ambassador from France to the Parliament.—*Whitelocke.*

The Earl of Manchester had power to sequester all estates of malignants in his associated counties.

The Parliament's Great Seal placed in commission under the Earl of Kent (in Lord Rutland's place, who refused the honour), Bolingbroke St. John, Wyld, Prideaux, and Browne, made into one Lord Keeper.

Charles Vavasour's forces come to Bristol from Ireland, but refuse to fight with the King against the Parliament (according to Whitelocke).

Laud's trial is begun.

Prince Rupert orders a spy to be hung on the great elm near the Bell in Henley: the Roundheads retaliate upon two King's messengers who brought a proclamation and letter to London, and who are voted spies, as the Parliament requires some one to hang.

Great ceremonies in both the Houses about the Seal.

Essex and Waller very discontented with each other.

Sir Walter Earle made Lieutenant of the Ordnance instead of Pym, deceased.

Hopton's forces repulsed from Lewes in Sussex; Dr. Burgess made lecturer of St. Paul's, with 400*l.* a year out of the Dean and Chapter's lands.

Lenthall sworn in as speaker of the House of Commons. On

great fact, that Pym was dead. He had been little conspicuous since Hampden's death, a slow disease was preying on him, and the cares and anxieties of his place gradually undermined his life. In the Commons he seems to have preserved his popularity to the last; but the London rabble had begun to howl for "the death of the traitor, Pym." Even women of respectable condition now thronged the approaches of Westminster with petitions for peace, as formerly for war, when Pym once welcomed them with flattering speeches. They were now rigorously dispersed by troopers. The great democrat died on the 8th of December, displaying a calm and manly fortitude in his last hours, and praying fervently for the prosperity of the King and People.[1] "He was buried with wonderful pomp and magnificence in that place where the bones of the English kings and princes are committed to their rest."[2]

We are now about to enter on more stirring times: the war, too, begins to assume a more definite form, and the great campaign of the North concentrates the attention so long distracted, and, I fear, wearied, by minute and distinct actions, which it was impossible either to pass over or to render

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the 22nd of December that wonderful great seal was produced, and the commissioners sealed above five hundred writs with it. The Parliament sit in London on Christmas day. The King summons *his* Parliament at Oxford. Grafton House, with Digby, taken by Skippon.

[1] Forster's Statesmen, ii. 296.

[2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 441.

interesting. In the two following years, we have an additional and very valuable authority in Sir Edward Walker,[1] whose "Historical Discourses" were corrected by the King's own hands, and copied largely by Lord Clarendon. Cromwell, too, appears now prominently on the stage; the Puritans become so powerful in discipline and resources, and the Cavaliers so weak in both, that it seems incredible how they can not only resist, but conquer. Nevertheless their hopes are still high, and they still make head against their powerful enemies: Sir Edward terms the period we are now entering upon "the year of happy success."

London had now been for two years free from the evils of a Court, as the Puritans exultingly asserted. The following picture of metropolitan manners seems to prove that civilisation had not kept pace with any other advantages resulting from the triumph of democracy. This extract is from a suppressed letter to a Frenchman:—

"Your lordship has formerly beheld and much admired the splendour and magnificence of this Court and Kingdom in its greatest acme and lustre. . . . At Rochester,

[1] Sir Edward Walker was secretary to the Earl of Arundel, when he went ambassador to the Emperor about restitution of the Palatinate. He was secretary to the same Earl when he was general of the King's forces against the Scots, Sir Edward, by the King's command, wrote the actions of the war in 1644. I saw it, and King Charles I.'s correcting of it, with his own handwriting; for Sir Edward's manner was to bring it to the King every Saturday after dinner, and then the King put out and put in with his own hand what he pleased.—*Ward's Diary*, p. 180.

how new a thing it appeared to me to see my confident host sit him down cheek by jowl by me, puffing tobacco in my face, till I afterwards found it to be the usual style of this country. At the metropolis of civility, London, we put ourselves in a coach with some persons of quality, who came to conduct us to our lodgings; but neither was this passage without honour done to us,— the kennel-dirt, squibs, rats, and rams'-horns, being favours which were frequently cast at us by children and apprentices without reproof. Carmen in this town domineer in the streets, overthrow the "hell-carts" (so they name the coaches), cursing and railing at the nobles. I have greatly wondered at the remissness of the gentlemen; and that the citizens, who subsist upon them, should permit so great a disorder, rather joining in the affronts than at all chastising the inhumanity. . . . But these are the natural effects of purely popular libertinism and insulary manners.[1]

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[1] "A Character of England," Evelyn's Memoir, London, 1825, p. 149.

CHAPTER IV.

LATHOM HOUSE AND MARSTON MOOR.

PRINCE RUPERT'S NEW DIGNITIES.—THE "ANTI-PARLIAMENT" MEETS.—OVERTURES FOR PEACE.—RUPERT PROCEEDS TO SHREWSBURY AS PRESIDENT OF WALES.—RELIEF OF NEWARK.—OF LATHOM HOUSE.—MARSTON MOOR.

"Foiled, by a woman's hand, before a battered wall."

BYRON.

"Then spur and sword, was the battle-word, and we made their helmets ring,
Shouting like madmen all the while 'For God and for the King!'
And though they snuffled psalms, to give the rebel dogs their due,
When the roaring shot poured thick and hot they were stalwart men and true."

The Old Cavalier.

THE war of 1644 opens under a new aspect: "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before." All means conducing to an honourable peace have apparently been tried, found wanting, and abandoned as impracticable. The King was determined to accept little less than the power he possessed before the attempt on the Five Members: the Parliament leaders were resolved at least to alter the Constitution considerably from the condition in which they found it, and to secure for themselves that perfect

immunity which could only be obtained by their retaining a large portion of authority. Moreover, the greater and better men of both sides had passed away: on the King's side few were left in command except the dissolute and rapacious courtiers of the old and sinful time; of the Parliamentary leaders, the best and wisest had made way for the most ambitious and iron-hearted revolutionists. Even Essex was grown fierce, and Fairfax unsparing. Cromwell's lurid star, too, was rising in the darkness, and the fanatic fire was lighted that henceforth proved unquenchable.

The beginning of a new year, in writing, as in life generally, superinduces some grave thoughts and calculations as to how we are to get through it, mingled with some regrets as to how the past has been performed. I find the correspondence so much increased, and the anciently written records of the Prince so numerous and important, that I can no longer enter into all the details of the war. If I were tempted to do so, twice the present number of volumes would not suffice to contain all Prince Rupert's letters, and the actions to be illustrated by them. The reader has, however, probably had enough of petty details and skirmishes, and will easily excuse the mere enumeration of victories and defeats in their due order, with the exception of Marston Moor and Naseby. These I shall endeavour to describe; for the most part limiting myself, in other respects, to interweaving biography and

political events among selected letters of Prince Rupert's portfolio. Within the next two years I find nearly one thousand to choose from, and the task is by no means an easy one. The value of each letter consists, probably, in some one line, or the interest in some one expression; yet it would be impossible to mould a mere abstract of the whole into any connected form. I shall, therefore, offer those only that bear directly upon history, or seem to throw light on the feelings or the manners of the time.

I have already mentioned that Waller has been successfully employed against Hopton, about Farnham and Arundel in the South; that the Scots are about to enter England on the North, and that the hardy Anglo-Irish regiments landed at Chester are eager to see service under the ardent but unskilful Lord Byron. The brother of this officer writes as below, in the beginning of January.[1] From many

[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have presumed to send here enclosed a relation of our proceedings since my last to your Highness, so that these parts are in a manner cleared, for Nantwich is in very much pain, and frets underhand, so that the settling of the business is the greatest work to be done in Cheshire, Shropshire, and North Wales; upon which my Lord Byron intends to march for Lancashire, this last blow having made a fair way for his design there. At his departure I hope it will not be thought fit I should be left at Chester, under the command of the Mayor and his regiment of citizens: and if at last I be thought capable of a regiment of foot of my own, I must humbly acknowledge the favour from your Highness, though it would seem strange a place of that consequence, and castles depending on it, should be lost, guarded by citizens, which would invite incursions to be made into the country by parties of the rebels, if not otherwise protected.

I humbly crave your Highness's favour and assistance, that I

quarters, especially from Towcester, Reading, and Cirencester, there come pressing applications for money to pay troops, stating that it is with difficulty they are kept from deserting. The poor fellows scarcely ever did so, however; so great a scorn of the opposite party, and so strong an *esprit de corps* was already implanted in the minds of either army. It appears from Lord Newcastle's note below,[1] that reinforcements had now been sent to assist him against the Scots, and that William Legge, Prince Rupert's greatest friend, was already high in his confidence. And here I may observe, that all the most sterling and honourable men at Oxford remained faithful to Prince Rupert's interests to the last. The gallant and devoted Will. Legge, the grave and cautious Nicholas, the noble and disinterrested Richmond, the irreproachable Glamorgan, and Hopton, *sans peur et sans reproche*, —all these

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may have a commission to raise 1000 or 1200 foot, for the defence of that government I am entrusted withal, which will add to the obligation of Your Highness's humblest of servants,

N. BYRON.

I am at Shrewsbury, I know not about what, only his Majesty commanded it New Year's day, I wish your Highness many a one.

January, 1644.

[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I am infinitely bound to you for giving Sir Charles Lucas leave to come to this army, and to come with so many horse. I am glad Will Legge doth not come down, since he is so much in your Highness's favour, which I humbly thank your Highness for, I am, and shall ever be

Your Highness's most faithful and obliged servant,

Walbech, 4th Jan. 1644. W. NEWCASTLE.

were his friends. The Queen, Digby, Wilmot, Percy, Ashburnham, and the mere courtiers, were opposed to the Prince; nevertheless all these persons continue to write to his Highness constantly, professing the utmost devotion for his service; even her Majesty wrote to him frequently, and very complimentarily.

Lord Herbert has again raised a little army out of his father's inexhaustible domains; it consists of a regiment of foot and ten troops of cavalry; but he now declines to act under any command but that of Prince Rupert or the King.[1] The Prince at this time recognises his services thus:—

WHEREAS the Right Honourable Henry Marquis of Worcester hath, by his care and expenses, long saved the Town and County of Monmouth from the hands of the enemies, and of late regained the said town from them; and in regard likewise that the towns of Monmouth and Chepstow are belonging to him of inheritance, and the interest he hath in the whole county, my desire is, that the Commander-in-chief of the said county, and the Governors of both or each of those towns, or of any other garrison within the said county, should comply with, and observe any desires of his, intimated unto them: either concerning his Majesty's service, the good of that county, or the particular safety and interest of him and his, whereof I am very tender. As also the High Sheriff, Commissioners of Array, Justices of Peace, or other officers of the said county, martial or civil, as they tender my pleasure, and will answer the contrary at their perils. And for their so doing, the sight of these, or a copy hereof, attested by that Right

[1] As Sir William Vavasour angrily writes word from Tewkesbury on the 6th and 7th.

Honourable Henry Marquis of Worcester, shall be their, and either of their warrant. Given under my hand at Oxford, the fifth day of January, in the twentieth year of his Majesty's reign. 1644. RUPERT.[1]

I find a letter from worthy old Sir Jacob Astley which I cannot pass over; it gives so lively a picture of the manner in which "the licence of war" enabled the freebooting portion of the Cavaliers to conduct themselves. It appears from this that the infection of rapacity extended even to their wives. The whole letter is so quaint that I give it in its original spelling, just as it left the old general's hands: it was written in reply to a complaint against him by this Ball, who declared that he had *raised a regiment* in the most disinterested manner, at his own expense, for the Royal cause:[2]—

MAY IT PLEAS YOUR HIGNHES,

As conserninge one y^t^ cales himselfe Cap^ne^ Ball, y^t^ hath complayned vnto y^r^ Highnes y^t^ I have tacken awaie his horsses from him, this is the trewth. He hath livede near this towne ever since I came heather, and had gotten not above twelve men togeather and himselfe. He had so plundered and oppressed the pepell paying contributions, as the Marques of Winchester and the Lord Hopton complayned extreamly of him; and he went under my name, wtch he vsed falscely, as givinge it out he did it by my warrant. Off this he gott faierly offe, and so promised to

[1] From his Grace the Duke of Beaufort's collection.

[2] This complaint of Ball's is accompanied by a recommendation of the claimant from Sir Henry Bard (himself another of the freebooting class), afterwards Lord Bellamont; with whose daughter in later years Rupert was destined to have some tender relations.

give no mor caues of complaynt. Now, ewer since, he hath continewed his ould coures in so extreame a waie as he *and his wife* and sone, and 10 or 12 horsses he hath togeather, spoyles the peepell, plunders them, and tackes violently thear goodes from them. As vpon complayntes of the contrie and the Committie hier, I could do no lese then comitt him, and took awaie som 9 or 10 horsses from him and his, for he newer had mor, and these not armed; which horsses ar in the custodie of Sir Charles Blunt. Divers [persons] claime satisffaction from him for thear goodes he hath taken from them; as one man 30 powndes worth of hoppes he took from them vpon the high waie. And this daie the Comittie heir hath given warninge that both he and his complaynt shall be heard; all wtch shall be amplie informed herafter to y^r^ Highnes, y^t^ y^r^ Highnes may se no wronge shall be don him. Affter manie scolisietationes by letteres and mesendgeres scent for better paiement of this garison, and to be provided with men, armes, and amonition for y^e^ goode orderinge and defence of this place, I have reseived no *comfort at all.* So y^t^ in littell time our extreamieties must thruste the souldieres eyther to disband, or mutiny, or plunder, and then y^e^ fault therof wil be laied to my chardge. God send y^e^ Kinge mor monne [money] to go throw with his great worck in hande, and me free from blame and imputation, that ever will remayne, Yr Highnes

Most humbell and obediant Scervant,

JACOB ASTELEY.

Reading, this 11 January, 1644.

As a companion to this, I subjoin another characteristic letter from another brave, old, faithful soldier, also complaining of his difficulties.[1] Prince

[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I received just now in a letter from my Lord Digby a paper, wherein are written some expressions of Mr. Paddon, my receiver

Maurice's regiment of cavalry, we now find from Sir Jacob Astley, are come to Reading, which he confesses he has so impoverished, that he is obliged to quarter the new comers in the adjacent villages: at the same time he forwards a remonstrance from "his friends the mayor and corporation" against further demands upon them for some time.[1]

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in Wilts, to Sir Lewis Dives, his messenger, that came with an order from your Highness for 50*l.* 12*s.* out of the hundred of Estub and Enerly, within the county of Wilts. I should be infinitely sorry if any man that belongs to me, as he at present by occasion of his Majesty's service doth, should commit any error in his expressions that should be disliked by your Highness; for I have been these many years, and by the grace of God ever will be, a faithful servant to your House, and have ever studied in all real offices so to approve myself to your person. But these contributions in Wilts, as they were my nearest, so they were my best help, insomuch as at this time, that his Majesty's old horse are called from me, I am informed to send the few broken regiments I have left to refresh and recreate there, so as, if at all the same time that I have a powerful prosperous enemy advancing upon me, and all assistance drawn from me, I shall have all means of supply cut off behind me.....In all this, sir, I thank God I can considerately say, I have not at all considered myself, whether low or high, prosperous or unprosperous, but the just interests of the King and this poor bleeding kingdom, where no part of his Majesty's forces can foil, but the rebel will make his use of it to the prejudice of the whole, whereby the wound, already dangerous, may quickly grow uncurable. This, sir, might transport me to be the more earnest in a case of so public concernment, which that it should be invaluably dear unto me, I presume can never be unacceptable to your Highness, to whom I never have nor ever shall willingly fail to approve myself,

Your Highness's most humble servant,
RALPH HOPTON.

Winchester, Jan. 12, 1644.

[1] A letter occurs at this date from Prince Maurice, which shews what a difficult part the commander, as well as the subjects had to play. This Lord Percy was the Harry Percy of the Army Plot, made general of artillery, for no known qualification except

On the 19th of January I find the Prince addressed by Ogle, "one of the rabble of Cavaliers" who performed such evil service against the Roundhead rabble at Whitehall in 1642.[1] This villain now assures the Prince that he has had an understanding with the governor of Aylesbury, or his brother, to admit the Royal troops into that important town on the night of the 20th. The matter was too important to be neglected; but the Prince, suspecting a stratagem, declared that Ogle should march at the head of the forces that were to be admitted, and rewarded as he should deserve. Meanwhile preparations were made in the garrison to entrap the Prince, and Essex boasted in London that he would have him dead or alive the next day.[2] Rupert marched away by night from his quarters at Thame, and rested at Lord Carnarvon's house. Thence he proceeded towards Aylesbury; but he declined to approach the town unless the governor's brother him-

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that most mischievous measure. He had conducted the artillery operations before fatal Gloucester.

PRINCE MAURICE TO COL. SEYMOUR.

SIR,

I received yours by Sir Edmund Fortescue, and shall desire you to certify me what arms and munition you have in your magazine, and not to dispose of any, notwithstanding my Lord Percy's order, without my consent first had and obtained, for they will be of much use here, especially muskets. And so far rest, sir, Your friend, MAURICE.*

Tavistock, 12th January, 1644.

[1] Prince Rupert's Diary. [2] Ibid.

* From his Grace the Duke of Somerset's MSS.

self appeared. He met no one but a lad with a letter, entreating him to push on at once, as everything was ready for his reception. Rupert seized the lad, and found out that his errand was true, so far as that every preparation was made to receive him that steel and shot could furnish. He ordered Ogle to be "laid by the heels;" and determined to assault the opposite side of the town, where he was not expected: with this object he rode on as fast as the darkness would permit, accompanied by Lord Gerrard and his regiment; but the brook was found so swelled by the heavy rain that it was unfordable. Wherefore the Prince returned to Thame, and sent Ogle on to Oxford, to be tried and shot for treachery. Digby, however, recognising in the traitor an old and probably useful ally, obtained his pardon and release.

In the beginning of the troubles the King had made a wise resolution not to confer any honours until the war was ended. When the Queen, however, forced him at Edgehill to promote her courtiers, he found it necessary to extend his favours to some of his own friends, and thereby a source of perpetual envy and annoyance was opened. Hitherto, however, Prince Rupert had obtained, or asked for, no distinction. But he was now the King's only, as he had long been his chief dependence. As the Scottish invasion became more imminent, it was necessary to strengthen the North, and Rupert was destined for that purpose. On his way thither he

was to examine and secure the different garrisons that maintained the King's communication with York; and Wales, the King's chief resource for soldiers, required to be encouraged and revived. For this purpose, and to remove jealousies between Lord Herbert and other rival claimants for that honour, Prince Rupert was appointed "President of Wales," on the 5th of February; having previously (on the 19th of January) been made a "free denizen" by letters patent, and on the 22nd, a peer of England, as Earl of Holderness and Duke of Cumberland.[1]

The King's Parliament assembled at Oxford on the 21st of January, in Christchurch Hall, to the number of about sixty Peers and three hundred Commoners.[2] Almost their first measure, by the desire of the King, was an address to the Earl of Essex, founded on his former professions, conjuring him to promote a peace between the King and the Parliament.[3] Essex returned a cold and supercilious reply to Lord Forth (Ruthven and Brentford) as his opponent general: he stated, that as the "parchment" was not addressed to the Parliament he could not present it: he sent a copy of the Cove-

[1] A title which the Roundhead wits heavily travestied into "Plunderland."

[2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 396: there were not above one hundred Commoners and twenty-two Peers at Westminster, or engaged for that party.

[3] It was subscribed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, forty-three Peers, and 118 Commoners. They were so eager to despatch the letter that they did not wait for the other members of either House to arrive.

nant enclosed, and two declarations[1] of unmitigable hostility on the Scotch Parliament side, until they should obtain all their demands. Some time afterwards the King made another overture for peace, which, it is unnecessary to say, came to nothing.

There was now a strong force procured from Ireland. When the English troubles broke out, it became impossible for the King to prosecute the war against the Irish rebels: it seemed essential, therefore, if not to make a peace with them, at least to consent to a cessation of arms.[2] This Lord Ormond boldly proposed, and boldly effected; and the King's troops engaged in Ireland were thus set free. These

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[1] "The Earl of Essex was no fanatic, and therefore had nothing to hinder his seeing the hypocrisy of these two diabolical declarations. So that to support them by the power that his station gave them could not but be displeasing to the God of truth and justice." So says one who certainly was no blind favourer of the Cavaliers.—*Bishop Warburton's Notes to Clarendon*, vol. vii. p. 592.

[2] As to the justification of this measure, I offer the following observations by a keen and caustic critic of *both* parties; one who, as Morton said of Knox, "never feared the face [or the opinions] of mortal man."

"I see no reason why the King might not apply his rebellious Catholic subjects in Ireland to his own purpose: as well as the Parliament apply his rebellious Puritan subjects of Scotland to theirs. The terms under which both these several applications were made, having this difference only apparently to the advantage of the King,—the Papists only demanded a toleration under the established Church, the Puritans required, and it was granted them, an establishment of their discipline, to the destruction of the national Church. * * * On the whole, the King was perfectly free from blame throughout this Irish affair from first to last, as a politician and King, and governor of his people. But, the necessity of his affairs, obliging him at the same time to play the Protestant saint and confessor, there was found much disagreement between his professions and declarations and his actions in this matter."—*Warburton's Notes to Clarendon*, vol. vii. p. 591.

were the forces that landed at Chester, and, having taken Harwarden Castle, Beeston Castle, and Crew House, under Byron, failed before Nantwich, where they were beaten by Fairfax and Brereton on the 26th of this month.[1] It is to be noticed that these forces from Ireland were not only falsely termed Irish rebels by the false Parliament, but were actual-

[1] Monk was among the prisoners. One monument in Acton Church is in good preservation, notwithstanding this church was a temporary prison after the battle of Nantwich; but the prisoners were of the party which respected memorials of the dead.

The town of Nantwich was the only one in the county which continued firm to the Parliament from the beginning to the end of the civil wars. It underwent a severe siege, January 1644, by Lord Byron, who, after the severe defeat he here experienced from the army commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, retired to Chester. The place was bravely defended by the garrison, though only fortified by mud-walls and ditches formed in a hasty manner by the country people, to whom the Royalists had made themselves unpopular. January 18th, the besiegers were repulsed with great loss. Among the slain was Captain Sandford, who, January 15th, had addressed the "officers, soldiers, and gentlemen in Nantwich" thus:—"Your drum can inform you Acton Church is no more a prison, but now free for honest men to do their devotions therein, wherefore, be persuaded from your incredulity, and resolve God will not forsake his anointed. Let not your zeal in a bad cause dazzle your eyes any longer; but wipe away your vain conceits, that have too long let you into blind errors. Loath I am to undertake the trouble of persuading you into obedience, because your erroneous opinions do most violently oppose reason amongst you; but, however, if you love your town, accept of quarter; and if you regard your lives, work your safety by yielding your town to Lord Byron, for his Majesty's use. You see now my battery is fixed; from whence fire shall eternally visit you, to the terror of the old and females, and consumption of your thatched houses. Believe me, gentlemen, I have laid by my former delays, and am now resolved to batter, burn, storm, and destroy you. Do not wonder that I write unto you, having officers in chief above me; it is only to advise you to your good. Your faithful friend, Thomas Sandford, Captain of Firelocks."—*Pennant's Tour.* The writer of this stern summons had first written very differently to

ly hanged as such when taken, though there was not an Irishman amongst them.[1]

This defeat before Nantwich hasted Rupert's departure for the North. All Cheshire, Shropshire, and Wales were struck with affright, and shewed some wavering symptoms, until Rupert "gave new life" Clarendon declares, to their drooping spirits. He announces his approach to the governor of Shrewsbury in this letter:—

PRINCE RUPERT TO SIR FRANCIS OTTLEY, KNIGHT, GOVERNOR OF SHREWSBURY.

SIR,

His Majesty is pleased to entrust to my care his army in Shropshire, and the countries adjacent, together with his interests there. In which command I cannot but with very much apprehension think upon Shrewsbury [which is]

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the Nantwich garrison. He bore a high character for dauntless bravery, which he confirmed by scaling the steep sides of Beeston rock, and capturing its strong castle on the 13th of September, 1643. He thus writes to the garrison of Nantwich on the 15th of January, requesting rather than summoning it to surrender; and deprecating the appellation for his comrades of "Irish Papist Rebels:"—

"GENTLEMEN,

"Let these resolve your jealousies concerning your religion, Though, by the faith of a Christian, I know not one Papist in our army; and, as I am a gentleman, we are no *Irish*, but true-born English, and real Protestants also, born and bred. Pray mistake us not; but receive us into your fair esteem. I know we intend loyalty to his Majesty, and will be no other than faithful in his service. This, gentlemen,

"Believe from yours,

January 15. "THOMAS SANDFORD."

This Sandford was killed the next day.

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 444; Fairfax's Own Relation; Somers' Tracts, p. 435.

in your Government, and the safety thereof. Especially since I understood of a late design for the betraying thereof to the enemy, which you have divers persons in prison, but I do not hear they are brought to justice by any proceeding against them, so that the punishment may go to some—the example and terror to all. I must strictly require from you an account of that place, which is the head-quarter of those countries, and where I intend to make my own residence during the time of my stay in that command, and therefore must recommend to you the particulars following: and require you to call together the gentlemen and townsmen to assist you in such charges as will be requisite for the covering the Castle of Shrewsbury, and the dividing and disposing thereof into rooms capable and fitting to receive the stores; so as such ammunition as from time to time shall be sent into those parts, for his Majesty's service, there may lie dry and safe. I desire this be done with all possible speed, for I have this day sent away fifty barrels of powder to begin your stores. Other proportions of that, and all other kind of ammunition, will be speedily brought thither, and for the better security of the stores, which are the sinews of the King's business, I pray you, by the advice of Sir John Mennes, to consider of an accommodation for such as shall be the guard of that place, by erecting of a Court of guard and huts for the soldiers, for such number of men, and in such manner as you and Sir John Mennes shall think best for his Majesty's service. I have no more to say to you at present, but shall willingly receive your letters from time to time concerning your affairs, and you shall be sure of all possible assistance and encouragement from me. Your very loving friend,

RUPERT.[1]

Oxon, 25th January, 1644.

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[1] From Owen and Blakeway's "History of Shrewsbury," vol. i.

To this letter he received the subjoined reply.[1] And on the day it was written, the governor prevailed on the citizens to assess themselves in the sum of one thousand pounds, to propitiate the Prince.[2] About this time a foreshowing of Marston Moor arrives in the following letter:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I know they tell you, sir, that I have great force; truly I cannot march five thousand foot, and the horse not well armed. The Scots advanced as far as Morpeth, and they are fourteen thousand as the report goes. Since I must have no help, I shall do the best I can with these, and ever acknowledge myself infinitely bound to your Highness for your many favours. God preserve your Highness. Your Highness's most faithful, obliged servant,

W. NEWCASTLE.

York, 28th January, 1644.

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[1] SIR FRANCIS OTTLEY TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

Our country is heartily glad that his Majesty has intrusted the care of our county into your hands. I shall be obedient to perform your commands. All things shall be performed with all expedition so far forth as the time and season will permit, against your Highness's coming. Justice hath been executed, and one of the corporals under my command hanged for neglect of his duty in his place that night as the enemy approached. The huts and the court of guard shall be ready before your Highness's coming. There is one other condemned, but judgment is deferred till your Highness's coming hither. Our hearts do long for your presence to settle the distractions and complaints amongst us. I rest,

Your servant ready upon all occasions humbly to serve you,

FRANCIS OTTLEY.

Shrewsbury, this last day of January, 1644.

[2] Owen.

At this time a curious attempt was made by some anonymous writer to inspire King Charles with doubts of Rupert's loyalty. Remote as his chances then appeared to be of the Crown of England, his legitimate children would doubtless have succeeded to it, as of nearer kin than those of his younger sister, who transmitted it to the House of Hanover. Of this libellous production the King took no notice, as might be expected. The pamphlet I quote from is in the King's Coll. B. in the British Museum (No. 93, 7), and bears date Feb. 3, 1643–4:—

Thus, Prince Rupert is so near the Crown, if law and Parliament be destroyed, he may bid for the Crown, having possessed himself of so much power already,—by his German manner of plundering, and active military disposition having won the hearts of many thousand soldiers of fortune and men of prey. He is already their chieftain, and if the power be transferred from the civil to the military, he is like enough to be their king. He is no stranger to the Crown in blood, and much more deserving by the sword, the whole war being managed by his skill, labour, and industry; insomuch, that if the King recommend one thing and the Prince another, the latter is the law,—as at Banbury, when the Prince said "his Uncle knew not what belonged to war," and plundered the town against the Royal command. If his scholars enter a town, they sing "God damn us, the town is Prince Rupert's!" Neither will Prince Rupert want abettors in this cursed design, for many of our debauched and low-fortuned young nobility and gentry, suiting so naturally with this new conqueror, will make no bones to shoulder out the old King.

The following very singular letter from Sir Charles

Lucas (who was shot a few years afterwards in cold blood by Fairfax) may make an amusing variety to the military and fiscal details that we have been perusing:—

SIR,

Your Highness having been pleased to dispense with my service to be employed for a time in these parts, where as I know not, at first coming, almost where I am, so it has as near made me forget where I have been; which gives me occasion to think that change of faces and conversation does represent death nearer than sleeping. And to this kind of death your favour to me has been in manner of a resurrection; and here I move and live by the warmth of your liberal recommendations of me to my Lord Marquis Newcastle; which also, at all other times, I most humbly thank your Highness, has with so much fervency let shine upon me. Yet, sir, being here at this distance, I am only able to take the height of that lucky star which rules and overlooks your good fortunes, where my sad observation measures out unto me how great a distance there is between this place and those which are made so much more happier for its more vigorous influence; for where it works not, it leaves all that part to its own stupefaction; and where it is not seen, there men grope in the dark, and can light upon nothing but their own misfortunes: so much is this English little patch of earth, where it now shines, beholden unto it, that when virtue was so far forced back and stood so far from competition that it could scarce attain that esteem, to be but accounted yet the lesser part, or that any could scarce say here lies the seed of it, notwithstanding, having acquired this blessing, it is now valued to possess the greater share, for that now whosoever would be safe must retire under this shade for their own preservation. That I may *now* be so bold to give your Highness an account of our actions here. The Mar-

quis is himself, the 29th of this last month, advanced against the Scots. Having sent the greatest part of his army before, the number of his foot is yet uncertain, because many are to come in to him as he passes through the bishopric; yet I believe they are going out of these parts, above five thousand foot and above three thousand horse. I wish with all my heart they were where your Highness could but meet them, though with half the number of horse. The necessity of leaving these parts so bare, with the ill neighbourhood of Gainsborough, makes us to suspect that the free intercourse between Newark and the more northern parts might be cut off if the enemies should possess themselves of Doncaster; to prevent which we are fortifying the place, I being left here with two thousand horse for the security of what is left behind. This has caused my longer stay here, and has hindered my Lord's intent to send for me for the present, and especially my own great desires to be an actor in that service which cannot be more eagerly bent upon anything, except it be in the acquisition of so great an honour and happiness as to find that room in your Highness's good opinion to be esteemed,

Sir, your most obedient and faithful servant,

CHARLES LUCAS.

Doncaster, Feb. 2, 1644.

Sir John Mennes writes from Shrewsbury that several of the Irish prisoners, yea five hundred men, have taken arms under the Parliament, besides "two hundred which ran to them before:" the colonel also adds grievous but amusing complaints of his position.[1] Lord Newcastle is still before that

[1] "... But for my part I can do his Majesty no service here at all, being made useless by the insulting people, who now tell us their power, and that three of the commissioners of array may

town on the 4th, but doubts whether he can maintain it. It is so long since we have heard from the dauntless Loughborough, and he writes so stoutly for supplies, that I am induced to give one letter out of many. Several such garrisons, with from five hundred to two thousand men, were ready to join the Prince at his first summons, and may account for the suddenness with which he could gather a large army, as well as its vitality and ready restoration when apparently destroyed.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

Some part of those forces I have the honour to command are daily in action; and that, with many alarms, is

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question the best of us, from which power good Lord deliver me, and rather send me home from constable to constable to the parish I was born in! I have not heard from my Lord Byron since his loss, but by a letter written to the high sheriff and governor, which in effect bids us be careful of ourselves, as he will be of those parts, for that the gentlemen are somewhat troubled that they can expect no help from him. Money is a thing not spoken of, neither do I perceive your Highness's last letter prevail at all with them, more than yesterday night. They first proffered to give every troop 6*d.*, and, after some dispute, they would have made it up 12*d.* if it would have been received. I must crave your Highness's pardon if I quit the place, for I have not wherewithal to subsist any longer, having received but 22*l.* now in eleven months, and lived upon my own, without free quarters for horse or man. The fortune I have is all in the rebels' hands, or in such tenants' as have forgot to pay. The ammunition is not as yet come from Worcester, that I can hear of. This inclosed was sent me from Stafford, whence I hear they intend to draw more force this way from Coventry, which will soon make the neuters of these parts declare themselves, and, I fear, startle some that have been accounted firm. I hope your Highness will pardon this long scribble from the most humblest of your servants,

"JOHN MENNES."

Hebb, two in the afternoon.

the consumption of much ammunition. If I can make good what I now am master of till May, I doubt not to appear serviceable to his Majesty, but without arms and ammunition I cannot. Two passes I have fortified upon the river of Trent are now by the rebels straitly besieged, but I fear them not; and am drawing what horse I have not in Cheshire to relieve them. I hear your Highness intends a journey into those parts, and if his Majesty will furnish me with ammunition and arms, which I beseech you move him for, I can leave the garrisons here in safety, and be happy to wait upon your Highness's commands; and make the horse I have now there full fifteen hundred upon ten days' warning. But, Sir, if his Majesty's service suffer, and I lose my reputation, for want of what others obtain, I must account that my misfortune, though myself happy if you still honour me with the title of Your humble and faithful servant,

LOUGHBOROUGH.

Ashby, 6th Feb. 1644.

On the 6th of February, Prince Rupert took his departure from Oxford; but did not arrive for some days at Shrewsbury, for Sir John Mennes writes on the 9th, that "his Highness must be seen here, and I think felt too, before this hardhearted people will believe you are coming." On the 10th, the same writer announces an important reinforcement from Ireland, and gives some information relating to their supplies.[1] The next letter is from Oxford. The

[1] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have just now received a letter from my Lord Byron, which tells me that 1700 foot are landed out of Ireland, under the command of Fillier and Broughton. These his lordship intends to send hither, because they cannot make provision there. I shall endeavour here to make what shift I can to assist them, which

Dutch ambassadors, of whom Lord Jermyn speaks, had been received with great ceremony by the Parliament: they were the first who had gone straight to them. The "assemblies" allude to the Oxford Parliament, who had voted one hundred thousand pounds to the King, and had sent out letters to all loyal subjects, requiring them to pay certain sums according to ability: these letters unexpectedly produced the required sum.

SIR,

This is the first time there hath been any occasion to give your Highness this trouble. Tomkins tells me he met you, so that you are already informed of the northern affairs:[1] the assemblies here proceed yet very well, and the hundred thousand pounds rise apace, and other ways are now taken into consideration to support the war. The ambassadors from Holland have yet said nothing but in public, and that hath been no more than to harangue for peace. What particular instructions they may have is not

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must be in providing victuals—for money is a thing we hear not of—if your Highness be pleased to write to the high sheriff, to command him to bespeak hose and shoes for them. I know that may be readily done, or any other thing that is not ready money. We have here about five hundred suits of clothes, which I have stayed for your Highness. They should have been sent to Chester; but their own clothes were good enough to run to the enemy. The rebels have forgot their late victory, and reassume their wonted fears and jealousies, which I hope will continue to their confusion, which I am sure will be much hastened by your Highness's presence, which we all greedily expect, though none more than

Your Highness's most humble servant,

Salop, Feb. 10th. JOHN MENNES.

The foot will be here within five days.

[1] For an account by Lord Newcastle of affairs in the North, &c. see Appendix B.

known, but that which is likeliest is, that in this trade they have so much to do with those at London, that, according to the rules of *la bien séance* they are at least to tell under what necessity they shall fail of acknowledging them a Parliament; and desire since, as they pretend, though it be otherwise in effect, that as the King is not, nor will be, prejudiced by it, so he would not be offended. This, I imagine, will prove their business: there is one come out of France to Weymouth with some little quantities of arms. Wishing your Highness all sorts of happiness in this voyage [journey], and in all else you undertake, I rest, sir, your Highness's most humble, and

Most obedient faithful servant,

H. JERMYN.

Oxford, Feb. 11, 1644.

The 100,000*l.* riseth apace.[1] Ambassadors from Holland. Some quantities of arms and ammunition come from France to Weymouth. A little blow given in Dorsetshire to Colonel Wyndham's regiment. Five hundred horse sent out of Wiltshire by L. Hopton to repair it.

I must not omit a curious little note from the secretary-at-war about Colonel Gamel, concerning whom I am in possession of a letter from the King, stating that by this colonel's going to Oxford to attend Parliament he had much suffered by his regiment's neglect in his absence, and recommending him as governor of Chester. The King's letter was also written by Digby:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

His Majesty hath written unto you in favour of one Colonel Gamel, of Chester, a person very well deserving

[1] See Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 417.

of his Majesty's service; and his Majesty doth earnestly recommend him to your care and favour in point of his regiment: but for the government of Chester, your Highness will easily believe that his Majesty is induced to give him that recommendation only for his satisfaction's sake. Thus humbly kissing your Highness's hands, I rest,

Your Highness's most faithful humble servant,

GEORGE DIGBY.[1]

Oxford, 13th Feb. 1644.

Lord Digby encloses a letter from Lord Newcastle, stating that the Scots are still before Newcastle, with fourteen thousand foot and two thousand horse. Prince Rupert arrived at Shrewsbury about the 19th, as I find from letters that now poured in on him at the rate of twenty or thirty daily. Lord Byron writes a good deal about the Irish regiments lately landed.[2] The Prince found it very necessary to have a special correspondent at Oxford: Arthur Trevor filled that office now, and was, apparently, also agent to his Highness there. I have suppressed many of his letters; but the following deserves notice for the gossip that it contains, and a notice of the Scotch wavering in their purpose,

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[1] It appears by an indignant letter from Lord Byron of a later date, that this Gamel was an alderman highly unpopular both with citizens and soldiery.

[2] He says they expect the same allowances that the former Irish troops received, viz. "a month's entertainment [payment]; for every common soldier half-a-crown, a suit of clothes, shoes, and stockings. Since their coming the officers have had only their month's pay, but the men have had free quarters and 12*d.* a week, which is more than they ever had in Ireland."

notwithstanding the high bribes and large concessions of the Parliament:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I cannot yet give your Highness an account of your letter concerning the 500*l.* from Mr. Ashburnham. I am not so well satisfied as to ensure the debt, nor so ill a courtier in a request of money to sit down with one denial. I find a bill of exchange signed by your Highness, and denied by the party upon whom you charged it, and grown to be the discourse of the town before ever I heard a syllable of it. Truly, the giving out that bill without giving me advice of it, that I might have got the money ready, or an excuse for time, hath not done your Highness right here.

My Lord Percy is still in the briars [his lordship's money accounts proved so unsatisfactory, that he had been for some time under examination], and I believe will not get off without scratches; but if they prove no more, they will be physical towards the spring.

There was a great meeting at my Lord of Forth's secretary's house, of divers Scots, and with them sat in conference, if not council, the Earl of Essex's trumpeter, who is since gone to London, and taken with him the secretary's wife, to beget a good understanding between both Parliaments: the secretary [who was more than suspected of treachery, and that through his wife] is by the heels, and his wife at liberty; he is at the pleasure of the Houses, she at her own.

The letter [to Parliament] is not yet agreed upon; the Commons writing in the new style, the Lords in the old, of Lords and Commons of Parliament assembled at Westminster. Yesterday, the House of Lords was divided, which, though it were in a small matter, yet was an occasion of siding and taking parts, and troubles many lookers-on that were in hopes they would never have found the way to turn their backs one upon another. If there

be not a special heed taken, our greater and lesser gods [Lords and Commons] will not be contained and held in one firmament.

My Lord of Antrim, Daniel O'Neile, and Sir Edmund Butler, are all well arrived at Wexford in Ireland. I pray God send your Highness a good and speedy account from thence, according to your wishes. We are here very full of hopes that the Scots are resolved to carry no coals [they were before Newcastle, and coals were then 3*l.* a ton in London] for the Londoners, but will home again: if that be so, the cap of maintenance at London, and his Excellency's horn of plenty, will listen to a treaty by any name or in any language.

It is St. David's-day [Arthur was a Welshman], wherein I desire your leave till to-morrow, being a day of short ceremony and long meals. The express next shall bring down to your Highness a perfect money-bill of what is charged, to be sent with your jurisdiction, from your Highness's most humble and obedient servant,

A. TREVOR.

Oxon, this High-day, Feb. 22, 1644.

TO MR. SECRETARY NICHOLAS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I have this present received intelligence from the North, of which I could not but speed an account to you.

My Lord of Newcastle hath given the Scots some foil; what the particulars are I cannot certainly inform you, but this all conclude:—that the Scots have desired to parley with his Excellency, and are contented to retreat upon conditions that the articles agreed upon the last pacification be confirmed, and that none of the forces raised by the King shall invade their kingdom. I have sent you a letter now come to my hands, which concerns what I have written out of the North. GERVAS LUCAS.

Belvoir Castle, 24th Feb. 1643.

NOBLE SIR,

The letter that came to Colonel Burfield bears date the 17th of this month, wherein is expressed from Captain Chester, that Lesley hath sent for a parley, and the common report is, that the Scots will retreat. There came a letter from my Lord-General's daughter, the Lady Jane, to the Lady Clifton, that my Lord had given them a great defeat. This day Captain Whitchcoat came from Winchfield Manor, and told me that Colonel Frethwell had a messenger that came out of Manchester, that the Scots sent a letter to Fairfax which charged him with promise to advance with all speed. But if he did not, they must of necessity retreat.

Feb. 22, 1644.

I find that at this time Prince Rupert, like all his party, is very much pressed for money, and endeavours to borrow it in various places. This does not appear as if his Highness himself profited by the plundering that was so freely attributed to him.[1]

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[1] The Prince must have kept some state, it would seem from the following letter, if he had footmen for 200*l.* (now 600*l.*) worth of liveries: one scarcely imagines where these servants could have served their master, for he was almost perpetually on the road. Perhaps his new appointment as President of Wales, &c., obliged him to maintain an establishment at Shrewsbury.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The liveries for your servants are now come, and I only wait for your orders how I shall carry myself towards the merchants, who are very solicitous of ready pay (the sum will be about 200*l.*). If your Highness *will not have his Majesty moved in it*, my Lord Jermyn and I will try all the town but we will do the worth; therefore, be pleased with your commands to me to give me your Highness's directions what I shall do with that commodity when I have gotten it into my hands.

The Lords and Commons are now thinking of a name for them at London, and I believe they will call them "The Members

About this time a long letter from Fairfax to Lord Essex was intercepted. I subjoin it, as being a rarity in this collection.[1] Numerous and pressing

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of the Lords and Commons House remaining at Westminster;" and when they have agreed upon what they shall call them, they will send again, but whether they will send propositions or not is not agreed. I am desirous of propositions, not that I dream of success, but because I would have their shame perfect.

I have spoken to my Lord Percy about the hundred barrels of powder and two hundred muskets at Bristol, and he tells me that your Highness's lieutenant-colonel, John Russell, hath warrant to receive them when he shall march. My Lord Herbert's complaint is made very great here by his party, who say that he is *afraid the custody of his own house will be given from him.*

I most humbly take my leave, and am eternally,

Your Highness's most obliged servant,

ARTHUR TREVOR.

Sir Jacob Astley hath drove away Mrs. Venn's cows from within half a mile of Windsor Castle, and made some other Lenten provisions thereabouts.

Oxford, Saturday, 24th Feb. 1644.

[1] INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I thought fit, the state of things considered, to despatch this bearer, Major Copley, purposely to give your Excellency an account of the condition of these parts for the present. Since the business at Acton, we have had no considerable action in the field. Our care hath been to reduce the smaller garrisons in Cheshire; without which the country could not be put into any competent posture to defend itself. Crewhall, Deddington House, and Adlington House, after some little time spent with them, are all yielded up to us. Bydolphe House was first attempted by the forces of Staffordshire, and they since assisted in the work with my horse. A month I think hath been spent in the siege of it; but the other day they took it by assault, and in it such prisoners as your Excellency shall find in a list inclosed. They are but for present design, and presently straggle home. I must confess I find the forces of Cheshire rise slowly, and a remissness in the gentry that are not active in the work. I hear Prince Rupert is raising some forces in Shropshire, and shortly in Wales. Some

letters from the besieged at Newark now pour in, backed by earnest injunctions from the King for their relief; still, however, his Majesty leaves it to Prince Rupert's discretion to act "as he shall see fit," and he states that he cannot march to Newark in less than a month. The state of the north has been lately reported as follows by the Earl of Newcastle:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST SACRED MAJESTY,

These enclosed will let your Majesty see that absolutely the seat of the war will be in the north, a great army about Newark behind us, and the great Scotch army before us, and Sir Thomas Fairfax very strong for the West Riding of Yorkshire, as they say, and his father master of the East Riding: so we are belet, not able to encounter the Scots, and shall not be able to make our retreat for the army behind us. This is the greatest truth of the state of your Majesty's affairs here that can be in the world, whatsoever any courtier says to the contrary. If your Majesty beat the Scots, your game is absolutely won; which can be no other way but by sending more forces, especially

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Irish forces are newly landed; divers, we hear, are cast away. The work of Cheshire, for which your Excellency's commands were upon me, being, through the mercy of God, thus far despatched, I shall humbly desire your Excellency now to remand Sir William Brereton and Sir Thomas Middleton, with their forces, to manage the rest of the business here, I being ordered by my father to march into Yorkshire. Thus hoping that I shall be able to render as good an account to your Excellency of my service there, as by my stay here, and leaving these counties in so good a condition to defend themselves, if the gentlemen aforenamed be sent down, I humbly take leave, and rest

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

T. FAIRFAX.

Manchester, 24th Feb. 1644.

foot, and either diverting Manchester and those forces about Newark. For Lancashire and Cheshire, if you should think fit, they should lay fallow awhile. Truly, sir, I think it is of so much importance to your service that your Majesty's crowns are hazarded if it be not taken to heart, and present orders taken in it, and very quickly. I have done my duty, and leave the rest to God and your Majesty. God preserve your Majesty.

Your Majesty's most obedient creature,

NEWCASTLE.

Newcastle, 16th Feb. 1644.

The reader may remember Sir Gilbert Gerrard's complaint about his property in Mr. Sumner's capture being invaded: in a letter of the 6th of March a proof occurs that the Prince himself was not safe from such disappointments.[1] Lathom House is now closely besieged, and its owner writes this touching but manly despatch to the Prince concerning its relief.

THE EARL OF DERBY TO PRINCE RUPERT.

SIR,

I have followed your Highness's commands in serving this worthy bearer, Sir William Neale, concerning his

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[1] Oxford, 6th March, 1644

.... Here is nothing made good to your Highness that was promised, especially if money or other advantage can be extracted from it. Salisbury and Ravenscroft, that were in my own hearing given your Highness, are now pardoned, and the money disposed of, without giving your Highness the least intimation of it, notwithstanding there was not any thing done before notice of your Highness's engagement. My Lord Digby did the first, and Mr. Ashburnham the last; and I hear Ravenscroft is pardoned for 200*l.*; whereas your Highness was offered 1200*l.* by Sir William Mainwaring, which was the occasion that your Highness moved the King therein, and obtained it for the clothing of your foot. This I got Lord Jermyn to represent to his Majesty, but had no redress in it. A. TREVOR.

government of Harden Castle; but he finds a gentleman already in it, pretending your Highness's warrant for his dwelling there, with a lady and many of her family, which was so unexpected by him and me, that both think good to acquaint your Highness therewith, and desire your further pleasure.

Sir, I have received many advertisements from my wife of her great distress and imminent danger, unless she be relieved by your Highness, on whom she doth more rely than any other whatsoever, and all of us consider well she hath chief reason so to do. I was in hope to have seen your Highness here yesterday, seeing you were so resolved when last I had the honour to wait upon you, but not now knowing any certainty of your coming hither; and my Lord Byron and others most unwilling to stir hence with any forces toward her, without your Highness's special direction, I do take the boldness to present you again my most humble and earnest request in her behalf, that I may be able to give her some comfort in my next. I would have waited on your Highness this time, but that I hourly receive little letters from her, who haply, a few days hence, may never send me more.

There is now an opportunity, in my opinion, to take the town of Liverpool, which your Highness took notice of in the map the last evening I was with you, for there is not this time fifty men in the garrison, neither are there many more in Warrington; also divers be drawn forth of Manchester,—most to Lathom; so that if any small force be shewed before any of these towns, it is thought very possible to raise the siege, or so weaken it that it may be much more easier to relieve the house with such things as it may want.

Your Highness, doubtless, knows that men are newly landed here from Ireland; but all these and twice so many are not considerable in comparison of your own appearing, which strikes a terror to that wicked party and gives life

to the half-dead true ones that are banished so long from their countries. Sir, though it becomes me to be earnest for her that is so dear to me, and for one whose great honour is to be so near to you, yet I humbly lay before you, also, the great advantage of his Majesty's service, if that family be preserved, and a certain inconvenience when, with that, all the country and so many well-affected will utterly be lost, and not likely regained but with a too dear purchase; but lest I be judged too importunate, I will only ask God to put into your heart how to help that poor soul which deserves your favour, and so commit your Highness to the Almighty's protection and rest.

Your Highness's most humble and faithful servant,

DERBY.[1]

Chester, March 7th, 1644.

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[1] Following up this subject, we have this letter from the Court, very cautiously suggesting the required aid :—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The Earl of Derby hath sent hither unto his Majesty earnestly soliciting relief to his house at Lathom, where his lady is besieged by the rebels; which, though his Majesty cannot desire your Highness directly to afford him, in regard of the necessity which possibly may be of drawing your Highness, with your forces, suddenly this way, yet his Majesty is so sensible of the gallantry of that lady, wherewith she hath defended her house against the rebels, that he cannot but recommend the care of her relief unto your Highness, so far forth as may consist, in your judgment, with your Highness's present condition, in order to those more important expectations from you. At least, if your Highness be not able to afford her succour without prejudice to the main, which it is supposed you can hardly do at this time, unless a small party will suffice, your Highness is desired, at least, to express unto her both his Majesty's and your own sense of her bravery, and to encourage her to continue her resolute defence, upon assurance that you will take care of her relief as soon as possibly his Majesty's most important affairs can any wise permit it; which heartening may perhaps suffice, since *I do not hear* otherways than by my Lord of Derby's servant, *that the place is yet much distressed.* This is all I am commanded at present to

It is a disappointment to find for the present no reply of Prince Rupert's to any of these stirring appeals. We only know that he restrained himself from making any forward movement until he was fully prepared to do so with effect. At this date I find a letter of Rupert's, which, though official, deserves a place for its rarity.[1] I find a letter of the 11th, which claims insertion from its temper and its style: [Wales, at last, seems shaken in its loyalty:—]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I am very sorry I should be so unfortunate, these being the first commands you were pleased to honour me

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write unto your Highness, or have occasion to do, since by Will Legge, within a day or two, I shall give your Highness an account at large of all his Majesty's affairs, resting

Your Highness's most faithful humble servant,

March 8th, 1644. GEORGE DIGBY.

[1] TO THE CONSTABLE OF WROTTESLEY.

We do hereby straitly charge and command you, and each of you, that immediately, upon sight or receipt hereof, you do make diligent search and inquiry in your town and neighbourhood for all and every the soldiers of or belonging to Colonel Lunsford, governor of Dudley Castle, and them having found, to return unto their garrison at Dudley Castle; and that you suffer them not at any time hereafter, without especial command to the contrary, to come into, or abide, or lodge in any of your towns or hamlets whatsoever, as you will answer the contrary at your utmost perils, and the confiscation of your goods. Given at Salop, the 8th day of March, 1643–4. RUPERT.

This is a true copy of the warrant from Prince Rupert's Highness, directed unto all bailiffs, constables, and tithing-men, and all other officers whatsoever. Your loving friend,

FRANCIS CARTWRIGHT,
High Constable *

* From Lord Wrottesley's MSS. Collection.

withal, as not to be able to perform them with that speed you expected: if your Highness shall be pleased to command me to the Turk, or Jew, or Gentile, I will go on my bare feet to serve you, but from the Welch, good Lord deliver me: and I shall beseech you to send me no more into this country, if you intend I shall do you any service, without a strong party to compel them, not to entreat them; and then, I will give *them cause to put me into their Litany*, as they have now given me cause to put them into mine. The ammunition hath been here these seven days for want of carriages, and I fear shall stay seven more, unless I have some power to force the people: they value neither Sir John Wintour, his warrants, nor mine, nor any; some say they will not come; the rest come not, and say nothing; all generally disaffected, and the force that is in Chepstow not able to compel them. I have sent to Colonel Holbye for what horse he hath; if they come to me I will try what may be done. Here be two or three constables deserve hanging; and *I had done it* ere this, if I had but a party to defend me from their Welch bills; I beseech you let me receive your commands, that you may have no occasion to blame him, who is and ever will be,

Your Highness's humblest servant,

THOMAS DABRIDGECOURT.

St. Pere, March 11th.

P.S.—Colonel Kirke writes on the 10th from Bridgenorth, that Tuesday the 14th, is a day on which cattle are usually driven out from Wales into the enemy's garrisons into Staffordshire, which he shall stop until he has command from the Prince.

It appears that even now the Queen is determined on a flight to Exeter. In a letter without signature, dated Oxford, the 12th, this determination is mentioned as being very highly disapproved of by

the Prince. It dangerously divided the King's small forces, and it was the strongest evidence of fear. On the other hand, the King escaped from her Majesty's control, and was not crippled by the necessity of defending Oxford at all risks from the enemy.

The Prince had many difficulties to contend with before he could begin his march: the affairs of all Wales, not only military but fiscal, devolved upon his hands. The papers relating to the Principality at this moment before me, would fill a small volume. Hostile interests were to be reconciled; powerful families conciliated; port-dues to be regulated; harbours to be fortified; contributions to be righteously assessed; commissions distributed; levies made, trained, clothed, armed, and, if possible, paid. And all this was to be done without money, credit, or supplies: and it *was* done. Besides the Prince's labours as President of Wales, he had to arrange his own commissariat; to fight with my Lord Percy [at Oxford] for every cannon-shot, shell, or waggon; with Ashburnham for every instalment doled out to his half-mutinous troops;[1] and with the whole coun-

[1] The following one, among many letters of similar tendency, may prove these facts: it is from Trevor at Oxford:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have, as I shall ever do all your Highness's commands in your last letters. Your 400*l.* I am at last raised to a hope of obtaining for you; and when I have it I shall keep the sum entire until you please to renew your orders upon me, not knowing what directions have been given by your Highness since your first desiring of that money.

try round him, for every soldier's ration unwillingly supplied. Even these matters were often obliged to give way to pressing demands upon his correspondence from the numerous and rival commanders,

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I find they that act my Lord Hopton's interest are almost ashamed to see all things pass for him, and nothing for your Highness, and I am not wanting to let them and all men else know that as his Lordship hath an assignment of 24,000*l.*, so certainly hath your Highness all that was assigned you taken from you; his Lordship hath had three thousand muskets within this month, by orders from hence, and your Highness two hundred. And yet, I am sure, they expect your powers should equal, if not exceed, his Lordship, when you shall come both to shew hands. I can promise nothing towards your advantage in either of these supporters of war, money and arms. In the letter my Lord Percy pretends much innocence, such as he will stand upon and justify himself in his readiness to comply with your service as an undertaking of great hopes, if it be not starved at the nurse, and before it gather strength to provide for itself. Money I am out of hopes of, unless some notable success open the purse-strings, for I find no court-physic so present for the opening of obstructions as good news, with which I hope very suddenly to be furnished from your Highness. March, and then I will make my last attempt for that business; and if I fail I will raise my siege, burn my hut, and march away to your Highness.

We were full of hopes of a victory gained over the Scots, until it was yesterday contradicted by a limping tailor, one Fossett, that came out of the North, and says he met your Highness at Lichfield upon Monday morning. This makes us droop; six of the Lords refuse to join with the Commons in the votes of treason. At the instance of the Scotch Commissioners they have voted propositions in both Houses at London; but I presume they will vote again when they are assured of the advancing of their brethren towards them. Colonel Goring is to be exchanged for Lothian, and young Ludlow for Sir Hugh Pollard, and I presume you may have a good exchange for young Moore, taken at Hopton Castle. You have many letters that will ask their shares in your reading, therefore I may not be injurious to them or the public, in a conversion of that time that belongs to the Commonwealth to the private interest of your Highness's most obedient servant for ever,

ARTHUR TREVOR.

Oxford, March 24, 1644.

whose quarrels with each other, and wrongs, and hardships were, as we have seen, almost perpetual.

Before commencing his momentous march to the North, Prince Rupert seems to have visited all the different detachments that were to accompany him, at their several quarters, or at places appropriated for a rendezvous of several garrisons at once. On the fifth of March, passing near Market Drayton, he learned that Colonel Fairfax was there with his regiment of seven hundred men. The Prince was accompanied only by his own troop, but sending orders for his regiment to move up, he dashed into the town, drove in the mustering troops, and forced them into a "close:" a few hours afterwards the cavalry arrived, forced the close, and took the whole regiment prisoners. By the assistance of Lord Denbigh's voluminous and well-arranged MSS. I can henceforth trace Rupert's daily marches, eccentric as his movements were; such details, however, would be useless,[1] and it is enough to say that he continued to dart about through the associated counties, sometimes at night, sometimes at early morning, sometimes in broad noon; with a troop or two of cavalry, affronting strong towns, and daring whole battalions. From Wem, Whitehurst, Tamworth, Edgebaston,

[1] Prince Rupert, like "the Duke" in the Peninsula, sometimes relaxed his military cares, and amused his idle officers by the sports of the field. We have already heard Whitelocke's complaint that his Puritan hounds had been transferred to the Prince's possession by Sir John Byron. We now find that his Highness indulged in hawking: the capture of his falconer, gave oppor-

Hull, Lichfield (where Sawyer, an attorney, served him with refreshments, on his knees); from all these places I find letters written anxiously by Lord Denbigh's commanders, stating that Rupert was coming; and sometimes the postscript announces that he *has* come and struck terror into the (Roundheads) "well-affected inhabitants."

I have already mentioned that the Parliament denounced all the English troops that came from Ireland as "Irish rebel papists;" soon afterwards they made an order, unparalleled perhaps in Christian warfare, that every such person should be denied quarter, and that all such prisoners should be hanged! How much the exasperating nature of this war must have changed the gallant character of Essex before he could transmit this order to all the Generals commanding under him! Lord Denbigh's MSS. contain his ancestor's evidently reluctant order to this effect, transmitted to his subordinate officers. Some of the latter were willing enough to execute this Draconic law; the Governor of Nantwich set the example by hanging thirteen men of Prince Ru-

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tunity to Essex to write the following gentleman-like note to one of his commanding officers:—

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM LORD ESSEX TO SIR SAMUEL LUKE, MARCH, 1644.

"I am informed that the Prince's falconer and hawk were taken by your troops, which, if you find to be so, I desire you will send them both to the Prince, as from me." This act of courtesy is gratefully acknowledged by William Legge, from Oxford, in the Prince's absence.—*From Ellis's Collection*, vol. iv.

pert's regiment, whom they had taken prisoners, and chose to designate as Irish. I imagine the fiery young Prince's "terrible countenance"[1] when this news was brought to him. There was no rest for man or horse until the nearest quarters of the enemy were stormed, the murdered troopers bloodily avenged, and fourteen Roundhead prisoners taken. The stern Rupert ordered thirteen to be hanged on the nearest tree, and sent the remaining one back to Essex with the news, bearing likewise a solemn oath from the Prince that he would hang two Roundheads for every Cavalier who was put to death otherwise than in fair fight. The politic Essex desired to know whether it was by the King's orders that Rupert had hanged his men. Rupert replied that "it was by no orders save his own. He had acted simply as a soldier, by soldier's law." This put an end for the present to the Roundheads' unceremonious manner of disposing of the King's forces.[2]

At Bridgenorth on the 15th, on his route towards Newark, Rupert turned aside to drive away a besieging enemy, and was entertained by Lady Beeston, the widow of Sir Hugh, the last of his ancient line.[3] After dinner the Prince expressed great regret at the return he was compelled to

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[1] Une physiognomie vraiment de reprouvé. — *De Grammont.*

[2] Notes to Prince Rupert's Diary.

[3] Pennant's Journey to London, vol. ii. 1782.

make for her hospitalities; he advised her to remove all her property as soon as possible from the noble castle, whose strength proved the cause of its destruction. The poor lady went her way with her best speed, and in a few hours mining and fire had changed her hospitable dwelling into the magnificent ruin that now presents itself to the traveller, the finest feature in noble old Cheshire. A force of cavalry was now despatched by Essex to observe Prince Rupert's movements: Ashburnham sends him notice of it, enclosed in the following pithy and characteristic note:—

SIR,

Since this inclosed was sealed, there is intelligence come that the strength that followeth your Highness is nine hundred dragoons, and one regiment of horse; which I hope will all be damned. Pardon this farther addition of trouble given you by

Your Highness's most humble servant,

JOHN ASHBURNHAM.

Quarter of an hour past nine.

Rupert now pressed on and arrived in sight of Newark on the 20th of March. The besieged, under the command of Sir John Henderson, had gallantly defended themselves, but were almost in extremity. The beleaguing force consisted of two thousand five hundred horse and five thousand foot, under Sir John Meldrum, a stout old Scottish officer of some experience.[1] The besiegers had

[1] The following particulars are taken from Dickison's "Antiquities of Newark:"—

heard some rumours of Rupert's approach, but being also well assured of his distance and the small number of his forces, they disbelieved even their own scouts, who now announced that the terrible Prince was at Bingham, within half-a-dozen miles of

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The inhabitants here were all loyal, the fortifications strong, and the garrison well supplied. The numbers in this place were always from four thousand to five thousand foot, more than five hundred horse; and all the inhabitants able to bear arms did so. The walls were in good condition, its four famous gates well guarded, and plenty of cannon on its walls. Thirteen pieces of ordnance and two bombs were fired in the course of every night against the town by the besiegers. Sir John Henderson, a brave and honest commander, had charge of this garrison. When Prince Rupert was detached with orders to relieve Newark, it had been besieged so long that it was reduced to very great straits. It was encompassed by three armies, one under Sir Michael Hubbard, who had his quarters at Balderton, a village about two miles to the south of it. Sir John Meldrum, with another force, lay close by the side of the town to the north-west, at a place called the Spittle; and there was another under Lord Willoughby of Parham, at a hill about a mile from the town to the east. These commanders had intelligence of the Prince's march, but hearing at the same time how inferior his force was, they could not believe he had a serious intention of relieving Newark; this confidence lost them the place. When the Prince came within six miles of the town with his horse, he resolved to wait for his foot to come up, and contrived to send intelligence to the garrison of his situation. They were nearly starved, and the governor under continual apprehensions that they would do some desperate act to relieve their distresses. Since the arrival of the Prince's army in the neighbourhood, the enemy's lines were drawn so much closer, that it was almost impossible to acquaint them with his apprehension. The Prince had provided the governor with a cypher under which they were to correspond, but having sent two messengers with this news of his arrival, and only one of them having got into the town, he was afraid lest the enemy should be in possession of the other, and thereby become acquainted with his intelligence if it should be intercepted. He at length sent the following message, which he thought would not be understood; nor did he even acquaint the messenger with its meaning, since so many

them.[1] His little army consisted of one thousand volunteer foot out of the Irish corps, and one hundred and twenty musketeers, under Sir Fulk Huncks. He had his own troop of Life Guards and his own regiment (formerly called the Prince of Wales's), amounting together to about four hundred men. Lord Loughborough had joined him at Ashby-de-la-Zouch with about one thousand five hundred horse and some companies of foot, General Porter met him soon afterwards. Sir John Meldrum, believing the reported forces to consist only of the latter, sent out a party to occupy the bridge over the Soar, near Loughborough. This consisted of two thousand two hundred men, under Sir Edward Hartop, who were driven in by Porter,[2] and so the Prince advanced to Bingham without interruption. He there intercepted a letter from Meldrum to Fairfax, speaking of an uncredited rumour that the Prince was approaching:[3] he also learned that the besiegers had been fortifying a place called the Spittle, or Exeter-house, about a musket-shot from Newark. At midnight the Cavalier trumpets were sounding cheerily to horse: "the moon was then well up,

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deserted when they had an opportunity. "Let the old drum on the north side be beaten early on the morrow morning." By the "old drum," was intended Sir John Meldrum, and by daylight, on March 21st, the Prince, without waiting any longer for his foot to come up, attacked the forces under that commander with his horse, while the garrison made a successful sally.

[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 592; Baker's Chronicle, 551.

[2] Mrs. Hutchison's Memoirs.

[3] Baker's Chronicle, 571.

and at two o'clock all marched." By the first dawn the Prince, with his advanced guard of about five hundred horse, came in sight of the enemy, whom he believed to be in retreat; sending orders for the main body of his force to come up, he charged forward to engage and embarrass the besiegers until he was strong enough to offer them fair battle. But, as it generally proved, he carried the battle with him. The enemy were hastily drawn out in front of the Spittle. Driving in their skirmishers, he gained the Beacon-hill, and looked down on the fine old town, its magnificent castle by the river, and the whole beleaguering host in dense array, resting on the Spittle, which they had strongly fortified.

If for one moment formal prudence restrained the Prince from advancing until the remainder of his force should come up, the next moment all such prudence was left behind upon the cold hill-top. Already the Prince was sweeping down the hill, with his old and well-tried comrades by his side. In the front of those Delhi troopers rode Grandison, Legge, Loughborough, Gerrard, Martin, O'Neal, Gardiner, and many another gallant Cavalier. They burst in upon the enemy in impetuous but well arranged force. The next moment all was *mêlée!* The Prince plunged deeply into the torrent of his opposing foes; "three sturdy Roundheads at once assaulted him; one fell by his own sword, a second was pistolled by one of his own gentlemen, and a third, laying his hand on the Prince's collar,

had it chopped off by O'Neal;"[1] his own troop now struggled up to him, with Sir Richard Crane, and set him free, with only one shot through his gauntlet. The enemy then turned and fled to the Spittle, taking with them Colonel Gerrard, who had fallen wounded from his horse. The Prince pressed steadily on, charging and charging again, until he forced one division across Musham-bridge and the rest within their works.

Just then his main body appeared upon the hill, and the besiegers, now magnifying the enemy that they had lately despised, kept close within their trenches. The garrison made a sally, and entrenched themselves on the south-east side of the town, and Rupert proceeded to siege and fortify the bridge; thus completely investing the besiegers. A deserter informed him that they were in direful want within the Spittle, so he withheld his purposed assault. A short time before dusk, Gerrard was seen limping out of the enemy's entrenchments; he brought proposals of surrender. The Prince granted easy terms, for he had neither force nor time to put to the issue of the slightest chance, and he found, by an intercepted letter, that Fairfax was advancing. The enemy was allowed to march out with the honours of war, but all their ammunition, spare arms, and artillery, was to be surrendered. The latter amounted to four thousand muskets eleven

[1] Baker's Chronicle, 551.

brass guns, two mortars, and fifty barrels of powder.[1]

The first letter after the victory is the following from Lord Newcastle; its style is to be remembered at York, where the "fantastic" Marquis quarrelled with Rupert, at the expense of the Royal cause, for expecting his Lordship to obey orders.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

In the first place I congratulate your huge and great victories, which indeed is fit for none but your Highness. For all the affairs in the North I refer your Highness to this bearer, Sir John Mayne, who can tell your Highness every particular; only this I must assure your Highness that the Scots are as big again in foot as I am, and their horse, I doubt, much better than ours are, so that if your Highness do not please to come hither, and that very soon too, the great game of your uncle's will be endangered, if not lost; and with your Highness being near, certainly won: so I doubt not but your Highness will come, and that very soon.

Your Highness's most passionate creature,

W. NEWCASTLE.

Durham, 25th March, 1644.

Then thus writes the King:—

FROM THE KING TO PRINCE RUPERT.

NEPHEW,

I assure you that this (as all your victories) gives me as much contentment in that I owe you the thanks as for the importance of it, which in this particular, believe me, is no less than the saving of all the north, nothing,

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[1] Notes to Prince Rupert's Diary; Baker's Chronicle, 551–2; Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 445; the latter calls it a "prodigious and unexpected victory."

for the present being of more consequence; how to follow this (indeed beyond imaginable) success, I will not prescribe you; yet I cannot choose but send you, by my Lord Digby, the thoughts of that Committee which I call yours; earnestly desiring you to consider and judge well of the contents of his letter; remembering to eschew Hannibal's error, in not right using, as well as you imitate him in getting of victories; two other letters I desire your attention and belief, as to the former your judgment, which are the Duke of Richmond and my Lord Jermyn's; assuring you that none shall debauch my judgment (much less my affection) from giving you all possible assistance, which if you do not perfectly believe, you do not that right you ought to

Your loving uncle and most faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

Oxford, 25th March, 1644.

The next is an inflated congratulation from Lord Digby. Everything at Oxford is altered now. The Prince is to have whatever arms, men, and even money he requires. The Queen even thinks of going to Chester to be under the protection of her victorious nephew.[1]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I shall not use congratulation to your Highness for

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[1] "I believe you have by your late glorious action almost altered her Majesty's resolutions of travelling further than this place, and if she do stir, I believe it probable her Highness may desire to move into your quarters, and be within your charge. Chester certainly will be of as much security to her as Exeter, besides the advantage of the hands she puts her person into. And if that government were conferred upon your Major, William Legge, I conceive it might contribute and induce the journey thither sooner than after the first resolution."—*Extract of a Letter from Trevor, March*, 28, 1644.

your late incomparable success at Newark; our sense of it here is as much beyond expression as the action itself beyond; for as it had a concurrence of all parts in it to make it glorious to your Highness, so had it a conjecture of all circumstances of time, place, and relation to improve and heighten the advantage of it to his Majesty's service; and, therefore, all my congratulations upon this subject shall be to his Majesty; not so much for his present victory, as for you, who in all your actions, and in this most eminently, seem to give him assurance of a succession of more. And it is no way doubted here, but as in this action your courage and excellent conduct hath made fortune your servant to a degree beyond imagination, so your prudence in pursuing this victory, will keep her so subjected to you, and still. And both his Majesty and his ministers' confidence of this is such, that though in the place and condition where you are you are looked upon in a capacity of making a sudden progress to the happy re-establishment of his Majesty's throne, I am commanded not to deliver unto your Highness from his Majesty, and those whom he is pleased to trust, any positive opinion which may be the best way to perfect that gallant work which certainly is reserved for your Highness, only to the end that your Highness may see that you having seated us now upon such an eminence, we do our best to make use of it now in looking about us. [Then follows a long and vain calculation of what might and would be done].

Your Highness's most humble servant,

Oxford, March 26, 1644. DIGBY.

The next is an amusing one from Trevor. There has been a long negotiation about the presidency of South Wales. Lord Herbert claimed it on account of his father's great possessions there, and his own services; and the King inclined to render him that justice. But the outcry against

"Papists" was so great that both men and officers refused to serve under the House of Worcester, which then professed that faith.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS

To give me leave humbly to join myself with the courtier, the scholar, indeed, people of all ages, all sexes, all faculties, bells, and bonfires, in congratulating your happy success in the aid of Newark by attributing to your so eminent courage and conduct all on this side of idolatry. I hope from this minute to give you such accounts of your affairs here, that your Highness will find cause to say you have taken in this place also to such a friendship to your employment as will very shortly and kindly shew itself towards your interests.

The matter of the presidency is now effected: my Lord Herbert and Carbery both here, but are not yet given to understand, yet they have suffered their dangers to outgrow their strengths and become desperate, and fit for your undertaking. This, I presume, will be very speedily done to their satisfaction, or settled to the King's advantage: in the way how to have the place with the more honour conferred upon your Highness, I wholly wait and rely upon my Lord Jermyn, who, for a certain, is from the root of his heart your very great servant that makes your affairs himself, and is well or ill as he finds you served there. A. TREVOR.

Oxford, Tuesday morning.

Lord Newcastle thus reiterates his prayer for relief:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

All your commands are obeyed, and ever shall be by me; and I give your Highness humble thanks for commanding me. They say Sir Thomas Fairfax is coming into Yorkshire for certain, which will much disturb his Majesty's affairs here. Could your Highness march this

way it would, I hope, put a final end to our troubles: but I dare not urge this, but leave it to your Highness's great wisdom.

Your Highness's most faithful obliged servant,

W. NEWCASTLE.

Durham, 29th March, 1644.

I thought my Lord Byron would have followed him close: your Highness's presence would dissolve him.

Prince Rupert scarcely waited to refresh his men at Newark, of which he installed Sir Richard Byron governor: he then hastened thence to Shrewsbury in order to prepare his army for the great Northern expedition, and to put Wales in some sort of order before he moved. On the 29th of March I find his Highness in the heart of the Principality, issuing the following proclamation:—

(Seal).—Prince Rupert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria and Cumberland, Earl of Holderness, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Captain-General under his Highness Prince Charles, Prince of Great Britain, and of all the Forces of Horse and Foot within the Kingdom of England, Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick, &c.

These are by virtue of my power to authorise and require you immediately upon sight hereof to collect, gather, and receive the contributions of the hundreds of Greshire, Nant, Conway, Seeaph [St. Asaph], Issconvay, Erioneth, and Ucha, for the support and maintaining of the garrison and town of Conway, in the County of Carnarvon, which contributions you must by no means exceed or suffer any oppression to be enforced on the inhabitants of the aforesaid hundreds by any officer or soldier under your command. And if at any time the aforesaid hun-

dreds to you assigned, shall neglect to pay their contributions to you either in part or whole, it shall be lawful for you from time to time to levy all and every their arrears by such parties of horse as you shall think fit, provided you exact not, or take from the defaulters, more than your dues according to their former assessment. Whereof you are in no ways to fail. And for so doing this shall be your warrant. Given under my hand and seal at Conway or [Caerhun? illegible] this 29th day of March, 1644. RUPERT.

To Sir John Owen, Knt., and Colonel-General of the Town and Castle of Conway.[1]

On the 30th March the subjoined letter is written from Shrewsbury by Sir William Bellenden. Sir Thomas Hanmer has been nominated vice-president of North Wales on his Majesty's recommendation.[2] Langford House in Shropshire was taken by Colonel Tillier with his Irish regiment on the 2nd of

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[1] Mark the business-like exactness of this document, and the sense of justice it exhibits and enjoins. I am indebted to Mr. Ormsby Gore's Collection and kindness for the above.—*From Mr. Ormsby Gore's Collection.*

[2] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

By Sir John Mennes's letter, your Highness will understand the success of my Lord Byron's proceedings and ours since your Highness parted, and how much our condition is bettered. Monday last we discharged free quarters, not without some growling amongst the soldiers; and whereas your Highness did appoint 3*s.* worth of provisions to be given each soldier a week, I have only caused issue so much as comes to 1*s.* 10*d.*, which I did by the advice of some of the officers, it being sufficient with the shilling in money that your Highness has appointed for them: more would have caused a waste. Neither could we, without danger of mutiny, hereafter have lessened the proportion once given them; this I hope your Highness will approve of. There comes in great store of provisions, so that we do promise your Highness a full magazine of corn at your return. I cannot as yet

April; Tonge Castle on the 5th. In the midland counties the immediate consequence of the relief of Newark was that the enemy shrank back from its neighbourhood as if scorched: Gainsborough, Lincoln, and Sleaford were abandoned by the Roundheads, and Sterne Castle in Staffordshire was surrendered to Sir Gilbert Gerrard on the 28th of March. In this war, the moral effects of such victory were very signal, but the peculiar constitution of the Royal forces always prevented them from following up a victory, or sustaining any great effort. Among the first Roundheads the same causes produced the same effects; Cromwell alone was able to control these causes, and, with them, their effects.

In the meanwhile Hopton and Forth had been manœuvring against Sir William Waller in the neighbourhood of Winchester.[1] On the 30th of March an engagement took place on Brandon

give your Highness any account of the conclusion your commissioners have made in North Wales till Sir Thomas Hanmer* and Mr. Wayett return, which will be about the middle of the next week.

Your Highness's humble servant, W. Bellenden.

Salop, March 30, 1644.

[1] We have here the King's account of Hopton's defeat, and other matters in his Majesty's own hand.

Nephew,

Indeed I have this advantage of you that I have not yet mistaken you in anything, as you have me: as for your coming

* Sir Thomas Hanmer's appointment as Vice-President never was confirmed: he retired, probably in consequence, to France, and was restored to his estates by Cromwell. His descendant, Sir John Hanmer of Bettisfield, inherits his title and his estates.

Heath, near Alresford, in which Hopton was beaten. He retired with little loss, except that of the gallant Sir John Smith,[1] Lord John Stewart, the Duke of Richmond's brother, and about two hundred others. Winchester castle soon fell into the hands of Sir William Waller. Hopton retired upon Reading, and Forth went to Oxford, where all was in great confusion.[2] The Queen expected her

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back towards Shrewsbury, I do approve of it, and it is nowise contradiction to that opinion sent to you by Parsons, for it was not only left solely to your judgment, but it had a reference likewise to your strength, of which we had no certain knowledge. And now it falls out of the better, because of the retreat that my Lord Hopton has made before Waller, where, though the loss was very inconsiderable, except the loss of some few brave officers, 400 being the most in all, both of horse and foot, the Rebels loss being certainly more, some think twice as many; yet, because they have something to brag on, it may get them so much credit as to be able to recruit Essex's army, in which case it is requisite that yours be not far from me. I hope in a few days to be able to venture on another blow, for my foot came off in good enough order; and now I hear that the appearance of horse is better than we expected. So referring the particulars of my resolutions to my secretary, and the clearing of mistaking to my Lord Jermyn —in despite of all which, and what else the devil can do, you shall still find me

Your loving Uncle, and most faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

Oxford, 1st April, 1644.

[1] Who rescued the Royal standard at Edgehill.

[2] The Prince had been summoned thither, but the following letter absolves him :—

NEPHEW,

I suppose you will like this dispatch much better than the last by Parsons. ["The last" was an earnest summons to the Prince to march directly to Oxford with all his force; "this" is to revoke that order, and leave the Prince free to follow his own plan.] It will also give you assurance that the Yorkshire Peti-

confinement soon, and was in delicate health. Her Majesty now determined to leave Oxford, and retire to Exeter. The King does not venture to ask her to remain; Rupert, however, remonstrates, and even Jermyn dislikes a change of quarters; but her Majesty is resolute, or only hesitates for a moment, as we have seen, as to whether she shall not choose Chester as her residence.

On the 17th of April the Queen set out for Exeter.[1] The King accompanied her as far as Abingdon: there they parted—and for ever.

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tions answer will be according to your desire. I am glad to find by your letter which I received yesterday, by Tom Kings, that you are hopeful to be of a considerable strength shortly, which, indeed, was one of the motives that has caused this change of orders, the chief being that you may be a security for Oxford, in case the Earl of Essex should draw hither whilst we are seeking a revenge upon Waller. For the rest I refer you to this other letter, so I rest, [the "other letter" is wanting].

Your loving Uncle, and most faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

Oxford, 11th April, 1644.

[1] Miss Strickland says the Queen left Oxford on the 3rd. This lady is usually very accurate, but the following letter confirms Sir Edward Walker's assertion (p. 11), that the 17th was the day of her Majesty's departure.

SIR,

It is no way needful for me to trouble your Highness with anything by this occasion; the bearer* is thoroughly informed of all. The chief cause I write, is, to mention that to you which *he* looks least after; namely,—that which pertains to his own interests. I did heretofore advertise you that it was possible there might be a displacing of some bedchamber men; I thought it then upon a ground that since hath failed: there is now

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* This is William Legge, to whom the rare, and rarely deserved compliment, which follows, is paid.

For every office that was vacant the King found a dozen jealous, and often dangerous aspirants. The Marquis of Hamilton's disgrace had left vacant amongst other appointments that of Master of the Horse. As soon as the Newark battle was won, Will Legge had returned to Court, having probably been commissioned by the King to sound Prince Rupert as to whether this office would be acceptable to him. Prince Rupert writes as follows on the 18th of April 1644.

[In Cipher.]

TO WILLIAM LEGGE, AT OXFORD.

DEAR WILLIAM,

I have received your letter by Charles Lucas. If the King offers Rupert the Master of the Horse's place, he will receive it as a favour; but he desires it may be done so as it may not look as if Rupert had a hand in the ruin of my Lord Marquis. Let every one carry his own

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another thing done that I do confidently persuade myself will remove three or four. It may therefore not be improper for your Highness once more to mention your desire in the behalf of William Legge, to the King or Queen, which you think fittest, and I believe the thing will be done. The Queen is going on Monday [Lord J. writes on Thursday, the 13th]; William Legge will tell your Highness why then, and upon what reasons. I will say nothing of it; I take myself to be very unhappy in my remove, for that I know I had so perfect and vehement zeal for the things of your service that may be I was not altogether unuseful to you; but I will not despair of having once again a station somewhere that may return me to some degree of consideration to your service; sure I am, I shall never have a more prevailing disposition about me than to be so. Wishing you all happiness, I rest, sir,

Your Highness's most humble and most obedient servant,

HENRY JERMYN.

Oxford, April 13, 1644.

burden. So, giving you joy of your new place [Gentleman of the Bedchamber, procured for him by Prince Rupert] I rest, Your faithful friend,

RUPERT.[1]

Lathom House is still bravely defended, and York still sorely pressed, but Prince Rupert cannot get supplies for his men; and if he leaves his head-quarters everything stands still. Whilst he is striving hard to collect an army, the King writes requesting him to send two thousand foot to Oxford. Before that letter reached him Rupert had written to Will Legge as follows; his Highness is evidently a little out of temper. Lord Herbert has as usual been fighting, (this time in Lancashire) and as usual been defeated.

[In Cipher.]

DEAR WILL,

For the purchase I cannot imagine who it should be, but G. is certainly Goring, and L., either yourself or Lile (Lisle). Rupert [cipher] being Master of the Horse, I wrote both to you and Sir Edward Herbert, he

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[1] For this letter I am indebted to Lord Dartmouth's MS. collection; I find the following notice of this transaction in "Extracts from the King's Cabinet opened," a pamphlet in the King's collection, British Museum.

[TO THE QUEEN.]

"Of late I have been much pressed to make Southampton Master of my Horse, not more for good will to him, as out of fear that Hamilton might return to a capacity of recozening me; wherein, if I had done nothing, both jealousy and discontents were like to arise, wherefore I thought fit to put my Nephew Rupert in that place, which will both save me charge, and stop other men's grumblings."

would accept it if the King offer it, and if it come so that Rupert may not be thought Lord Hamilton's persecutor. I have written to his Majesty if he comes not to us, the inconvenience thereof; and that Chester is not to be relieved with a small party. If the King will follow the *wise* counsel [ironical, I presume], and not hear the soldier and Rupert (according to his promise to me at Bristol, which he may remember), Rupert must leave off all. As for Lord Herbert's business you may assure his Majesty that it is happy for the Lord Herbert that his forces are cast away in that Lancaster, and not he at Chortoon [Chorlton in Lancashire]. There had been those who would not so easily have passed those affronts from him, and Rupert as soon as any. If the King does not do him right he will never believe him again. Massie was soundly beaten yesterday, his foot quite lost, and his horse beaten and pursued within six miles of [illegible]. He himself and some of his officers made a handsome retreat. If Goring had done this you would have had a handsome story.

I will take my oath the man I sent you word had the letters; I saw them in his hand.

RUPERT.[1]

Hereford, this 23rd of April, 1644.

On the 25th Prince Rupert is himself in Oxford.[2] He there found the Parliament adjourned; the courtiers, or, at least, their ladies, in great alarm at Essex's approach; the undergraduates of the University, and the "unattached" gentlemen proudly forming themselves into two regiments for garrison duty,[3] and the King preparing for his masterly

[1] From the Earl of Dartmouth's MSS.
[2] Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 469.
[3] Every effort is being made to raise new troops. Rupert has

march upon the West. His forces had been concentrated at Marlborough; they were now moved to Newbury, in order to wait on the important garrison of Reading or Wallingford, as there might be occasion; Essex and Waller being both in London, recruiting rapidly. Such was the condition of

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lately forwarded the King's commands to the Lord-Lieutenants and Commanders in Wales to *press* twelve thousand two hundred men, six thousand of whom are to be raised immediately. Also men are called out of Ireland. Lord Ormond sends them without a murmur.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

According, and in obedience to your command in your letter of the 5th of this month, and in pursuance of like commands sent me from his Majesty by Colonel Trafford, I am now preparing three companies, well armed and commanded, to be sent into North Wales, where, God willing, they will be by the end of the next week, or very soon after, to receive your Highness's pleasure.

In things within my power your Highness's pleasure shall no sooner be understood than obeyed by me, and I trust my performances shall at least correspond with my undertakings; but in things depending upon the abilities or inclinations of others, though I shall very rarely be positive in them, yet I may sometimes be mistaken in the promises of others, when I see probability for it. Of this nature were your Highness's commands touching the procuring of arms and ammunition from his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects of this kingdom whereof, though as I remember I gave your Highness no full assurance, yet I confess I was, when I wrote, in greater hope of prevailing than now I am. Nor are they very much to be blamed, the Scots being yet here in great numbers, and fresh reports coming daily that they will not only begin the war afresh with them, but endeavour to impose the taking of their Covenant upon us by force of arms. Yet if your Highness shall command shipping and provision hither, I hope I shall be able to send eight hundred or one thousand good men reasonably well armed. But without shipping and provisions be sent, our wants are such that I shall be able to do little towards recruiting the army under your Highness's command. I most humbly beseech your Highness's

affairs when Rupert arrived at Oxford, and attended the Council of War.[1]

There he spoke his mind freely, as was his wont, and the Council agreed with his opinion. It had the recommendation of soldier-like simplicity. To strengthen the surrounding garrisons[2] with all the infantry, to keep the principal part of the cavalry on foot in and about Oxford, and to detach the rest to Prince Maurice to finish the Western affairs, and to strengthen the Queen's position at Exeter. This arrangement must embarrass the Roundheads. They could not assail the wide circumvallation of Oxford with less than both armies, and they dared not

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pardon for the plainness of this letter and the trouble it gives you, and to be pleased to dispose entirely of

Your Highness's most faithful, humble, and obedient
ORMOND.

His Majesty's Castle of Dublin,
18th April, 1644.

I most humbly and earnestly beseech your Highness to make use of your power towards the release of those gallant men that were sent hence and are now prisoners; your Highness's favours to me give me boldness to let you know I cannot be more obliged in the person of any man than in that of Colonel Henry Warren.

[1] This council now consisted of the Earl of Forth, who was deaf, drunken, and ignorant; Wilmot, ambitious, intriguing, vain, imperious, and dissolute; Hopton, honest, open-hearted, and open-handed, brilliantly brave, but infirm of purpose; Astley, a plain-spoken, independent, and well-esteemed soldier: to these men of the sword, are to be added the Duke of Richmond and Lord Dunmore, the two Secretaries, Digby and Nicholas, who worked well together, as Nicholas always gave way to his mercurial colleague at first, and finally corrected patiently his numerous mistakes; with these were Sir John Culpepper and Sir Edward Hyde, who has sketched the Council in his own masterly manner.—*Rebellion*, iv. 473.

[2] Wallingford, Banbury, Reading, Abingdon.

march into the West and leave such a force in their rear.

Having delivered this advice,[1] and visited the neighbouring garrisons with the King; having, moreover, proved to the King that his Majesty did *not* require any more troops, and that his Highness *did*, and finally, having procured three hundred barrels of powder, besides other military supplies, the Prince returned to Shrewsbury.

Prince Maurice writes so seldom that I am induced to offer the following to the King at this date.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

About the sixth of April I was moved by Lord Digby to approve of Sir John Berkeley to be Colonel-General to take care of the business of Plymouth, and the two associated counties of Cornwall and Devon, and likewise Colonel Digby to be General of the Horse; I gave his Lordship this answer that I should most willingly condescend thereunto, only I desired, (being advertised that my Lord Mohun had the command of Colonel-General of Cornwall and my Lord John General of the Horse,) to receive your Majesty's approbation thereof, and accordingly his Lordship not long after certified me that I should receive your Majesty's pleasure in the point under your own hand. Since then without any intimation of your Majesty, or privity of mine, commissions are sent down to Sir John Berkeley and Colonel Digby which I cannot but take notice of: seeing your Majesty was graciously pleased to confer on me the granting of commissions for all the officers of this your Majesty's Western

[1] Which Clarendon highly recommends, iv. 474.

army. I am very willing that Sir John Berkeley and Colonel Digby should have their commissions, and if desired would have given them the like: yet I shall humbly submit to your Majesty whether this be not a lessening of that command and authority your Majesty hath given to

Your Majesty's most obedient and dutiful servant,

MAURICE.

Before Lyme, May 9, 1644.

This Prince meanwhile continues to execute his functions as if he were the most successful of generals.[1]

No sooner was Prince Rupert gone from Oxford, than all the Royal plans were changed:[2] Reading was

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[1] PRINCE MAURICE TO COLONEL SEYMOUR.

SIR,

I shall desire you to speed your regiments marching to me as much as possible you can, and to return to your regiment such stragglers as you may happily meet with on your march, which is all for the present from,

Sir, your loving friend,

MAURICE.*

Before Lyme, 7th May, 1644.

[2] Amongst other plans, there was one, of the King's, for sending the Prince of Wales, "with a Council," as General into the West; as soon as the King finds this proposition very unpalatable to Rupert, Richmond, and others, he explains it away.

SIR,

The next day after you parted from hence, the King called a Council, and declared to them that he thought it necessary for the advancement of his affairs, to send the Prince-General into the West; and so commanded my Lord Digby to give those reasons he thought convincing for that purpose. After a great debate, wherein the Duke of Richmond argued most against it, the King declared that he never meant to call Prince Maurice

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* From his Grace the Duke of Somerset's MSS.

abandoned, all its fortifications demolished, and its garrison of two thousand five hundred men drawn into Oxford. Essex had marched out his old army to Windsor, and Waller had advanced with his new levies to Winchester. The former was to "wait upon the King" if he should move northward towards Lord Manchester and the Scots; Waller was still destined for the West, whether in pursuit of King or Queen was to him of little moment. Finding that the King remained stationary at Oxford, however, the two armies approached that City; and, before the end of May, Essex was parading his troops on Bullington Green; Waller was on the other side, about Abingdon, which Wilmot had disgracefully abandoned in a fit of ill-humour, and the Royal garrison appeared to be completely invested. Then, as always in the hour of peril, the King manifested his own heroic though diffident capacity. He had not time to distrust himself, and his tem-

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from thence, nor that the Prince should go till Lyme were taken and an army raised fit to receive him; though I believe there may many things fall out before these things be done that may hinder the journey, yet if these should succeed, I find so general a dislike to it, that I believe it impossible, the Prince himself shewing all the dislike he possibly could to it, insomuch that he said "you left him his lesson" before you went from hence. Sir, I shall not fail to advertise you of our affairs here, and you shall find none so ready to obey your commands as your Highness's

Most faithful humble servant,
THOMAS ELIOTT.

In this Council there was nothing concluded, but the business was put off till another day.

For his Highness Prince Rupert, these.
Oxford, 7th May.

porary confidence was well rewarded. Within the walls all appeared to be in confusion except himself; the crowded troops angrily recriminating, their leaders distracted in council; "the ladies, of whom there were many, were not easily pleased, and prevented others from being so,"[1] and the Council of War was divided. The King's danger alarmed even the Parliament, who greatly feared he would throw himself upon the chivalry of Essex, or return to London and trust himself to their embarrassed mercy. But neither the friends nor the enemies of Charles need have feared his weakness at this critical conjuncture. His resolution was soon taken, but not a moment too soon, for Essex had crossed the Cherwell to Blechington and Oxford, and Waller was at Ensham. On Monday night, the 3rd of June, the King mustered all his effective cavalry, with two thousand five hundred infantry under Sir Jacob Astley, at the north gate. Issuing forth in profound silence they marched between the two Roundhead armies to Harborough; thence they pushed on over the Cotswold to Evesham, and afterwards to Worcester.[2]

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[1] Clarendon's Rebellion, v. 478 note.

[2] The following letter from the Duke of Richmond gives a dreary picture of the fugitive army :—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I have now the less to trouble you, being the King's letters and those from my Lord Digby by his direction, will leave nothing more to say of our affairs here, which certainly receive great advantage from your influence though you are so remote from us; which sometimes we find the contrary of in respect of

The King writes thence to Rupert thus :—

FROM THE KING TO PRINCE RUPERT.

NEPHEW,

You will find so full a relation of the state of my affairs in my Lord Digby's letter, that I will add nothing to that; but I must observe to you that the chief hope of my resource is, under God, from you, and I believe that if you had been with me, I had not been put to those straits I am now in. *I confess, the best had been to have followed your advice,* yet if we had rightly followed our own we had done well enough; but we too easily quitted Abingdon, and were not so nimble upon their loose quarters as we might have been, of which errors I must acquit both myself and my Lord-General. It is here the loss of Tewkesbury has put us to great inconvenience and hazards; yet we doubt not but to defend ourselves until you may have time to beat the Scots, but if you be too long in doing of it, I apprehend some great inconvenience. I will say no more at this time, but that I am

Your loving uncle, and most faithful friend,

Worcester, 7th June, 1644. CHARLES R.

Docketed in Prince Rupert's handwriting.

[For the knowledge of his affairs, refers him to Lord Digby's letter. Assures him that the chief hope he has, is next, under God, in his Highness. Blames his own army under Wilmot for quitting Abingdon and not falling on the enemy's horse.[1]]

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your absence as the other in your prosperity, which is the only sure hope we have to stifle our disorder, making our condition every day worse. We want money, men, conduct, diligence, provisions, time, and good counsel. Our hope rests chiefly in your good success.

Your Highness's most humble servant,

RICHMOND AND LENNOX.

Worcester, June 9, at night.

[1] The King was anxious to dispose of Wilmot, however, as

As soon as Essex found that the King had escaped, he ordered the angry Waller to pursue, whilst he himself took Waller's destination, and moved to the South to relieve Lyme from the luckless Prince Maurice. Waller pursued to Worcester,[1]

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soon as he had an opportunity. He had already spoken very treasonably, but the King had no one to appoint in his place; hence the following letter:—

NEPHEW,

I refer you to Digby for the present state of my affairs, which I believe you will judge to be such as neither to dishearten you in nor turn you from your present designs. As for your letter of the 19th May, from Whitechurch, I thank you for your freedom, though I am not of your opinion in all the particulars, but principally for the close of it, assuring you that you shall never repent any expression of your kindness to me; and as for my sons going to the West, as my affairs are, and likely to be, I see no probability that he can go, except in my company. Lastly, I shall offer you a fancy of my own: it is likely that your brother Maurice's army shall join with this now to avoid disputes; I desire to know if you think it not fit that I should declare your brother, in your absence, General of my Horse: if you can find a better expedient, considering how matters stand with Wilmot, I shall be glad, so I rest

Your loving Uncle and most faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

[1] Lord Digby writes thus from Worcester, singularly verifying Sir Edward Walker's assertion in his "Discourses:"—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

We have now found the mischief of not following your advice; which was, if Essex and Waller should both advance with armies, to put all the foot-garrisons, and for the King in person to retreat with his horse, which if we had done, I conceive the distractions we are now in, had been all prevented. But since that course was not taken, which really went with my sense, I conceived that this enclosed result of a Council of a Committee of War, upon Essex and Waller advancing jointly towards Abingdon, was the best that could be agreed upon, in order to the whole frame of his Majesty's business; in pursuance whereof we have shifted sides of the river, and disputed passes

whence the King moved northwards as if towards Shrewsbury. Thereupon Waller hastened to anticipate him; but the King suddenly countermarching, moved back to Evesham, destroyed its bridge, recrossed the Cotswold Hills, and on the 17th of June his Oxford forces, "whom he had

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as long as ever that part of Oxfordshire which we were masters of could maintain us, or that the stores of Oxford could feed us; but when Essex and Waller had divided their armies so as that we could neither supply ourselves on the one side, nor retreat to the other, without hazard of being crushed between them both. Essex lying from Islipp towards Abingdon, and Waller having gained the new bridge, and passed over his army towards us, we were then fain to have recourse unto art, which was to draw our army close to the town of Oxford, to whisper intentions of possessing Abingdon, to draw our cannon, and many of our men into the town, and a little before the evening to march with a great part of the garrison of Oxford towards Abingdon, as if we meant to possess it, and just as it grew dark for the King, in person, to march with two thousand five hundred musketeers, and all our horse, to Burford, and so to make our retreat either to Bristol or Evesham, according as we should find it practicable. This our design succeeded as happily as could be expected by us in so ill a condition; our grimace towards Abingdon drew Waller back over Newbridge, and Essex also thitherward on the other side, and so gave us the opportunity of gaining Burford ere they would be ready to move after us; whereupon solemn debate in regard of the loss of Malmesbury, and of the enemy's exceeding us so much in horse and dragoons, as also by the lying of the enemy nearer to the way of Bristol, and in regard of the feebleness of our men with great marches and little meat, it was concluded that we could not hope to make so long a retreat as thither with safety, and therefore we resolved to steer our course to Evesham, where we arrived upon Wednesday night. By the next morning we received certain intelligence that Waller's whole army was upon the hills above Sudely, and Essex somewhat more on the right hand towards Chipping Norton; whereupon, breaking down Evesham and Parshore bridges, we marched hither to Worcester, where we now are, with a matter of two thousand musketeers and two thousand five hundred horse, besides the garrison of Evesham, which the unfortunate loss of

appointed to march out with food, cannon, and colours," met him at Witney with great joy.

The following spirited narrative of this brief campaign by Digby, may be read with interest.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I am commanded by his Majesty to acquaint your Highness with the change that is arrived in our condition here since my last unto your Highness, wherein your Highness will find us raised to comfortable hopes from a state almost of desperation. The truth of it is, had Essex and Waller jointly either pursued us or attacked Oxford, we

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Tewkesbury, the very night before our coming to Evesham, forced us to quit the fortifications, being not at all perfected. When I shall have told your Highness this, and that Essex comes upon us one way, Waller likely to go about us on the Welsh side by Gloucester, that Massey and the Lord Denbigh towards Kidderminster, both with considerable forces; and when to all this I shall add the uncertainty as yet of your brother's succeeding before Lyme, and that Oxford is scarce victualled for a month, and, for ought we know, blocked up in a manner by the enemy's horse, your Highness will easily frame to yourself an image of our sad condition; all the hopes of relief to which, depend upon your Highness's happy and timely success, which his Majesty is resolved to expect by defending this place with his foot, unless there shall be an opportunity given of putting them into Bristol and joining them with Prince Maurice, and then remove with his horse and what dragoons he can make, according as the event shall give him opportunity of doing it with most safety. This I am commanded to write unto your Highness as a map of our present state without letting all this distress be yet anything of direction. His Majesty no way doubting you, but that your own will direct you to that course of drawing things there to that quick upshot which is necessary to his preservation, that you see it cannot admit of any long delay. I have nothing more to add unto this but the assurance of my being

Your Highness's most faithful humble servant,

GEORGE DIGBY.

Worcester, 8th June, 1644.

had been lost. In the one course, Oxford had been yielded up to them having not a fortnight's provision, and no hopes of relief. In the other, Worcester had been lost, and the King forced to retreat to your Highness, and our remove from Worcester to Bewdly was with that design. In case Waller should have advanced on the one side, and Essex on the other, as we certainly imagined they would have done. But either Essex's unskilfulness, or his desire to ruin Waller, has made him draw his army westward as far as Salisbury, and to send Waller after the King who, conjecturing by our remove to Bewdly that our intention was to Shrewsbury, made such haste that way as far as Sturbridge that he gave us the opportunity of slipping back to Worcester upon Saturday, and of gaining yesterday the pass of Evesham, and this morning Broadway Hills, from whence I now write before his being able to get further towards us than Bromesgrove, as we can learn. So that now we suppose we cannot be hindered from rejoining our Oxford forces and train of artillery, nor from the election which of the two armies we will deal with single; both which are very much weakened; or whether we will think fit to make a diversion by marching into the heart of their quarters, since Oxford is now thoroughly provided and secured. This is the best face of our condition, which, though very hazardous still, yet comparatively with the former may be thought comfortable. I am commanded to make unto your Highness only a bare narrative, which having done I have only two things to add, the one that the King earnestly desires your Highness to send him speedy advertisement of your motions and intentions, the other that your Highness will be pleased to take into your special care the encouragement of this bearer, Sir John Mayne, both by your own favour, and by recommending to my Lord of Newcastle the care of his several regiments which he hath raised at his own charge for

his Majesty's service. Thus humbly kissing your Highness's hands,

I rest, your Highness's most faithful humble servant,

Broadway Down, 17th June, 1644. GEORGE DIGBY.

On the following day he marched towards Banbury, now desirous of meeting Waller, since Essex was away. The Roundheads were found encamped in a strong position on the opposite side of the Cherwell. In order to tempt the enemy from his position, the King crossed Copredy Bridge, as if moving towards Northamptonshire; in so doing, however, his generals unskilfully, but fortunately, moved on the advanced guard and centre without their rear, which they left exposed. Waller fell upon the latter with his advanced guard, and had made some impression, when the Earl of Cleveland charged him, and drove him back. The King now sent back his life-guards with Lord Bernard Stewart to the Earl's assistance. The Cavaliers charged again with such resolution that they not only beat back the attacking division, but passed on and took their whole park of artillery, including some *leathern* and brass guns. Thus was finished the real business of the day. Waller drew off, and retired unmolested; the King had in his own army a mutinous spirit and jealous officers, as dangerous enemies as those who were retiring before him. Lords Cleveland, Wentworth, Northampton, and Lord Bernard Stewart, had behaved manfully in the field this day; but in council Wilmot and his

party had proved so refractory, that the King was resolved to hazard no action that he could avoid until these officers were in better tempers.

This battle of Copredy took place on the 29th of June.[1] The Queen was still ill, and seems to have had no accounts from the King; and the King now turned all his thoughts to preserving her city of refuge, Exeter, from the approach of Essex.

The following episode is worth notice. It seems that the son of the historian, Hamond l'Estrange, offered to enter the baffling town of Lyme, with some sailors, under the guise of friends, and then to seize it for the King, provided he had a promise of being made governor of the town, if his project were successful:—

LORD DIGBY [TO PRINCE MAURICE?]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS

To remember that about three weeks since I acquainted you with a proposition, made by a son of Lieutenant Hamond l'Estrange, concerning the reducing of Lyme, the said gentleman, the undertaker, having desired some promises under the King's hand by way of encouragement and enablement, as, namely, of the government of the place in case he made himself master of it, and of employment to the mariners who should be actors in it. A letter to the purpose was drawn, and your Highness having perused it at the table in the Drawing-room; his Majesty signed it in your presence, and the gentleman, Mr. Roger l'Estrange, went away with it,

[1] Sir Edward Walker's Historical Discourses, 11—37; and Clarendon's Rebellion, iv. 480—506, who copies the Garter King-at-Arms, almost verbatim.

and being unfortunately taken with it about him, is, as your Highness may perceive by this enclosed note, condemned to die; certainly, sir, it were a charity worthy you to send a trumpet with some such message from you as might be likely to procure at least a suspense of his execution. Sir, I am,

Your Highness's most humble servant,

GEORGE DIGBY.

No date except 1644.

This letter must have been addressed to Prince Maurice, though found among Prince Rupert's papers.

That "slow-going, inarticulate, indignant, somewhat elephantine man,"[1] had been moving away southward and westward, not very earnestly, yet sufficiently so to frighten the flippant and noisy Ashburnham out of Weymouth, and to dissipate Prince Maurice's phlegmatic siege of Lyme. The former disaster brought the subjoined letter from Prince Maurice.[2] The following relates to it:—

SIR,—Since mine to your Highness of this same day we have advertisement of Essex's marching this way, and

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[1] Carlyle's Cromwell, i. 121.

[2] TO COLONEL SEYMOUR.

SIR,

Weymouth being taken, and the rebels, as I am informed, intending to attempt something against your garrison, I thought good to advertise you thereof, that your care and watchfulness may timely prevent their wicked purposes. I have written to Colonel Carey to be watchful on the sea-coast. This is all but that I am, Sir, your loving friend,

MAURICE.*

Honiton, 19 June, 1644.

* From his Grace the Duke of Somerset's MSS.

are not without some belief that he may possibly sit down before this town, the Queen, I believe, writes to your Highness something of it, already his motion hath had this effect: your brother is drawn from before Lyme, where he hath wasted (the necessary fate of sieges) part of his army. He has yet near three thousand men; he comes to Chard, and there, according to the enemy's further advance, will advise what is to be done. That which yet appears likely is to draw back hither, he not being strong enough to fight with him [Essex]. This place is, as those that have the care of it confidently assure me, in no danger of being distressed in six weeks or two months, there being provisions and ammunition amply for so long time; and our works, we believe, good enough for a longer if our provisions would reach to it. The Queen is not brought to bed, which makes her ill at ease, and full of fears to the end. That you may the better see the estate of Prince Maurice, I send your Highness his letter that in this instant I received from him, so wishing all happiness to your Highness, I rest, praying incessantly and earnestly for your happiness,

Sir, your Highness's
Most humble and most obedient servant,
HE. JERMYN.

Exeter, June 14, 1644.

He thence proceeded to Tiverton, and so on to Plymouth, where he relieved that town so long and tamely blockaded by Prince Maurice and Sir Richard Grenville, the unworthy brother of the brave Sir Bevil.

Meanwhile the unhappy Queen had been confined, and found herself in her hour of trial denied that peace which she had been so fatally instrumental in preventing. Essex advanced to Tiverton

before her child was a fortnight old.[1] The poor mother requested permission to retire to Bath for her own and her child's safety, but Essex sternly refused. He had for several reasons no sympathy for woman, especially, perhaps, for the Queen of England. He replied that he purposed to escort her Majesty to London, where her presence was required to answer to the Parliament for having levied war in England. The Queen then roused that royal nature, which, like that of Charles, only slumbered in prosperity; she escaped to Pendennis Castle through many escapes and great hardships; and after an encounter with a strong gale of wind, and a still more dangerous attack from a Parliamentary frigate, the daughter of Henry of Navarre, and the wife of the King of England, found shelter among the peasants of Brittany.[2]

The King had sent Colonel Edward Villiers to apprize her Majesty of his approach to Exeter, but this messenger, like most of the King's measures, arrived too late; the Queen was gone, and Charles was left *alone*, to live and die.

I now return to Prince Rupert, who hastened to his head-quarters on the 5th of May, eager to commence his northern march. Every day brings more pressing letters from the Countess of Derby, from

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[1] This was the Princess Henrietta, afterwards the unhappy wife of the Duke of Orleans, one of the most villanous men who ever bore that name of evil men.

[2] Miss Strickland's Queens of England, viii. 115.

Goring, from Newcastle, from Newark; all the North seems to depend upon this young Prince. On the 16th of May he is at Shrewsbury, as this letter proves:

FOR LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OWEN, CONSTABLE AND GOVERNOR OF HARLEIGH CASTLE.

I have taken notice of the interest you have in the custody of the Castle of Harleigh, in the County of Merioneth, and of the employment of Captain John Morgan in that command under you. I shall be ready to confirm your interest by any commission you shall require, and to declare my allowance of Captain Morgan, and otherwise further the garrison that shall there be placed, so as the charge of garrison extend not the benefit of it to the country, so I rest Your friend,

Salop, the 16th of May, 1644. RUPERT.[1]

On the 18th "the Prince is at Nantwich with five thousand men;"[2] the 20th at Chester.[3] On the 23rd he beats the enemy in a skirmish before

[1] From Mr. Ormsby Gore's Collection.

[2] The Earl of Denbigh's MSS.

[3] From Chester he took all the garrison that could be spared, and instead thereof left the honest and able William Legge (now a Colonel) as Governor.

GENTLEMEN

I have sent this bearer, my Sergeant-Major, William Legge, and General of my Ordnance, to take the government of the City of Chester into his charge, a person every way qualified for so great and important a trust, of whose care and fidelity to his Majesty's service, and the public interest, as I have sufficient knowledge; so you will find him no less industrious to promote the security both of that place and your persons and fortunes, therefore I require you to receive him in that capacity. I do likewise expect that you do all punctually observe and follow such instructions as he shall deliver unto you for the regulating of that government. And though, at this present, he cannot stay long among you, in regard of his Majesty's other services,

Knutsford.[1] On the 25th he wins "the pass of Stockport," and takes that town,[2] which exploit causes the besiegers of Lathom House to suspend their operations.

This celebrated siege has now lasted for eighteen weeks: in history's wide field, no more gallant, resolute, and high-spirited feat had been accomplished: "Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby" had been formally summoned to surrender "her Lord's house and its honour," by Fairfax, on the 28th of February. She gained time, by ingenious parleys, to strengthen and recruit her little garrison; on the 12th of March the first shot was fired against the house-fortress. There were few houses in England better calculated for self-defence: its walls were high, in good condition, and two yards in thickness; seven lofty towers strengthened these walls, besides two lesser ones, the great gate, and the Eagle Tower, high over all, in the centre of the building. The building itself stood in the best possible situation for a siege,—so low, compared with the surrounding slopes that no shot could reach it, except from guns placed on those slopes, while they

which require his personal attendance, yet I shall suddenly return him again unto you. In the mean time I shall take into my especial care the safety of the said city, and shall be ready upon all emergent occasions to give you such seasonable and effectual assistance as shall be requisite, and rest Your friend,

Whitechurch, this 19th day of May, 1644. RUPERT.*

[1] Dr. Watts's Diary. [2] Rushw. v. 310.

* MS. Harl. 2135, fol. 22.

were so near, and fell away so suddenly, that it was impossible to work artillery or construct any fortifications on them with impunity from the castle walls. A wide moat with strong palisades ran round the walls, and was only to be crossed from the strong postern gates at the discretion of the garrison. This garrison consisted of three hundred men and six captains ;[1] they were armed from the castle armory, and well provisioned by the provident care of the Lady-Governor. They had eight or nine small pieces of ordnance, and some "murderers,"—a very large sort of blunderbuss that moved upon a pivot and a rest. The besiegers varied in number from two to three thousand men, according as the rich spoils of the fortress appeared more or less likely to be won. Fairfax had left the conduct of the siege to Colonel Rigby, a bitter enemy of the House of Stanley. This commander was well supplied with money and artillery by the neighbouring Roundhead towns of Bolton and Stockport. His artillery made little impression on the brave old walls of the fortress, but he procured a huge mortar, from which he threw shells that sorely annoyed the inmates, soldiers as well as women and children.

One night the garrison made a brave sally; cut their way to this terrible mortar through crowds of their enemies, hoisted it on a wheeled carriage brought with them for the purpose, and returned in

[1] Chisenhall, Ogle, Rawstorne, Farmer, Radcliffe, and Fox.

triumph and safety with their formidable prize. Thenceforth they sustained the siege with a brave and serious cheerfulness. Their heroic lady was a Roman Catholic, but so much superior to all bigotry that she attended public prayers with all her defenders, and her two young daughters, four times every day. Vainly the Roundheads' artillery roared round the beleaguered walls; all was at peace within until the defenders resumed their post upon the walls. There, ever vigilant, zealous and steady, the best marksmen alone were allowed to use the failing ammunition; but whenever their shot was heard, a besieger fell. At length, a brave servant of the house made his way to Stockport and back again, and brought intelligence of Rupert's approach. The Earl of Derby, too, had returned, and had joined his avenger on his march to Stockport. Rigby, too, had heard rumours of the Prince's march, and sent his final summons to the Countess to deliver up her fortress on the 23rd of May, and submit herself, her children, and her followers to the "mercy of the Parliament." "Rigby has mistaken his expression," said the Countess to the messenger, "to the cruelty of the Parliament he should have said." "Nay, lady," said the messenger, "to the mercy." "Yea," replied she, "but the mercies of the wicked are cruel! Not that I mean a wicked Parliament, among whom are many honourable men; but their wicked agents such as Moor and Rigby, who for their own interests turn kingdoms into blood and

ruin. Go!" she continued, scattering the paper of summons scornfully to the winds, "Go back to your commander, and tell that insolent rebel, he shall have neither persons, goods, nor house. When our strength is spent, we shall find a fire more merciful than Rigby's and then, if the Providence of God prevent it not, my goods and house shall burn in his sight; myself, my children, and my soldiers, rather than fall into his hands, will seal our religion and our loyalty in the same flame." When their Lady spoke thus, there was no near prospect of deliverance, yet the brave garrison who heard this speech burst into acclamations of applause, and shouted fervently, "We will die for his Majesty and your honour;—GOD SAVE THE KING!"[1]

It was on the 25th of May that Prince Rupert forced "the Stockport pass," and took possession of the town. The Roundheads immediately broke up their siege, and retired in disgrace to Bolton, for security against such mercy as they would have meted out to the garrison of Lathom House. This Bolton was the great stronghold of the Puritans in the North—"the Geneva of England." It was not supposed that the Prince would have turned so far from his way to York as to approach this town: it

[1] There is a very spirited and highly-interesting journal of this siege by Captain Edward Halsall, in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford (A. Wood, MSS. D. 16), and another among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. His journal is printed in the fifth edition of "Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs." Bohn, 1846. A Roundhead journal of the time observes, "that three women had ruined this kingdom; Eve, the Queen, and the Countess of Derby."

was equally unknown to the Prince that the Lathom House besiegers had taken refuge there. His advanced guard, under Tillier,[1] advanced to Bolton to secure quarters for the Prince, when they found themselves suddenly opposed by an enemy, in great strength, but somewhat confused. Tillier entrenched himself in the suburbs, and sent notice to the Prince. Scarcely had the sound of his orderly's galloping died away, when it was echoed by the advance of the impetuous Prince and his life-guards. Lord Derby, too, rode by his side; and with scarcely a moment's halt to form, they charged the enemy, and forced them within their lines. There, however, the cavalry-work was ended. Five thousand men fighting desperately behind strong entrenchments were to be otherwise dealt with, and the Prince ordered up Tillier's, Ellis's, and his own infantry regiments; the latter commanded by Colonel John Russell. The latter regiment was beaten back with the loss of the Colonel, the Major, and three hundred men. Tillier and Ellis were more successful; they broke in over the trenches, but after a desperate struggle were beaten back. The besieged were now flushed with triumph, and in their exultation they hanged one of the Irish troopers over the town-wall. That indulgence sealed their fate. Rupert flung himself from his horse, called up Colonel Broughton's foot, and storming at their head he forced his way

[1] An Anglo-Irish officer, now made Quarter-master-General for his gallantry at Newark and Tonge Castle.

among the raging enemy. Then the defeated regiments, rallying with loud shouts, rushed in everywhere, and dealt out stern vengeance upon the Roundheads. Lord Derby was amongst the foremost of the assailants, and one of the first enemies he encountered was a Captain Booth, who had been brought up in his own household, and educated with tender care by the Countess. This scoundrel disgraced an honourable name by going over to the enemy during the siege of Lathom House, and directing their fire where it could tell with most effect upon the house that had been his home: he now died by Lord Derby's sword. There was too much blood shed on that day by the furious soldiery, and too much pillage after the fight was done; sixteen hundred men were slain.[1] Part of the spoil, however, was honourably disposed of. Twenty-two stand of Roundhead colours "which three days before were proudly flourished before Lathom House," were now presented to the heroic Countess, to grace the walls she had so well defended, and Sir Richard Crane was commissioned at the same time to offer the Prince's homage to her bravery.

Bolton was won on the 28th of May, and but brief resting time was given to the Royal troops. All Lancashire, from Clitheroe House and Whitehall to Liverpool and Thornton, was overrun within ten days, and Manchester alone was left open to the

[1] Prince Rupert's Diary.

enemy. Liverpool was even then a place of some importance, and caused the Prince to make a long divergence from his Northern route, in order to secure it. From hence he dates the following letter, which is alike creditable to his style, good feeling, and provident care for his army :—

A COPY OF THE PRINCE'S LETTER TO MY LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.

My Lord,

I am hereby to give you to understand, that divers officers and soldiers of the army being wounded in the late service, are, for their better accommodation and cure, conveyed to the City of Chester, wherein certain provision being made for their subsistence, I thought fit to refer it now unto you, that a general collection may be forthwith made in all churches within your diocese towards their present relief, no way doubting but that all charitable and well-disposed persons will freely contribute to so good a work. My desire, therefore, is, that with all convenient speed, you give particular directions to all the clergy within your diocese to promote the said collection, and such monies as shall be thereupon collected to pay over to your Lordship's hands, or such others as you shall appoint to receive the same, by certificate under their hand and two of the more substantial inhabitants of their parish, that the same, by your Lordship, may be paid to the hands of Sir Francis Gamell, Lieutenant-Governor of the City of Chester, to be by him disposed of for the use and purpose aforesaid.

I am further to put your Lordship in mind, that the army being for the present to be withdrawn from these parts, the same may be an encouragement to the rebels to attempt into your country; yet your said clergy, upon this occasion, exhort all persons within your charge

to prepare for your own defence, and to oppose and withstand the same; and let them further understand, that in case they be for the present overmastered by the power of the rebels and the country for a time possessed by them, that all persons within your parishes may, by your exhortations, be made sensible of your duty and loyalty to his Majesty, and how great a crime it will be to forfeit the same, by adhering and partaking with the said rebels in their persons or estates. This I expect and desire to be done in the most proper language to the place, and most intelligent to their congregation.

RUPERT.[1]

Liverpool, this 18th day of June, 1644.

Having thus, fortunately as it proved, secured his way of retreat in case of need, the Prince prepared to cross the hills to York.[2] So long ago as the 18th of April, Lord Newcastle had written, as below, to the King;[3] and now, nearly two months

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[1] MS. Harl. 2135, fol. 11.

[2] That city was thus summoned on the 4th :—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

This afternoon, about one of the clock, the enemy's van marched from their quarter at Long Marston to Middlethorp, the rest of their army follows. The three generals have sent a letter, directed to me and my Lord Mayor to deliver them up the town in six hours, or else I must expect all extremities of war. I shall not obey their summons, but keep it for the King as long as possibly I can. I thought it my duty to acquaint your Highness with it, not doubting but your Highness will take us into your consideration to hasten for the relief of

Your Highness's most affectionate and humble servant,

THOMAS GLEMHAM.

York, the 4th of June, 1644,
at five in the afternoon.

[3] MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

The unfortunate defeat of Colonel Bellasis [at Selby, by Fairfax] wherein he lost himself, being taken prisoner, with all

later, Sir William Davenant, the poet, writes as follows :—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

This enclosed is a . . . . with many others, no less complaining and importunate: and I fear lest the rumour, which is common at Chester, of the King's necessities, and consequently of your Highness's marching towards him, may come to their ears, who will not fail to convey it to York, which would prevail upon the people there more than their want of victual, or the enemy's continual assau[lts]. To prevent this I have written that the reason of your not marching thither yet, was by being necessitated to call upon the enemy in Lancashire, who also had been in posture to have marched at the heels of your army, with a great and a formed army, which is now dispersed by several great actions in this county; and that you are hastening towards York. I will presume to put your Highness in remembrance that if the pressures upon the King force him to march northward, he will hardly be followed by those armies which consist of Londoners; for

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his officers; and the Scots and Fairfax having joined near Wetherby, are now too strong for us in matters of the field .... they have already p[ut] themselves in such a posture as will soon ruin us, being at York, unless there be some speedy course taken to give us relief, and that with a considerable force, for their army is very strong; and all this had been prevented if the Lord Loughborough and Colonel Porter had given Colonel Bellasis assistance, as they had time enough to have done, and orders too; and then your affairs here had been in a happy condition. We shall be distressed here very shortly. This is my duty, and shall be ready with my life to serve your Majesty, who am

Your Majesty's, &c.

W. NEWCASTLE.

York, 18th April, 1644.*

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* This proves the junction of Fairfax with the Scots to have taken place long before the 20th, the usual date assigned.

it was never heard that any force or inclination could lead them so far from home. If your Highness should be invited towards the King, you lose immediately eight hundred old foot in Yorkshire, which, with those that may be spared from the garrisons of Newcastle, Hartlepool, and Teignmouth, with those under Clavering, under my Lord Crauford, Montrose, Westmoreland, and Bishoprick forces, will make at least fourteen thousand foot and horse, which is a much greater army than ever the South will be able to raise in his Majesty's behalf: besides your Highness will by that diversion receive the three great mines of England (coal, alum, and lead) immediately in the enemy's possession, and a constant treasure made from them; which formerly my Lord Marquis had done, but that he was hindered by want of shipping: and they having the advantage of the sea, will make those mines a better maintenance to their cause than London hath been. I humbly beseech you to excuse for this presumption, sir,

Your Highness's most humble and most
obedient servant, WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Haleford, 13th June, 1644.

Goring writes, on the 11th, without any other date, to say that he is ready to join the Prince with 7,000 troops. A few days afterwards, the following urgent letter arrives from the King, desiring that Goring should be sent to him, at the very moment that his services were most required by the Prince:—

NEPHEW,

This is most earnestly to desire you, as you love your own preservation and mine, to send me General Goring with all speed. The reason of this you shall know by a trusty messenger, within a day or two at furthest, for besides the pains, I think it not fit to send such a discourse to you, as this is in writing though in cipher. In the

meantime, I hope you will not delay the doing of it; for I assure you the importance of it is no less than as I have said, and for which I am sure you will thank me so soon as ye shall know the particular reasons of it. And for the better doing of it, you must shew this letter to General Goring as my command; and so I rest,

Your loving uncle and most faithful friend,

CHARLES R.[1]

I thank God my wife is well delivered of a daughter.
Buckingham, 22nd June, 1644.

The Prince did not immediately comply with this application. Probably he concluded that if there had been any good reason for such a recall, the King would have assigned it. He knew that perpetual intrigues were going on at the wandering Court, ingenious and unprincipled enough to drive the King into any measure that their schemes required; and he knew that the King's army could never want for officers as daring, dissolute, and dangerous as my Lord Goring. But now the Prince received that memorable letter, written by Digby's "fatal" pen, but signed by the King,[2] which justified, not caused

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[1] Goring is sent for to supersede Wilmot, his mortal enemy. The King stated to his army that this was done at *Rupert's* request.—*Clarendon's Rebellion*, iv. 532. Rupert probably knew what the exigence was: at all events, he did not send his General of Horse to the King until August, and even then he was too soon: Essex escaped through his drunken negligence.

[2] "Had not the Lord Digby this year given a fatal direction to that excellent Prince Rupert to have fought the Scotch army, surely that great Prince and soldier had never so precipitately fought them."—*Sir P. Warwick's Memoirs*, p. 272. Mr. Forster mentions that Lord Nugent has the original letter in his possession.—*Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, iv. 129.

the battle of Marston Moor. Rupert held this document very dear; but it is characteristic of his proud nature that it was never produced during his lifetime in refutation of his enemies' accusations, or their imputations on his truth. When we find so many of his contemporaries, and even Lord Clarendon himself, asserting or insinuating that he fought without orders, it is interesting to find that he "carried this letter about him to his dying day." [1] Dr. Watts, the Prince's Chaplain, who wrote his Diary, very properly places great value on this letter from the King, and I have copied it as noted by him, in order to shew the anxious accuracy with which it was copied from the original document.[2]

NEPHEW,

First, I must congratulate with you for your good successes, assuring you that the things themselves are no more welcome to me than that you are the means. I know the importance of the supplying you with powder, for which I have taken

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[1] In the fine old copy of Heath's Chronicle, in the London Library in St. James's Square, there is a marginal manuscript note to the battle of Marston Moor, containing, as well as I remember, these very words, only used in the present tense: this note, and several others relating to Prince Rupert, are written in the peculiar handwriting, and with the faded ink of other days. Heath's Chronicle was published in 1676, six years before Prince Rupert's death.

[2] The writer also refers to "the plan and details of the battle," which have unfortunately been lost; the former especially would have been very valuable.

all possible ways, having sent both to Ireland and Bristol. As from Oxford, this bearer is well satisfied that it is impossible to have (any) at present; but if he tell you that I can spare them from hence, I leave you to judge, having but thirty-six left. But what I can get from Bristol (of which there is not much certainly, it being threatened to be besieged) you shall have.

"Upon this break the pen changed."

But now I must give the true state of my affairs, which, if their condition be such as enforces me to give you more *peremptory commands* than I would willingly do, you must not take it ill. If York be lost I shall esteem *my crown little less;* unless supported by your sudden march to me; and a miraculous conquest in the South, before the effects of their Northern power can be found here. *But if* York be relieved, and *you beat the rebels' army* of both kingdoms, which are before it; then *(but otherwise not)*[s] I may possibly make a shift (upon the defensive) to spin out time until you come to assist me. Wherefore *I command and conjure you,* by the duty and affection which I know you bear me, that all new enterprises laid aside, you immediately march, according to your first intention, with all your force to the relief of York. But if that be either lost, or have freed themselves from the

"Lord Culpepper not present at the writing of the letter or the consultation, as I suppose, but coming in after, asked the King 'If the letter was sent?' who said 'Yes.'—'Why, then,' says he, 'before God you are undone, for upon this peremptory order he will fight, whatever comes on't.'"

s "This parenthesis inserted by the Lord Wilmot."

besiegers, or that, for want of powder, you cannot undertake that work, that you immediately march with your whole strength, directly to Worcester, to assist me and my army; without which, or your having relieved York by beating the Scots, all the successes you can afterwards have must infallibly be useless unto me. You may believe that nothing but an extreme necessity could make me write thus unto you; wherefore, in this case, I can no ways doubt of your punctual compliance with

Your loving and most faithful friend,

CHARLES R.

P.S.—I commanded this Bearer to speak to you concerning Vavasour [Sir William—who had previously been written of by the King as one who could agree with no man in his dominions].

Ticknell [Tickenhall] June 14th, 1644.[1]

We must hasten to the scene of action: it ill becomes a biographer of Rupert's to linger on the way. We are now over the hills, and joined with Goring's corps in the West Riding of Yorkshire. There remains but one other document that I shall refer to here; the subjoined curious proclamation,

[1] This was sent to his Highness in Lancashire, where he had the country all but Manchester and Nantwich at his devotion; York contained ten thousand men, and the West Riding was open to relieve it; so that if his Highness had been permitted to have secured Lancashire entire, having all Wales behind and the country loyal, he might have raised twenty thousand men there presently, and have recovered York, even if it had been lost.—*Note to Prince Rupert's Diary.*

to the "soldiers of fortune onlie," that were in Prince Rupert's army of "wicked and unnaturall REBELLS." It was probably circulated amongst his troops by the ever active agents of the enemy.[1]

On the 30th of June, the Cavaliers lay at Knaresborough.[2] On the 1st of July they moved on to what

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[1] "James Erle of Callendar Lord-Leivetennant-Generall of all the Scottish forces w^th^in the Kingdomes of Scotland and Ingland with advyse of the Lordes and utheris of the com'ittie appoynted to attend his Lo: in this his expeditionn to England.

For sa meikle as it is nottorious and sufficientlie knowen to the haill estates of the Kingdome of Scotland, and to ws now imployed be thame in yis expeditionn that divers officeris and suldiors of fortowne natives of the same kingdome y^r^off we ar, hes bene seduced by sinstrous informationn and fals sugestionnes proceiding from sutch unnaturall and disaffected persones the memberes of the same Kingdome as ar oppin and profest enemies to religiones good and peace of both Kingdomes. Th^r^by they have bene movet hitherto simplie to joyne and assist w^th^ thame in yair malitious and wicked designes. Whairfore wee being unwilling that sutch persones suld be altogidder given over and secludit from hoipis to be ressavet againe to the peace and libertie of y^r^ owne nationn upone forbearance of sutch attemptis in tyme cum'ing and also we being warranted be y^e^ said Parliament of Scotland to the effect underwritten, Have thocht gude to intimate by these to all sutch offi^rs^ and suldio^rs^ of fortun, that quhosoever of thame sall desert those wicked and unnaturall rebells w^t^ quhom they have joyned thameselffes and repair hither to ws and com'ittie forsaid, Betwixt and the tent day off August nixt, they sall be admitted unto the Covenant and sall have libertie to joyne in y^e^ contreyis service, they finding cautionn if they be able, or utherwayes acting thameselffes for y^e^ gude behavior and making faith that they sall never carie armes againest the estates of the Kingdom of Scotland and caus now in hand, It is alwayes declared hereby that this favour is nowayes to be extendet nor offerred to any Nobilman, barrone, or heretor of the said Kingdom of Scotland, but onlie to offi^rs^ and soldio^rs^ of fortonn allanerlie as said is. Signed w^t^ our hand att the camp neir Cornhill y^e^ 27 Junij 1644. "CALANDER."

[2] Rushworth.

was then called Gartrey Forest, and struck upon the Ouse. The day following they came within sight of the confederate Roundheads.[1] The scouts brought intelligence that the enemy had drawn off from the siege, in order to concentrate their divided forces. They were now drawn up in position on Hessam Moor, in order to cut off the Prince's approach to York, and prevent his junction with Newcastle. It appears, from the Parliamentary accounts, that their position was far from enviable. Their commissariat had been ill provided for before, but now it altogether failed them; "their soldiers, grim with hunger, longed for battle:" they had not even water to quench their angry thirst; the wells were drunk dry, and the very puddles were exhausted.[2] Towards evening, on the first of July, however, these soldiers forgot all their privations, as they beheld the advanced guard of the Cavaliers issuing from the forest of Gartrey—their armour flashing brightly in the setting sun. No one can doubt that the impetuous Prince is there, reconnoitring the ground for the morrow's fight. Squadron after squadron, as it deploys, forms in a widely-extended line, and of a surety those sons of Belial were thus covering the formation of "their inhuman cannibal foot."[3] "Nay, their Goliah himself is

[1] "Prince Rupert's Life" (a pamphlet of 1683).
[2] "A true Relation," &c. (*Roundhead*), King's Collect., Brit. Mus., 164.
[3] Vicar's "Jehovah Jireh."

advancing with men not to be numbered."[1] Nor did the Cavaliers desire battle less eagerly than the Roundheads; they, too, forgot their hardships, their long and harassed march, in the excitement of approaching battle. But their hopes are deferred; Rupert's first duty is the relief of York, and he effects it in a masterly manner. Goring had not neglected his opportunities, whilst at York, of reconnoitring the country, and he knew that the river was then fordable near Poppleton—about three miles from York. Beyond this passage, none but the advanced guard had advanced, and as soon as the sun was down, the main body crossed over the river leisurely by Boroughbridge; the artillery followed, and the troops lately forming the advanced guard, now brought up the rear, crossing over the ford.[2] The first patrol sent out by the enemy revealed to them that they had been outmanœuvred, and "verie sad they were." They were then drawn off to the village of Long-Marston, about seven miles from York; but their cavalry, for the most part, bivouacked on the open moor. Meanwhile, Rupert, at the head of two thousand cavalry, dashed into York,[3] where he was doubtless welcomed more politely than cordially by the jealous Marquis of Newcastle.[4] This English Lucullus had long go-

[1] "Letter from a Captain to his friends in London." King's Collect., British Mus., 164.

[2] Fairfax, Heath's Chron., 60.

[3] "Mr. Ashe's Relation," King's Coll., 166, art. 1.

[4] If he saw him at all, of which I have some doubts, as he

verned the North with proconsular authority, as far as its loyalty extended. He had contrived to graft considerable martial, and even intellectual qualities, on his habits of sumptuous luxury and social enjoyment.[1] His gallantry, if not his generalship, was undoubted; and as long as he had his quarters at York, and the undisputed pomp as well as circumstance of war to fall back upon, he was well satisfied with his service, and made a very respectable commanding officer for an amateur. From the time, however, of his discomfiture before Hull, his defeat at Hilton, and his loss of troops in Selby, his situation had changed considerably for the worse. There were now three rude armies in constant observance of his slightest movement, and he had been a close prisoner in his Northern Metropolis for many weeks. There was no knowing, too, when Crauford might spring another mine, or Cromwell prevail for an assault; and the dungeons or the scaffold of the Tower would have been an unpleasant change to his Lordship from the luxurious library, or even the gallant battle-field. He was quite reconciled, therefore, to Rupert's relief of his beleaguered garrison; and, as we have seen, he even wrote most urgently

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pressed on after the retiring enemy, and slept upon the field. Lord Newcastle "apprehended nothing more than to be joined to the King's army, or to serve under Prince Rupert."—*Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs*, p. 243; *Clarendon's Rebellion*, iv. 520.

[1] His generalship was all performed by King; his lordship would sometimes shut himself up with his enjoyments for days together, and be denied even to his general.—*Clarendon.*

and humbly to the Prince to come to his relief. He was not however, probably, prepared for being taken at his words in these professions of humble service; he was astonished that the conquering young Prince, at the head of a large army of men, after a most dashing exploit, should act as general and assume supremacy. It must not be forgotten that his Lordship had done good services for the King, and that he conceived the very defence of York to have been at least as creditable as its relief; he was not a man to depreciate his own deserts. But probably his traitorous general, now Lord Ethyn,[1] was the chief cause of his irritation with Prince Rupert. In the battle of Lemgo, or Flota, this General King had betrayed equal incapacity and cowardice, and had abandoned Rupert to his fate. After a lapse of five years, a singular fatality had brought these two fellow-soldiers together again, in a distant land and under very different circumstance. The Scot was probably well aware of the Prince's opinion concerning his conduct in Hanover; and as "*odimus quem læsimus*" is generally true of such natures, so it is probable that the Scot desired to promote an ill-feeling between his patron and the Prince. It is only by some such conjecture that we can account for the quarrel between the Marquis and Prince Rupert at such a moment.

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[1] Warwick's Memoirs, p. 264, 277; also Vol. I., p. 87, of this work.

We have seen that the former was enthusiastic in his professions of service to the Prince; we are told that "he would refuse no obedience to a grandson of King James."[1] He was informed by the Prince that his orders to fight the enemy were express and indubitable—he was himself a dauntless man. Notwithstanding all this, we find him thwarting the Prince by every means in his power, except want of courage in the field; and when that field was lost, we find him "transported with such despair and rage" as not even to pay common courtesy to the Prince: forgetting his duty, his cause, and even his courtly manners in vexation, hurrying off from his "undelightful," but momentous post in order to seek refuge and ease upon the Continent.

This is all the result; the only one we know of, to the Council of war said to have been held on the night the Prince arrived; the Marquis advised that the besiegers should be allowed peacefully to retire, and "that the Prince should immediately retire to the South." The Prince, independently of the King's letter, held a very different opinion. He, no doubt, had been made acquainted by his friend Sir Philip Warwick, with the feelings of jealous independence that formerly actuated the Marquis, and which now seemed to suggest his advice. I do not profess to be an apologist for the Prince: but I think it is only fair to admit the

[1] Sanderson's Charles I.

circumstances that may serve to palliate if not excuse his distant bearing towards Lord Newcastle. It has been assumed that a quarrel between these two high personages took place at a Council of War. All that we know for certain is, that the Prince passed on through the town that night, having requested, or left orders for Lord Newcastle to follow him with all his force to the field. The Prince discovered by the first dawn that the Roundhead army was already in retreat; he would fain have fallen upon them at the moment, but he felt himself obliged to wait for Lord Newcastle's forces to come up:[1] this delay was Rupert's real fault. That day, the Scots had already advanced nearly to Tadcaster; the English Roundheads had begun to march, two

[1] Rupert's Diary. It was thus after nightfall when the Prince entered York with his relief, nor did he linger there a moment; not long enough, I believe, even to see Lord Newcastle, who was so much hurt at this want of ceremony that he did not proceed to seek the Prince. The latter, meanwhile, thought only of the battle he was commanded to bring on; and pressed forwards to reconnoitre the enemy with eight thousand men. Whilst he was thus occupied, the Marquis of Newcastle and the garrison poured out on the abandoned camp of the enemy, and found good booty there.* That night Rupert slept upon the field; and the enemy was confirmed in their belief that his intention was to march to the South, through Lincolnshire, to join the King. Therefore it was agreed that the besiegers should retire upon Tadcaster, to cut off his retreat. Thus far the notes to the Prince's Diary. It is not known what part the Marquis took in the action: we only hear that he reached the ground late in the evening, and asked the Prince what post he would assign him. The Prince replied that he should not fight that night; "whereupon the Marquis retired to his couch (at seven o'clock) to sleep."

* Letter in Lord Wrottesley's possession.

divisions had already moved off the field, and their whole army was disordered: but still Prince Rupert restrained himself from "falling on," until Lord Newcastle's reinforcement should justify him in doing so; his delay gave the English Roundheads time to re-form and await the return of the Scots.[1]

As I have mentioned, the Roundheads were retiring, or in retreat upon Tadcaster. They had approached within a mile of the town, when their rear-guard, under Lord Manchester, espied Prince Rupert's advancing forces. "Straightway a hot alarm

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[1] The authorities for this action are numerous on both sides; and though none of them, except that of Fairfax, are of much individual weight, their authenticity seems correct from the very contradictions they contain; of these, the only one that need be noticed here is the assertion of Ludlow, who was not present (Memoirs, i. 124), and Rushworth, who are followed by Hume and M Guizot, that Rupert commanded the right wing in person: Whitelocke, Fairfax, *and the event*, prove the contrary. Lord Clarendon and Sir Philip Warwick pass over this battle slightly; Whitelocke writes of it, as usual, with lucid simplicity. Fairfax, in a few descriptive words, relates his own share in the fight. Vicars, in his "Jehovah Jireh," falsifies less than usual, as he incorporates in his history an excellent "Narrative by Mr. Ashe, an eye-witness," which relation is itself to be read in the King's Collection in the British Museum. There is also a well-written pamphlet called "A true Relation by a Captain in the Parliament's Army," and a lively report in the "Parliament Scout" of July 18, 1644. The only documents I quote here for the first time consist of, 1st, An official report, signed "Leven, Lindsey, Fairfax, Manchester." I am indebted for this document to his Grace the Duke of Somerset. 2nd, A curious and well-written letter to a Mr. Ogden, for which I am indebted to Lord Wrottesley; and, lastly, the note to Prince Rupert's Diary. I thought it was right to furnish my own account of the battle from these and other sources, before I ever consulted Mr. Forster's graphic and vigorous description of it; Carlyle's few but vivid words most of his readers will bear in memory.

was speeded after the retiring troops," and the Scots returned "merrilie," notwithstanding the heat of the day and their half-starved condition. Their infantry was destined to form the right centre and reserve of the Parliamentary line, consisting of Lords Cassilis, Dunfermlin, Maitland, Lindsey, Buckleigh, and Loudon's regiments. The Scottish cavalry under Lord Eglinton (who alone among them fought well that day), with Lords Balgony and Dalhousie's regiments and a few lancers formed the left wing, together with Sir Thomas Fairfax's horse. Lord Manchester's regiment, with those of Lords Kilhead and Cowper, and General Armstrong, formed the left centre and reserve. Cromwell's horse, the "Ironsides," with Lord Manchester's regiment of horse and Frizel's dragoons formed the left wing, which was supported by old Lesley, now Lord Leven, with three regiments of Scots. The dispositions were thus made by Lord Leven, on whom, as senior in command, the command-in-chief devolved that day.

Prince Rupert had the choice of ground, and selected his position not only with skill but caution.[1]

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[1] I confess that I am disappointed in not being able to prove from the voluminous correspondence before me, the accurate numbers of the troops that Prince Rupert mustered here. I find reports from almost every officer in the widely-scattered garrisons of the North; but not one of precise or military accuracy. The wants, the privations, the quarrels, of all these officers are stated with zealous care; but scarcely ever do they mention the number or efficiency of their forces, or the route by which they mean to join the Prince's march. A letter from Lord Loughborough tells us that his corps was joined to that of Goring before the junc-

It will be observed that he did all that was possible to strengthen this right wing; not because it was

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tion of the latter with the Prince. I find, indeed, from Lord Denbigh's correspondence, that "the Prince has entered Lancashire with five thousand troops;" Goring writes, about the middle of June, that he has seven thousand men ready for the Prince, including Lord Newcastle's horse, and the raw levies of Westmoreland and Cumberland; but I find no farther account of him, until the truthful and accurate Lord Fairfax writes that he is marching towards York at the head of fourteen thousand men. On the 30th of June, Leonard Watson, a Roundhead, perhaps secretary to Oliver Cromwell, writes from the outposts of the leaguer to Lord Manchester, that the Prince is advancing with fifteen thousand men.* To these were added afterwards such forces as Lord Newcastle chose to give out of his garrison at York; the writer of Prince Rupert's Diary affirms that these amounted "only to 2500 men." The sum of all these would amount to 17,500;† quite enough, probably, to fight such a battle with success; but still betokening great exaggeration even in Fairfax's statement "that twenty-three or twenty-four thousand Cavaliers were in arms upon Marston Moor.‡ I have no means of ascertaining where or whence these forces joined the Prince. They consisted of Major-General Porter's division; Loughborough's cavalry, and a few hardy foot; Bellasis and Tillier's Anglo-Irish corps; Lord Byron from Newark, with his three brothers, and their different commands; some Irish cavalry, who were supposed to be unconquerable, and were destined to take the right wing at Marston Moor, and to perish there: then there was renegade Urry, with about 1200 men; the Prince's own two regiments of horse and foot under Lord Grandison and O'Neil; and his troop of Life-Guards under Sir Richard Crane. Thus constituted was the Royalist force, now approaching to its doom on Marston Moor.

The number of the Roundhead force is more easily ascertained,

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* Memorials of the Civil War, p. 121.

† The "True Relation," a Roundhead pamphlet (No. 164, in the King's Collection) states that "common fame gives Prince Rupert twenty-five thousand men, though, *we believe*, not above eighteen thousand."

‡ "A Short Memorial by Thomas, Lord Fairfax," in Maseres' Tracts, p. 437.

opposed to Cromwell,[1] but because Rupert himself intended to charge with the left wing: that being opposed to the Scots, whom it was alike his own desire and the King's command especially and effectually to crush. For this reason the right wing rested on some impassable hedges in order to protect his flank; in front was a deep ditch with a bank on this side, within which the greater part of the Royal artillery were placed in battery. A strong detachment of dragoons were scattered among the hedges, in order to protect these guns; finally, a powerful body of the Newark cavalry was joined to the Irish horse, and Lord Byron, their Colonel, un-

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and from a source, unimpeachable as to exaggeration in this respect. Lord Fairfax states, that when the Scots joined his father near Wetherby, their combined forces amounted to twenty thousand men; and that Manchester and Cromwell joined them afterwards before York, with six thousand foot and three thousand horse. Thus the Puritan allies brought into the field twenty-nine thousand men.

[1] Cromwell was then comparatively unknown; he would not, probably, have been considered a fair exchange for Goring, if both were to be ransomed. And here I may note that, in truth, very little is proved to have been done by Cromwell at this battle, as may be observed in the vigilant Carlyle's account of the battle, and even in Forster's. In truth, the journals of the day speak more of Lesley, and even Manchester, than of the future Protector. So much is this the case, that "Angry Dentzil" Holles (Maseres' Tracts, p. 199) ventures to accuse his great enemy of cowardice; and the Mercurius Brit. (July 22nd to 29th) says "'Tis pity the gallant Cromwell and his godly soldiers are so *little heard on*, and they (with God) were so much seen in the battle." I do not say this to depreciate Cromwell, who I am compelled to regard as one of the mightiest men of England's race; but in order to account for Rupert's not being his antagonist on that day. Whatever Cromwell was doing at Marston, his spirit was entered into his Ironsides, and none accused *them* of backwardness.

fortunately commanded the whole division,—two regiments of Irish infantry formed his reserve.

The besiegers' triple camp had invested York on the east, south, and west, leaving the north open to the besieged, or only guarded by Scotch patrols. The dissensions that tormented and demoralised the King's army were by no means without a parallel among the anti-royal Puritans. Already the Independents and the Presbyterians had begun to vex each other with an enmity that sectarians alone can feel; the Scotch and English were only restrained from open hostility by being in the presence of a more dangerous, if not more hated foe. The country round was hostile to the Roundhead party, and money, provisions, and even water were become scarce. As soon as Rupert's approach was ascertained, a Council of War was held, in which a stormy debate took place: the English declared for battle; the Scotch insisted on retiring, in order to obtain supplies and to select their own field to fight upon. Strange to say, the latter counsel was adopted by the English majority, and immediately the Scotch began to retire upon Tadcaster.[1]

There seems little doubt, that if Rupert had permitted them to retire altogether, their condition would daily have disimproved, and their co-opera-

[1] The besiegers had retired in such haste, that when Lord Newcastle entered their camp on the 1st, he found there "three mortar-pieces, some ammunition, war and other carriages, with four thousand pair of boots and shoes."—*Lord Wrottesley's MSS.*

tive action would have been impossible. But the King's command was urgent, and left Prince Rupert no chance of avoiding a battle without disgrace. Setting that consideration aside, however, what reproach would he not have suffered, if, with nearly twenty thousand victorious and eager troops, he had permitted a dispirited and disunited force to retire without a blow. After all his preparations, his long and victorious march, the expectation that hung upon his movements, the glory that already waited on his name,—if he had then been content to feast at York, to bandy compliments with the Marquis, to talk about what he would have done, and to return peacefully upon his homeward way,—what commentator in these brave and stirring times, whether journalist or soldier, would have said "Well done!" or would have cleared him from all blame? No; duty, chivalry, expediency itself chimed in with his own gallant heart, and cheered him on to battle. Had others fought as well as those whom he commanded; had Cromwell fallen, or had his handful of unconquerable Ironsides faltered in their charge, the battle had been won, and England's fate decided on that day. Then fame would have handed down Prince Rupert's name with that of Gustavus Adolphus, and the imputed error of this battle would never have been invented. The question, however, whether to fight or to delay, was warmly argued at the time. It was urged by the procrastinators that the allies were in

want of provision, and that Montrose was expected in a few days. It was replied, that as to Montrose, however valuable his personal presence would be, he had failed in collecting forces and could bring no men,[1] while three thousand Scots were drawing near to reinforce the Roundheads: besides, there was the King's command, and if Rupert delayed to join his Majesty, he might find him a prisoner when he arrived.

In those days the country round York presented a very different aspect from that which now rejoices the traveller's eyes. A widely extended heath, called Hessam Moor, extended for upwards of six miles between Poppleton, Red-house, Monckton, and Marston. The latter village is about seven miles from York: it was even at the time of the battle surrounded by some cultivated land, which was separated from the moor by a wide and deep

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[1] "In, or about April, 1644, Montrose offered Charles I. at Oxford to create in his favour a diversion in Scotland, if he would give him a few troops. Charles referred him to Lord Newcastle, who, after making some promises and more excuses, sent him one hundred horse and two field-pieces, which were supposed to be useless. With these, and a few other men, Montrose made some stir on both sides of the border; but his troop soon deserted him, and his plans were thwarted by the jealousy of both Scotch and English rivals. In June, he was hastening from Scotland, with *a few* adherents, to join Prince Rupert, when the intelligence of Marston Moor met him, and the King's cause seemed desperate. He then turned back to Scotland, in disguise, and attended only by his servant: then it was that he commenced his great career of victory."

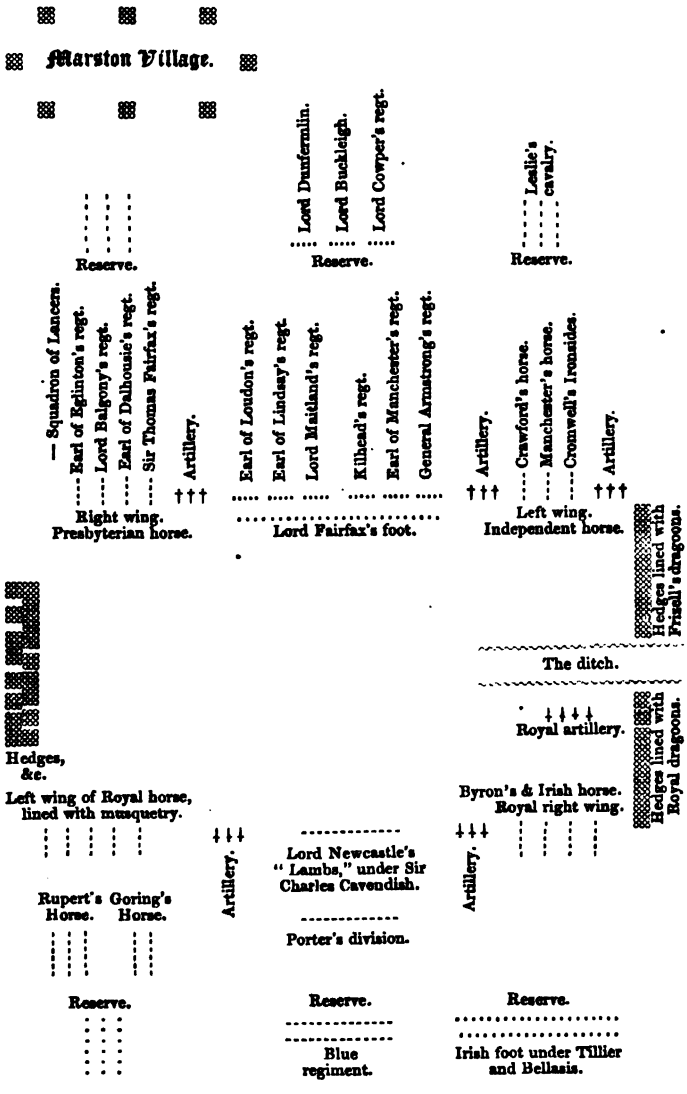
For this note I am indebted to Mr. Napier, the able author of the "Life of Montrose." See also that work, vol. ii. p. 263.

ditch: this ran along in front of the Roundheads' position on their left. A gently rising hill, now marked by some clumps of trees, was occupied by the main body of their forces; it was then covered thickly with rye almost ready for the sickle.

Rupert's left wing rested on some broken ground covered with gorse; and here, too, his flank was protected by a ditch. His own brigade of cavalry was there, with his troop of Life-Guards, who formed the van to his own regiment in every charge. In the centre was General Porter's division of infantry; with the Marquis of Newcastle's gallant brigade of his own tenantry, and Prince Rupert's regiment of foot on Porter's right and left.

It is to be remembered that at this time Cromwell was comparatively unknown, or, doubtless, Rupert would have led the left wing in person. His great object of enmity were the Scots. Them he had sworn to crush, and he kept his word.

The day was drawing to a close when all these dispositions were completed. Lord Newcastle seems at first to have determined to absent himself altogether from the action; but his nobler nature prevailed, and at length he drove off to the battle-field "in his coach and six." Rupert, now informed of the scarcity in the enemy's camp, resolved to defer his attack until the morrow. His guns only were allowed to play occasionally on the enemy to keep them in check. But the same motive that



I only offer the above as approximating to a correct plan of this perplexed battle.

induced the Prince to defer the battle impelled the enemy to bring it on; at least so Cromwell was resolved to do. For some hours the armies stood gazing on each other; nearly fifty thousand kindred men, instigated by the strongest passion of hostility that ever animated the hearts of fair and open combatants.

The evening set in with ominous gloom: the Puritans, who had wrought themselves up to a belief that heaven was in strict league with their generals, were persuaded that the impending darkness was God's visible frown upon their enemies; they hailed the storm with grim joy; especially that dark and terrible mass of iron-clad men on the far left, who watched for Cromwell's battle-word. The storm grew darker, and the Roundhead annalist relates that

> Just as both armies were joining battle, and beginning the first encounter or assault of each other, it pleased the Lord, as it was most credibly affirmed for a certain truth, that a sudden and mighty great storm of rain and hail, and terrible claps of thunder were heard and seen from the clouds; as if heaven had resolved to second the assault with a fierce alarm from above.[1]

A loud hymn of triumph and denunciation rose among the Roundheads' ranks, and Rupert ordered prayers to be read at the same time to each regiment along his line. This striking fact is thus affirmed by his bitter and scornful enemy:—

> Rupert, that bloody plunderer, would forsooth to seem religious, just like a jingling Machiavellian, have a sermon

[1] Vicars' "Jehovah Jireh."

preached before him and his army. His chaplain took his text out of Josuah, xxii. 22. The words were these:—"The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, he knoweth, and Israel shall know; if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day."[1]

I know not how Goring and his brother-reprobates conducted themselves in this solemn prayer-time; but sure I am that Rupert was no hypocrite, and that the most reckless of his wild Cavaliers did not follow him less cheerily because his battle-cry was prefaced by a prayer.

Still darker and gloomier fell the evening, and closer and murkier was the air, as the thunder of the skies was more and more frequently echoed by the artillery where Cromwell was, upon the far left among the guns. At length the whole of the dark masses on either side seemed to catch fire from that flame, and bright and loud and far the artillery flashed and the musketry sparkled along those formidable ranks. Then Rupert darted away to the head of his Cavaliers, who had hitherto kept the enemy at a distance by musketry placed among their ranks. At the same moment, Byron, unable to restrain himself, led forth his cavalry from their strong position,[2] and before he could get them into order for a charge, Cromwell and Crauford were upon them with the Ironsides and Manchester's

[1] Vicars' "Jehovah Jireh." On which the marginal note is, "The Royalists imprecating a curse on themselves were accordingly answered therein by the Lord."

[2] Prince Rupert's Diary.

cavalry: sweeping round the ditch, they cleared the range of the Royal guns, and came upon the disordered Cavaliers upon fair ground, driving desperately into the midst of them: in a moment all was wild and terrible confusion there. But already Rupert and his fiery chivalry were among the Covenanting Scots upon the left, bursting at once into the very heart of their fierce and solemn host, scattering them like spray before some storm-driven ship, and plunging still onward to the front of their reserve. One moment's pause,—one more wild shout and charge,—and his Life-Guard are amongst them now. No pause—no mercy—scarcely resistance is found among them there. The whole mass, pursuers and pursued, sweeps by to yonder hill,—the thundering hoofs, the ringing armour, the maddening shouts, the quick, sharp, frequent shot, are scarcely heard.

Nor was Goring idle then; it was at times like this, that this dauntless villain half redeemed his vices by his valour. The Scottish foot falter before his daring charge: his desperadoes are up to their very pikes—and within them now. The ground is carpeted with bloody tartans, as the Cavaliers press on through their tumultuous route, and hew down the fugitives by scores. They are gone, and with them their pursuers; and two-thirds of the field is won.

But the battle rages still fiercely on the centre of the Royal line, now assailed by the left wing of the enemy: there Briton meets Briton hand to hand

and foot to foot: every pike is thrust home, and every musket levelled low; and the "very air seems all on fire," and the "ear is deafened with the roaring of artillery," and the shouts, and shrieks, and curses of conquering or dying men. Lesley now comes galloping up with his reserve of horse, and falls upon the masses already smitten by Cromwell's furious Horse. The Irish horse are slain or prisoners to a man. Their foot have retired towards York, and are rallied there by General King,[1] and the conquerors sweep on, like a foaming torrent, to where Newcastle's brave yeomen still (and alone) stand firm; firmly as their own sea-girt rocks, those gallant Englishmen receive the shock. Again and again the fiery fanatics rush upon their planted pikes, and receive their steady fire. Many a brave Yorkshireman lies crushed and writhing before every charge, but still their narrowing ranks are firm and dauntless as before. And now their own guns are turned upon them by Cromwell's artillerymen, and between each charge of cavalry the iron storm makes fearful chasms in their column. But still they stood. Before the most mettled steed could reach their line, it was compact again: they fell, to a man, on the spot where the gallant Cavendish first planted them!

And now the conquerors on either side have done their work, and have time to rally and breathe and

[1] Prince Rupert's Diary.

look around them; each moving to regain his battle ground. When lo! as if starting from the dead, each victor meets another, returning from the slaughter of his enemies to claim the victory. Then came the severest trial of the day. Each occupied the ground his enemy had covered when the fight began: and through the lurid and sulphurous shades of approaching night, was seen the gleaming armour of another hostile line. Then it was that Rupert's followers failed him: the high and sparkling mettle of his Cavaliers, consuming all before it in the first outbreak, fainted now before the sustained flame of fanaticism that burned in the Puritans' excited hearts. Still Rupert strove to rally his panting and exhausted troops; still his loud battle-cry "For God and for the King!" rose above the din; but he no longer found an echo to that cry. The Puritans galloped up to his Cavaliers, and met with scarcely an antagonist; "their enemies were scattered before them," as they too truly said. Away over the broken ground and dismounted guns and shattered carriages, the Cavaliers are flying through the darkness, and leave the bloodily-contested field to the Puritans—and CROMWELL.

The Prince, deserted by his regiment, still strove to rally a few deserted followers, but in vain; wherever a group was gathered, the Roundhead horse were upon them in irresistible force; and at length the Prince was left alone. Then, rousing his gallant horse for one last effort, he cleared a

high fence into a bean-field; and, thus sheltered, made his way from that field so fatal to his fame. With what agony of heart must that proud young soldier have retreated before his despised and avenging foes, to meet the consequences of his defeat! Yet was he not wanting then to the sad, but noble, duty of a general in retreat. He rallied such men as he could find unparalyzed by panic, and collected a few squadrons of dragoons. These he led forward at a gallop to where the heath was bounded by enclosures, and narrow lanes afforded the only approach to York. Here, dismounting his men, he lined the hedges, and received the pursuers with so close a fire, that even Cromwell paused and called off his men. The Irish foot, placed in reserve to the left wing, had been rallied near York, by General King, and now formed a safeguard for the fugitives. Then silence — the silence of the dead, only broken by the groans of the dying—fell upon the battle-field, and all was over.

I have dwelt at some length upon this action, as it is the last, except that of Naseby, that the reader will have to encounter. It gave a fatal blow to the cause of the Cavaliers. Not only were the actual losses of men, material, and artillery irreparable, but the moral effect was still more widely felt. In Civil War, more than in any other, the prestige of victory is the best security for future conquest. The "Cause," as the Puritans called it, was now triumphant; the weak, the wavering, the timid, the

selfish, declared themselves its proselytes: and under this category, how many are included!

Before we accompany the Prince to York, we must return for a moment to the Puritan camp, and survey their state. The battle had been fertile in adventure, and there was much to tell. When Rupert charged the right wing of his enemy, Sir Thomas Fairfax and Lord Eglinton [1] stemmed that torrent with a handful of veterans. Fairfax rode forward "with some four hundred men," fighting on into the enemy's line until he was almost alone and wounded. He then turned back, and having removed his badge—the bunch of white ribbons—from his battered helmet,[2] he passed through the Cavaliers in safety; these Northern and Southern forces each supposing him to be some officer of the other's corps. Thus he reached Manchester and Cromwell's conquering troops in safety, and fought in company with them until all was over. Meanwhile, his father, Lord Fairfax, and Leven were flying before the enemy; Lord Leven, it was said,

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[1] Baillie's Letters, ii. 203; Fairfax's Memoirs.

[2] At this period, when men of the same country, garb, and language were fighting in hostile ranks, and there was no distinctive uniform, it was necessary to wear some badge for distinction. There was then, also, a battle-word, or cry, given out just before the battle joined, by which those of the same side could prove what party they belonged to if they had lost their badge. The Northern Puritan army disdained the orange-liveried badge of Essex; they wore this day a bunch of white ribbons or white paper in their hats or helmets: the Royalist wore no scarf. The Puritans' battle-word was "God and Religion!" the Cavaliers', "God and the King!"

was arrested by a constable, who sent word of his capture to the King; and certain it is that Charles heard of the victory of his left wing before he learnt the defeat of his army. Lord Fairfax went no further than Cawood Castle, where, like a sensible old veteran as he was, he went to bed; there being neither fire nor candle in the house.[1] Nor was this the only mistake about the victory that was made. Vicars, it may be supposed, has no patience with the Cavaliers for claiming conquest for a moment; and, indeed, it sounds ludicrous enough, as he indignantly describes it:—

> So intolerably impudent were they (as so indeed are all cozening cormorants and malignants) as to make bonfires, and cause ringing of bells in the City of York, for their great victory obtained by Prince Robber, that Prince of blood and lies; reporting openly in the streets that General Lesley was taken prisoner; they also had it that Fairfax was slain.
>
> Yea, our sottish and bewitched mole-eyed malignants of London, also, were so led along with a spirit of lying, like their father the devil, that they mightily boasted of this Robber's vain victory over us, the vanquishing of our whole three armies, the death, and imprisonment of all our three most renowned and precious Generals.[2]

The loss of life in this battle, compared with the number of the combatants, was not so great as at

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[1] Lilly, "Life and Times," p. 177.

[2] Marginal note to the above:—"The Royalists' intolerable impudence in insulting and triumphing for what they never had." —*Vicars' "Jehovah Jireh."*

Edgehill: there, one man in five of those who fought was buried under the turf he fought on; at Marston Moor, scarcely one in twelve. Still 4,150 slain,[1] was a formidable butcher's bill even for those ruthless times. But "few of quality," as they were called, perished; Sir William Wentworth, Sir Thomas Mettom, Monsieur St. Paul, Lord Carew, and Sir William Lambton, were the principal persons slain on the side of the Cavaliers;[2] it was chiefly the infantry that suffered. Out of Lord Newcastle's gallant regiment, *but thirty men survived;* the rest were found ranked in death as they had stood in life.[3] The Scotch infantry, too, suffered very severely, but out of Rupert's Horse, only three hundred were missing. On the Parliament side Captain Walton, Cromwell's nephew, and Captain Roe, were the chief officers slain. Cromwell himself, and Fairfax, were wounded, and "bothe above the shoulders."[4] Lord Grandison

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[1] Ashe's "True Relation." Whitelocke says seven thousand.

[2] "The Parliament Scout;" Whitelocke. "The white skins of many dead bodies on the field" [these Puritans were not slow to spoil and strip the dead] "gives us occasion to think that they were gentlemen."—"*True Relation*," *King's Coll. Pamph., Brit. Museum, No.* 166, 2, 14.

[3] These brave fellows were called "lambs," from their white woollen clothing; Lord Newcastle wished to have the cloth died before it was made into uniform, but they said they would soon dye it red enough, and so they did, with their own heart's blood. —*Duchess of Newcastle's Life, &c.; Lilly's Life and Times*, p. 179.

[4] It was this action that obtained for Cromwell's regiment the title of "Ironsides." It appears that these invincibles were only armed with "head-pieces, back and breast-plate of iron."—*Lilly's Life and Times*, p. 177.

received ten wounds, which Vicars makes him say, were symbolical of breaches of the ten commandments. Algernon Sydney, also, was wounded. Among the faithful dead upon that battle-field, I must not omit to reckon Prince Rupert's dog.[1] We have seen that this creature long ago in the castle of Lintz was Rupert's only companion: he had accompanied him in all his wandering dangers and escapes; but this battle came on so suddenly that the poor fellow was forgotten, and allowed to follow his master to the field, where he died a soldier's death.

The prisoners were reckoned at from fifteen hundred to three thousand men;[2] among them were Sir Charles Lucas, Porter, Tillier, and Lord Goring's son.[3] All the artillery, consisting of "twenty-five pieces of ordnance," forty-seven colours, ten thousand stand of arms[4] and one hundred and thirty

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[1] Even the Parliament journals celebrate his death with exultation; he had been half suspected of being Rupert's familiar spirit in disguise, and pamphlets had been written against him, which may now be read in the British Museum and the Bodleian at Oxford. The "More True Relation" says that "here also was slain that accursed cur, which is here mentioned by the way, because the Prince's dog hath been so much spoken of, and was prized by his master more than creatures of much more worth."

[2] "More True Relation," King's Coll., 166, E. 2, Art. 14; also, "The General's Report to Lord Warwick," in the Duke of Somerset's Collection.

[3] Whitelocke's Memorials.

[4] "The General's Report to Lord Warwick," in the Duke of Somerset's Collection, says twenty pieces of ordnance, and one hundred colours.

barrels of powder were captured, together with "all the bag and baggage."[1]

Prince Rupert was one of the last who reached the City of York: he was hailed with delight by those who had forsaken him, but he had little else to console him.[2] Scarcely had he entered within the walls when he was informed that the Marquis of Newcastle with General King (his own Lord Ethyn), and many other gentlemen, were about to desert York, and leave the King and kingdom to their fate. Rupert sent to his Lordship to say, that such a desertion would be most injurious to the Royal cause, as he himself was bound to leave the North immediately, and to hasten to the King's assistance in the South. In vain; the Marquis thought he had done enough for the cause he served: his chivalrousness would probably not have shrunk from mere danger, or even from privation; but the weary

[1] Among the latter were found the Marquis of Newcastle's papers, some of which hanged the Hothams (*Whitelocke's Memorials*). It is strange that he should have taken his papers into such jeopardy; yet we have seen that Essex's papers were similarly risked and taken at Edgehill, and the King's at Naseby, and Digby's soon afterwards in Yorkshire. With all his impetuosity, Rupert seldom lost a letter, if I may judge from the number he has left behind him.

[2] "Yet I may not here omit a strange speech, as it was credibly reported to fall from Prince Rupert, upon the disappointing of his hopes and disjoining of his forces to their ruin:—'I am sure,' said he, 'my men fought well, and therefore know no reason of our rout but this, because the devil did help his servants.' These words, surely, intimate that he imagines the devil gives the victory in the day of battle (a most atheistical and heathenish opinion), or else his conscience told him (which he would not confess), that God indeed did help his servants."—*Vicars' "Jehovah Jireh."*

and disheartening prospect of recommencing an almost hopeless strife against difficulties was too "undelightful" for his temperament. He and his associates embarked at Scarborough in a small fishingboat, and so disgracefully sped away to Hamburgh.[1]

This conjuncture is an important one; I think it may therefore be interesting to read the notes to the Prince's Diary verbatim as I find them. This ex-

[1] The King had shortly before written to Lord Newcastle in these words, among many other wise and kind ones, "Remember, all courage is not in fighting; constancy in a good cause being the chief, and the despising of slanderous tongues and pens not the least ingredient."—*Quoted by Lodge in loco.* Yet this nobleman served the King faithfully after his fashion, and perhaps suffered more for him in a pecuniary way, at least, for larger sums, than any other subject except the Marquis of Worcester. He was an especial favourite of the Queen's, who procured for himself a marquisate, and for his friend, General King, the peerage of Ethyn. In return, to please her Majesty, he had made Goring General of his Horse. Bishop Warburton and Lord Orford discuss Lord Newcastle's character at some length. The former, no friend to Rupert, observes that the Prince, whose superiority in command so offended Newcastle, was "indeed superior to him in every respect; even in the fine arts, to which the Marquis made such pretensions." He also says that "he loved monarchy and the church just as he loved poetry and music," that he was "a virtuoso on horseback," &c. Neither the bitter bishop, however, or the sarcastic earl, recognized in this nobleman's character that sentiment of romance, which might have been a weakness in another man's nature, but was strength in his: it imparted to his character a tinge of chivalry, which, blending well with his magnificent habits, made up a showy appearance in his page of history, and preserved him from all baseness, if not from all self-reproach. He was made a duke by Charles II. His "Life" by his Duchess, is a very amusing specimen of biography, and is thus amusingly characterized by Pepys, in his "Diary." "Read the ridiculous history of my Lord N., by his wife; which shews her to be a mad, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write so."

tract will also shew the nature of the notes attached to this Diary, which itself is very irregularly kept.

July 2nd, 1644.

When y^e^ enemy saw y^e^ Prince and Earle did not persue them, they returned and resolved to attaque y^e^ Kgs fforces. Then y^e^ Prince drew his fforces into a strong posture, making his post as strong as possibly he could.

Ld Biron then made a charge upon Cromwell's forces.

[Represent here y^e^ posture the Prince put y^e^ fforces in, and how by y^e^ improper charge of y^e^ Lord Byron much harm was done.] After y^e^ enemy having broken y^e^ horse, ye ffoot stood till night, and in y^e^ night some of em came off after y^e^ Prince, and Generall King had drawn up as many as he could, before y^e^ town of York, and then met he y^e^ Earle of Newcastle and drew o^r^ men. Sayes Generall King, "What will you do?" Sayes y^e^ Prince, "I will rally my men." Sayes Generall King, "Nowe you what Lord Newcastle will do?" Sayes Lord Newcastle, "I will go into Holland," looking upon all as lost.

The Prince would have him endeavour to recruit his fforces, "No," says he, "I will not endure y^e^ laughter of y^e^ Court," and King sayd hee would go w^th^ him; and so they did, and left y^e^ Governor of York w^th^ what force he had to defend himself. Then y^e^ Prince marched away into Shropshire, according to the methode he had before layd for his retreat, taking wi^th^ him all y^e^ Northern Horse which y^e^ Earl of Newcastle left to his Highness and brought them into his quarters in Wales: and there endeavoured to recruite w^t^ he could.

The Marquis of Newcastle's departure devolved a heavy weight of duty upon Prince Rupert. Not only was his indomitable energy tasked to its utmost

to re-organize his shattered forces for their long and dangerous march to the South; all the Northern affairs were likewise to be set in some order before he could depart. The King was even now watching anxiously for news of his victory, or at least of his arrival. His Majesty was sorely beset by the Parliamentary forces: although apparently in pursuit of their best general, he looked to Rupert's arrival, whether conqueror or conquered, as his best security. Nor was his nephew less anxious to depart. He only waited to arrange the King's affairs at York, where he left Sir Thomas Glenham governor, with a strong garrison; Sir Thomas pledging himself to maintain it to the last man. It is remarkable that the Parliamentary army did not approach York until two days after the battle; so that Rupert saw them no more until he met them at Naseby. They resumed the siege of York on Thursday, the 4th of July, and on the 20th Sir Thomas Glenham gave up his hopeless charge, marching out with all the honours of war. Their task being accomplished, the besieging armies separated to their great mutual contentment: Leven led his Scots to the siege of Newcastle,[1] Fairfax

[1] As we shall not have occasion to return to the North until the King seeks refuge among the dishonoured Scots, I may mention here that Newcastle was taken and cruelly sacked on the 8th of October. The following account of the transaction is terribly graphic:—

"Now our men being entered, and fighting for entry, at all quarters round about, let me pause awhile, and consider how

marched his forces back to Hull, and Manchester with Cromwell returned to the South.

At daybreak on Thursday, the Prince left York with about six thousand men, for the most part cavalry; including Lord Newcastle's, amounting to fifteen hundred men:[1] that night he reached Richmond, where he found Montrose, who had vainly hoped to join him before his battle. The evening that these two heroic and ill-starred leaders passed together at the little hostelrie at Richmond, must have been long memorable to both. They

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grievous and how dreadful hot that cruel conflict was for a long hour's space, that truly it was more than admirable to behold the desperate courage both of the assailants and defendants, the thundering cannon roaring from our batteries without, and theirs resounding from the castle within; the thousands of musket-balls flying at each other's faces; the clanging and *carving* of naked and unsheathed swords; the pushing of trailing pikes, crying for blood, and the pitiful clamour of heart-fainting women, imploring for mercy to their husbands, themselves, and their children. . . . Our people in this self time set a house on fire at Closegate; so had the whole town been served, if it had not been speedily prevented by the relenting pity of Earl Callendar. So was there likewise a ballenger boat set floating on the flood, full of flaming fire, to have burnt the key-locked ships there.

"Upon their surrender they caused quickly pull down the red flag on the castle top, and set up the white flag of peace, signifying subjection. Earl Callendar, as he was the first to lie down before the town, so was he the first that entered it, to the great comfort of the inhabitants, because of that unspeakable favour *and undeserved mercy* they then suddenly *received. Then began the whole army to plunder for twenty-four hours*, although to no great purpose, because the common soldiers were only suffered to plunder *the common people;* but our prime officers investing themselves in the richest Papists' and Malignants' houses, by way of safeguard, had but small compositions for all their protection and compelled sentries."—*Somers' Tracts*, p. 288.

[1] Prince Rupert's Diary.

scarcely met again; but from the tone of Montrose's letters afterwards, we may judge how his enthusiastic spirit was impressed by his interview with the young Palatine. The next morning the Prince moved southwards through Lancashire by the route he had prepared. He skilfully evaded Lord Denbigh's large force, gathered out of the central associated counties in order to cut off his retreat; and at length he brought his troops in good order to Shrewsbury about the 20th of July: Goring was left in the North, it would seem, as successor to Lord Newcastle.

The first letter that I find from the King after the battle is the following; it is very brief:—

NEPHEW,

The uncertainty of news from you, which I believe is according to your success, hath made me take the resolution which this despatch will inform you of. I have not time to tell you more, but to desire you to believe what Sir Lewis Dives hath told, or will tell you, concerning 422 : A 1. 18. 1. 48. 4. 64. 14. 27. 29. 81. 20. 44. 66. 30. 50. 19.;[1] he having been forced to throw away his letters,

So I rest your loving uncle and
most faithful friend,
CHARLES R.

Easam [Evesham], 11th July.

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[1] I have not hitherto given the uninterpreted ciphers, but as they may be interesting to some who are learned in such matters, I shall furnish them in future where I cannot myself discover their meaning.

The next is from Lord Digby; it enters into considerable details, but they are important:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I hope ere this my brother, notwithstanding his misfortunes, is safely come to your Highness, and that he will have given you a perfect account of the state of the King's business unto our being at Buckingham, with all those particulars which were the occasion of his journey; from the threatening mischiefs of which we were reprieved by Waller's advancing towards us, which obliged us to turn upon him as he drew near Banbury, hoping to oblige him to fight; but he, watching his advantages, gained a hill so near the pass at Banbury, that it was not possible for us to draw through to him without exposing ourselves to those dangers which your Highness knows are incident to the drawing through a pass, in view of an enemy. So being not able to subsist long there for want of provisions, on Saturday was se'nnight, we resolved to retreat back toward Buckingham, not without hopes that he might be invited to follow us into some place of less disadvantage. Upon our moving he moved too, and advanced along with us on the other side the river, until finding us marching in a supine negligence, with a tail of five miles and a-half severed from the rest of our body, he takes his advantage and thrusts over in that empty space, at a pass by [Copredy Bridge], a great body, both of horse and foot, and eleven pieces of cannon; in so much as it was ten thousand to one but our van and main body had been cut off from our rear and all hazarded; had not my Lord Cleveland, being somewhat more advanced than the rest of the horse, charged them without order with his brigade, so madly as struck such a terror into them as that their horse, though twice as many and backed with foot and cannon, thought the devil had come upon them in a cloud of dusk, fled back over the pass, routed their own foot, and left us masters

of nine or ten colours and eleven pieces of cannon, and Wemyss, the General of their Artillery, before our van could well get the alarm. After this encounter we continued in view one of another two days, with the river between us, we keeping the passes, till provisions failing us first we were fain to march away to Ayno on the hill, and Waller very well pleased, as we conceived, to be rid of us so, soon after towards Buckingham; one thousand of his men being certainly reported to have run away from him in those two nights, over and above the five hundred at least that we killed and took, with the loss of not twenty men. As we came to Ayno, where we intended to have quartered that night, we intercepted certain intelligence of Brown's being come that evening to Buckingham with four thousand foot and five hundred horse. Whereupon it was held necessary to draw over the passes that night to Deddington, lest by morning the enemy conjoined, should have been too near to have permitted it, and there we must needs have fought upon such great disadvantage or starved. The next day we marched to Morton Ninmost, and the day after hither to Evesham, the properest quarter, as we conceived, to refresh our wearied men in, to discourage the Londoners to follow the same dance again, and to expect the issue of your Highness's expedition in Yorkshire; the news of which came first unto us from Newark, so much more happy and successful than since we hear it, that we know not what judgment to make of it, nor how to govern our councils in order to your Highness's condition. Wherefore having expected in vain, these four or five days, and Waller, after his long demurring, advancing now towards us on this side Warwick, we are fain to betake ourselves to the probablest course, which, in case we had not cause to doubt your Highness's success, would have been into Wales there to have stood upon an easy defensive and recruited. But now since we cannot come time enough to assist you, nor, though we

could, could we hope to maintain or preserve our armies in the march, there remains nothing for us to do but to go westward, since if your Highness have not had good fortune in your late action, we should be cooped up and have no way out of Wales in the west. Prince Maurice has a gallant army, equal with Essex: if we get to join with him before Waller overtake us we shall be likely to crush him between us. If Waller press in hard, we hope that with the forces which may meet us out of Bristol, and with the help of the recruits, to be sent thither out of Wales, we may make our party good with him and Brown, in case they join again, being now severed. Brown being before Greenland house.

This is all I could fall under our consideration to do in the uncertainty we are in, of your Highness's condition; whence I am commanded to give this account, whom God prosper and keep honour upon in all his enterprises, this is the constant prayer of

Your Highness's most faithful humble servant,

GEORGE DIGBY.

Evesham, July 12th, 1644.

The next letter of present interest is also from Lord Digby: it is without address, but seems intended for Goring, whose flourishing version of his own conduct in the battle may be plainly traced. It will be observed that "all the good of the day" is attributed to this correspondent of my Lord Digby's, and that his lordship not only avoids all mention of Prince Rupert, but speaks of his "noble general" as the only person of importance, "now that my Lord Marquis of Newcastle and General King are gone:"—

NOBLE GENERAL,

As we owe you all the good of the day in the Northern battle, so we owe you all the good of the news from thence, it being of as great comfort unto us as possibly it can be in so uncomfortable a story, that a person of your judgment, and I am confident of that clear dealing with me doth allow us so good hopes yet, of our condition there, relieving us from those despairs which are endeavoured by many to be brought upon us. I profess I cannot hinder myself from cheerful hopes of any business wherein your spirit and conduct is likely to have so great an influence, especially now my Lord Marquis of Newcastle and General King are gone, whose interest of the one, and skill of the other will so much need to be supplied by you, that I believe it will not be possible for you to do, yet which was so earnestly desired by my brother Dives, which I must confess, though it were more to the benefit of the public, I cannot hinder myself from lamenting in relation to my own satisfaction. For the account of our condition here, I must refer you to the Prince's letter, only thus much I shall add, that after the defeat given to Waller at [Copredy Bridge], we staid a great while at Evesham in expectation of this certainty from the North, before we resolved what course to steer, until in the end the news of your defeat growing daily so hot upon us, it was held necessary, since we could not hope to come in time to you, nor without the hazard of our army, to lose no more time from that which was the next best, which was unanimously concluded to be the western progress, wherein we now are advanced as far as Bath, in fair hopes to crush Essex betwixt Prince Maurice's army and ours, before Waller can come near enough to press us, being for aught we hear, as yet about Warwick. If he advances suddenly he is likely to come weak, and if he stay to join with Brown likely to come too late. This is a short epitome of our present state and designs, which if it please God to

prosper, may prepare a reserve in case of further disaster, which God forbid, northward, and in case of success there be likely to finish the work, in which I protest sincerely I do not wish to any man a greater share of honour than to yourself, both as your virtues merit most, and as the particular application of them to oblige me has made me most entirely and passionately,

Your faithful servant,
GEORGE DIGBY.

Bath, July 17th, 1644.

By the same post we have another letter to the Prince from the same hand; it contrasts curiously with the last:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

Although there is no matter for congratulation in the battle in the North, since the success was not answerable to your Highness's virtue; yet there is matter of comfort in that (your Highness being disappointed of those seasonable aids which you expected [from Lord Newcastle] and had given order for) the event was no worse, but that having done the work you came for, of relieving York, your Highness yet remains in a condition to renew the dispute upon terms not unhopeful. His Majesty is very sorry that My Lord Newcastle and General King should go away anywise discontented, but since that cannot be helped, I hope you may not succeed the worse in those parts for their absence, since I perceive by your Highness's and other letters, the hatred and jealousy towards King were grown to such a height, as even to wound through him my Lord of Newcastle's power and interests in those parts. Certainly your Highness could not have made a more prudent election of persons to supply their places than of Sir Thomas Glenham and General Goring, whose commissions are herewithal sent according to your Highness's directions; so that what Dives was sent about, I see

we must try to remedy some other way, which perhaps will be no hard matter in that course which we now take toward Prince Maurice, the grounds of which council to march westward, being principally the impossibility of coming in any time to your Highness. I set down so largely to your Highness in a former letter, whereof I send you herewithal a duplicate, that I shall need say no more, but that in prosecution of it, we are advanced as far as Bath, and not out of hopes to crush Essex betwixt Prince Maurice's army and ours, before Waller can incommode us, who, for aught we can hear, is yet about Warwick, and likely, if he follow us suddenly, to follow us weak. If he stay to gather up and join other forces, probably he may be with us too late, so that we are not unlikely, by God's blessing, to have a fair blow for it in these parts. God grant it your Highness in the North, with that honour and lustre which is wished unto you in all your actions by your Highness's

Most faithful humble servant,

GEORGE DIGBY.

Bath, July 17th, 1644.

Before taking leave of Marston Moor, I must insert the following graceful letter from the King to Lord Newcastle, which seems appropriately to conclude the subject and this volume:—

NEWCASTLE,

My nephew Rupert sends me word of that which troubles me, that you and General King are going or gone beyond sea. It is a resolution that looks like discontent, which you cannot have occasion for without blemish to that sense which I ought to have of your eminent services, and particularly in your late gallant defence of York; which I would not have you believe that any subsequent ill-fortune can lessen, but that I shall ever retain such a memory of that and your other actions of great merit as

ought to be expected from a good master to so deserving a servant. If you do persist in that resolution which I cannot but be sorry for, I shall commit the charge of those countries under your command to George Goring and Sir Thomas Glenham, in your absence, who I make no doubt will be the acceptablest persons to you, and who will be likely to give you the best account of their trust at your return, when you shall be sure to be received and ever entertained with that favour and estimation which you may expect. Your most assured constant friend,

CHARLES R.

Bath, July 17th, 1644.

So ends the Northern campaign; the next volume will take us to Naseby; then to sea, and then rapidly to our last scene.

APPENDIX.

A.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

I DO not remember that I have anywhere met with an account of this memorable body, as regards its mode of election. Some of my readers may be equally unlearned in this matter, and desirous of knowing in what manner it represented the people of England, at least before that usurpation of perpetual authority by which it changed its nature into a despotism. I have taken the following extracts from an old pamphlet published in 1648, and entitled "*An old Mould to cast new Lords by; compiled by the Honourable Sir Thomas Smith, Knt. Reprinted out of the Commonwealth of England by a Friend to old Bookes, and an enimy to new Opinions.*"

"The most high and absolute power of the realm of England consisteth in the Parliament. For, as in war, where the King himself in person, the nobility, the rest of the gentility and the yeomanry are, is the force and power of England, so in peace and consultation, where the Prince is to give life, and the last and highest commandment: the barony or the nobility for the higher, the knights, esquires, gentlemen, and commons, for the lower part of the Commonwealth; the bishops for the clergy be present to advertise, consult, and shew what is good and necessary for the Commonwealth; and to consult together, and upon mature deliberation, every bill or law being thrice

read and disputed upon in either House, the other two parts, first each apart, and after the Prince himself, in presence of both the parties, doth consent unto and alloweth, that is the Prince's and the whole Realm's deed, whereupon justly no man can complain, but must accommodate himself to find it good, and obey it. And, to be short, all that ever the people of Rome might do, either in *Centuriatis comitiis* or *tributis*, the same may be done by the Parliament of England, which representeth and hath the power of the whole Realm, both the head and the body. For every Englishman is intended to be there present, either in person, or by procuration or attorney, state, dignity, or quality soever he be, from the Prince (be he King or Queen) to the lowest person. And the consent of Parliament is taken to be every man's consent.

"The Prince sendeth forth his rescripts, or writs, to every duke, marquis, baron, and every other lord temporal or spiritual, who hath voice in the Parliament, to be at his Great Council of Parliament such a day (the space from the date of the writ is commonly at the least forty days); he sendeth also writs to the sheriffs of every shire, to admonish every shire to choose the knights of the Parliament in the name of the shire, to hear and reason, and to give their advice and consent in the name of the shire, and to be present at the day assigned; likewise to every city and town which of ancient time hath been wont to find burgesses of the Parliament, so to make election that they may be present at the first day of the Parliament. The knights of the shire be chosen by all the gentlemen and yeomen of the shire present at the day assigned for the election, the voice of any absent can be counted for none. Yeomen I call here (as before) that may dispend at the least forty shillings, of yearly rent of free land of his own. These meeting at one day, the two who have the more of their voices, be chosen knights of the shire for that Parliament; likewise by the plurality of voices of

the citizens and burgesses be the burgesses elected. The first day of the Parliament, the Prince and all the lords in their robes of Parliament, do meet in the higher House, where, after prayers made, they that be present are written, and they that be absent upon sickness, or some other reasonable cause, which the Prince will allow, do constitute under their hand and seal, some one of these who be present as their procuror or attorney, to give voice for them, so that by presence, or attorney, or proxy, they be all there, all the princes and barons, and all archbishops and bishops, and (when abbots were so many) abbots had a voice in Parliament. The place where the assembly is, is richly tapestried and hanged, a princely and royal throne, as appertaineth to a King, set in the midst of the higher place thereof. Next under the Prince sitteth the Chancellor, who is the voice and orator of the Prince. On the one side of that house or chamber sitteth the archbishops or bishops, each in his rank, on the other side of the dukes and barons . . . "

B.

THE STATE OF THE NORTHERN ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR.

A TRUE AND PERFECT REPRESENTATION OF THE STATE OF YOUR MAJESTY'S ARMY UNDER OUR COMMAND AND THE CONDITION WE ARE IN AT THIS PRESENT.

YOUR MAJESTY may be pleased to understand that the greatest part of this winter was necessarily spent in suppressing the rebellion in Derbyshire, which otherwise had grown to an irresistible head. And by the time we had reduced that county, and put it in a defensible posture, the disorders in Yorkshire, together with the rumour of the Scots' invasion called us back into Yorkshire very

much wearied and toiled, both horse and foot, where we had hopes to have refreshed and clothed our men, which were discouraged both for want of clothes and money. We remained there not above a fortnight, but the Scots had invaded the kingdom with a very great army, although the season of the year and a great snow at the very instant did persuade us that it was impossible for them to march. Yet not trusting to that, my Lord-Lieutenant-General hasted away with all expedition with such horse and foot as were quartered nearest to those parts, and receiving intelligence of the Scots' continuing their march, he hasted to Newcastle in his own person some days before his forces could possibly get thither; where truly he found the town in a very good posture, and that the Mayor, who had the charge of it, had performed his part in your Majesty's service very faithfully; and all the aldermen and best of the town well disposed for your service. And though our charge was very tedious, by reason of floods occasioned by the sudden thaw of the snow, yet I came thither the night before the Scots assaulted the town, which was done with such a fury as if the gates had been promised to be set open to them; but they found it otherwise; for the truth is, the town soldiers gave them such an entertainment (few of our forces being then come into the town, and those extremely wearied in their march), as persuaded them to retire a mile from the town, where they have remained ever since quartered in strong bodies, and raising the whole country of Northumberland, which is totally lost, all turned to them, so that they daily increase their army, and are now striving to pass part of it over the river, so to environ us on every side, and cut off all provision from us. But we have hitherto made good the town and river, and shall do our best endeavour still to do so. But your Majesty may be pleased to know that the enemy's army consists of at least fourteen thousand foot and two thousand horse, and daily

increase their numbers: and we cannot possibly draw into the field full five thousand foot and about three thousand horse: and besides, Sir Thomas Fairfax's success in Cheshire hath made him capable of drawing from Lancashire a very great force into the West Riding of Yorkshire, which he is ready to do. My Lord Fairfax hath sent forth of Hull into the East Riding two thousand foot and five hundred horse, all threatening to march towards us, which will make them a great body. And by this your Majesty may perceive where the seat of the war is likely to be: and where we have been promised great numbers of men for your Majesty's service against the Scots, all those feigned promises are come to nothing; and besides, though all possible diligence hath been used to procure arms and ammunition, by employing Sir William Davenant in Holland solely for that purpose, and by continual representing to him by frequent packets, our wants thereof, yet we have received no considerable supply from him; so that our present condition in that respect is more desperate than in the inequality of our forces.

Your Majesty may be pleased to remember the humble petition we had to your Majesty, that my Lord Byron might join with us. But your Majesty had other counsels, that wrought more powerfully with you; though none were delivered more faithfully for your service. For, had we then joined our forces, we should have been able to have done your Majesty that service, which, being decided, could not be expected; but that is past. And now we thought it our duty to represent truly to your Majesty our present condition, and humbly desire your Majesty's express commands —whether we shall still continue in a defensive posture, and expect some assistance, as well of force as ammunition, from your Majesty, or whether, upon this great inequality, so we shall adventure to hazard the loss of this army, and so of all the North, by giving them battle: either of which we shall obey, as your Majesty shall please to

direct us. And having dispatched this express for your Majesty's pleasure therein, we beseech your Majesty to return it so soon as possible may be to,

Sire,

Your Majesty's most faithful
and most obedient Servants,
W. NEWCASTLE,
ETHYN [General King].

Newcastle, 13th Feb. 1644.

C.

TO THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF THE CITY OF CHESTER, AND EVERY OR ANY OF THEM.[1]

THESE are by virtue of my power, etc., strictly to charge and command you, and every of you whom it may or shall concern, forthwith to make and settle a rate and assessment on all and every the inhabitants of your City, and the suburbs thereof, for the maintenance and pay of the Soldiers of the Regiment of the said City, and the Officers of the same, as likewise of the Officers and Ministers of and belonging to the Garrison of the said City. And all and every monies coming and arising either by way of Excise or Customs, shall be issued and paid unto such person or persons as the Governor of the said City and Castle shall from time to time nominate, order, and appoint to have and receive the same, or otherwise he to dispose of the said monies in what ways he shall think fit for his Majesty's service. Hereof you may in no ways fail, as you will answer the contrary at your peril. And for your so doing this shall be your warrant.

Given at Liverpool, under my hand and Seal at Arms, this eleventh day of June, 1644.

RUPERT.

[1] MS. Harl. 2135, fol. 23 b.

D.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE KING'S CABINET OPENED."

THERE has been so much said concerning "the perfidy and baseness" of Charles I., as revealed in his letters taken at Naseby, and these letters are so little known that I have thought some extracts from them might be interesting. I have selected those passages that were considered the most objectionable. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico;* the knowledge of these letters will acquit their writer of any heinousness of offence in the minds of most men.

To the Marquis of Ormond.

"For their satisfaction, I do therefore command you to conclude a peace with the Irish, whatever it cost, so that my Protestant subjects there may be secured, and my Regal authority preserved."

To the same.—December 15, 1644.

"I do hereby promise them (and command you to see it done), that the penal statutes against Roman Catholics shall not be put in execution, the peace being made, and they remaining in their due obedience; and, further, that when the Irish give me that assistance which they have promised, for the suppression of this rebellion, and I shall be restored to my rights, then I will consent to the repeal of them, by a law; but all those against appeals to Rome, and premunire, must stand."

To the Queen.—January 14, 1645.

"It is this, nothing can be more evident, than that Strafford's innocent blood hath been one of the great

causes of God's just judgements upon this nation by a furious civil war, both sides hitherto being almost equally punished, as being in a manner equally guilty."

The Queen to the King.—January 27th, 1645.

"For the honour of God trust not yourself in the hands of these people. And if you ever go to London before the Parliament be ended, or without a good army, you are lost."

* * * * * *

"Above all, have a care not to abandon those who have served you, as well the Bishops as the poor Catholics. Adieu, you will pardon me if I make use of another to write, not being able to do it; yet myself in ciphers shew to my nephew Rupert, that I entreat you to impart all that I write to you, to the end that he may know the reason why I write not to him; I know not how to send great packets.

[Endorsed]—"My wife, 27-17, Jan. 1664-5."

June 12th, 1626 (copy).

"CHARLES REX,

"Thus having had so long patience, with the disturbance of that that should be one of my greatest contentments, I can no longer suffer those that I know to be the cause and fomenters of these humours, to be about my wife any longer, which I must do if it were but for one action they made my wife do, which is, to make her go to Tyburn in devotion to pray, which action can have no greater invective made against it then the relation."

To Lord Jermyn.—April 24th, 1645.

"Seriously, I think, news may be sometimes too good to be told in the French Court: and certainly there is as

much dexterity in publishing of news, as in matters which, at first sight, may seem of greater difficulty."

Extract from "Instructions to Colonel Cochrane, to be pursued in his negotiations to the King of Denmark."

"That in pursuance of their great design of extirpating the Royal blood, and monarchy of England, they have endeavoured, likewise, to lay a great blemish upon his royal family, endeavouring to illegitimate all derived from his sister, at once to cut off the interest and pretensions of the whole race, which their most detestable and scandalous design they have pursued, examining witnesses, and conferring circumstances and times to colour their pretensions in so great a fault: and which, as his sacred Majesty of England, in the true sense of honour of his mother, doth abhor, and will punish, so he expects his concurrence, in vindicating a sister of so happy memory, and by whom so near an union, and continued league of amity, hath been produced between the families and kingdoms."

* * * * *

The above extracts are taken from a pamphlet in the British Museum, in which are printed such of the King's letters, taken at the battle of Naseby, as the Parliament considered most likely to prejudice his Majesty in the eyes of his people. Commenting on this publication of his letters, the King says, in the "Icon Basilicon," that "no man but must feel pain at his most secret correspondence being laid open to the envious world of his enemies," but he believes that "in few persons' private correspondence could there be found so little to condemn them, and, as regarded his friends, he rejoiced that they might thus behold the worst that his enemies could bring against him."

E.

THE GARTER KING-AT-ARMS TO PRINCE RUPERT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

The Kings of England, sovereigns of the most noble Order of the Garter, ever since that honourable foundation, have thought fit not only for the reward of eminent services done by their own subjects, but also for encouragement to noble acts of chivalry and virtue, and for further augmentation and extension of the renown and fame of that most noble society, have made it so estimable amongst all the foreign princes of Christendom, that they have not thought their names sufficiently advanced till they have been taken notice of by the princely society, and elected into this most noble Order of the Garter: which election hath been so welcome even to the emperors and kings of highest degree of renown in Europe, that no tie, alliance, amity, or league hath proved a stronger bond of affection between this and foreign crowns than that of the companions of this most noble Order of the Garter; in which nine Christian emperors, fifty-five crowned kings, and four hundred princes and peers have taken the oath of homage and fealty to the King of England as their Sovereign in the said most noble order, have already had their name and glorious acts registered in the records thereof.

According to which example of his Majesty's progenitors of famous memory, his Majesty King Charles, my master, Sovereign of the most noble Order of the Garter, did, the 20th of April,[1] in the eighteenth year of his reign, at a Chapter held at his City of York (when, though many stalls remained vacant), yet did think fit then to elect but two knights only, namely Prince James, Duke of York, his son, and your Highness, his nephew, whom his Majesty thought worthiest to make choice of, not only for your princely descent of blood, but for his own particular

[1] Prince Rupert was at Reading on the 30th April, 1643.

interest in that noble consanguinity too, as being the son of his only beloved sister, the virtuous Queen of Bohemia, and for many eminent virtues besides (as well heroical as moral), inherent in your person.

And that his Majesty's affection to you might be the more emphatically expressed, he elected your Highness a companion of the Order in the company of his own son, both to manifest thereby the intimateness of affection to your Highness, as well as to shew Prince James in his tender years a glorious pattern for his princely imitation of valour and martial achievements, in which choice his Majesty did not prove himself a king of grace and goodness only, but a king and a prophet also; as if he could by his foreseeing judgment divine how happy an instrument of valour and safety you would after prove to his crown and dignity in their greatest distresses. In the conduct of whose armies your Highness hath hitherto been so prosperous and successful, that it will be my duty to truth as well as to the propriety of my office, to give a timely accordation of each particular to the Register of the Order, that he may eternize the memory of your noble acts, to remain in the Records of the Order, that posterity may know, as well as we find, what happy assistance your princely conduct of his Majesty's armies, hath brought to his kingdom and dominions.

Sir, the reasons and motives of this your election being so many, it behoves me now to inform your Highness the reasons why this commission hath not been sooner delivered into your hands; and these are, that immediately upon your election at York, his Majesty commanded me to draw up a commission of Legation to Sir John Borough, Knt., then Principal King-at-Arms and Garter, to bring the ensigns of the Order, together with the notice of your election, to your Highness, then in the Low Countries, and to perform the same with all the solemnity thereunto belonging. Another commission also under the Great

Seal of England, was directed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Earl Marshal of England, and to the Lord Goring, his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary, with the States of the United Provinces, to give your Highness the honour of knighthood, a ceremony always by statute of the said Order necessarily to be performed to any elected knight before he can be admitted to be a companion, and receive the ensigns of the Order of the Garter. But the said King-of-Arms then falling sick, shortly after died, and your Highness suddenly coming in person in England, that ceremony was prevented by those casualties. His Majesty at Nottingham performed that office himself, in delivering both the Garter and George unto your Highness, since which time your continual employments in his Majesty's wars, and your absence thereby necessarily enforced from Oxford, where the commission and seals of the Order remained, the delivery thereof was necessarily delayed till this present, when his Majesty's express command to me and to those gentlemen officers of the most noble Order, is to deliver it now into your Highness's hands, considering the place of the instalment at the Castle of Windsor is necessarily prevented by reason of the possession thereof by the rebels, and no other memory but the election and that commission remains upon record: but his Sovereign Majesty is so desirous to invest you and the Prince, his son, in the full privileges of the said Order and society, that as soon as a competent number of knights can be assembled to make a chapter; his Majesty determines to consult of a course how the instalment at Windsor may if possibly it can, be dispensed with, that rather than you should be deprived longer of the full enjoyment of all rights of installation, his Majesty is fully determined to make ordinary rules of ceremony to give place to extraordinary examples of merit and fidelity already so amply performed by your Highness to his crown and dignity, which is the

sum of what his Majesty hath commanded me to present unto your Highness, which he desires you to take in good part till the rest can be performed.

About 1644.

F.

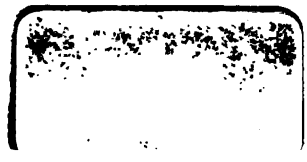
[This Commission is here introduced before its time, but the Third Volume, where it should naturally find place, is so much filled, that I am obliged to insert it here.]

CHARLES, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.; to our right dear and entirely-beloved Nephew, Prince Rupert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria and Cumberland, Earl of Holderness, Master of our Horse, and Knight and Companion of the most noble Order of the Garter, greeting.

Whereas many great and rebellious armies have been, and are still raised against us, which have not only several times endeavoured to take our life from us in set battles, but being cherished and maintained by multitudes of seditious and traitorous persons, do commit all the acts of outrage, robbery and murder, on our good subjects throughout the kingdom; and who, likewise, the better to effect their damnable design to destroy us and our posterity, and so change the present Government, both of Church and State, into anarchy, tyranny and confusion, have invited and brought a powerful army of the Scots into the midst of this kingdom, that in like manner doth tyrannize over and destroy our good subjects. For prevention whereof, and for the defence of our own royal person and posterity, the true reformed Protestant religion, the laws of the land, the liberty and propriety of our subjects, and just privileges of Parliament, we being enforced to have in readiness divers horse and horsemen, well armed and fur-

nished with all things necessary for our service to be employed therein as we shall direct; we therefore, reposing especial trust and confidence in your approved wisdom, courage, fidelity, and great experience in military affairs, do by these presents name, ordain, constitute, and appoint you Captain-general of the regiment of our Horse-Guards, as also of all such other horse-forces as shall be joined to the same. And we do hereby give unto you full power and authority as Captain-general them to command and conduct against all or any person or persons now or hereafter in actual rebellion against us, or bearing arms without our authority. Willing and commanding all colonels, lieutenant-colonels, serjeant-majors, captains, and all other officers and soldiers of or belonging to the said regiment of Horse-Guards, you to obey as their Captain-general, and readily to receive and accomplish such directions and commands as you shall from time to time give them for our service. And you yourself also to observe and follow such orders and directions as from time to time you shall receive from us; And in all things to govern yourself as unto your duty and place of Captain-general of our Horse-Guards doth of right appertain and belong. Farther, commanding all sheriffs, commissioners of array, justices of the peace, majors, bailiffs, constables, and all other our officers, ministers, and loving subjects, to be helping, aiding, and assisting to you in anything that may concern our service. And for so doing this shall be to you and them, and every of them a sufficient warrant, Given, &c.

The King's Commission to Prince Rupert
for Captain-general of the Life-Guards.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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